THE Atlantic

APRIL 1952

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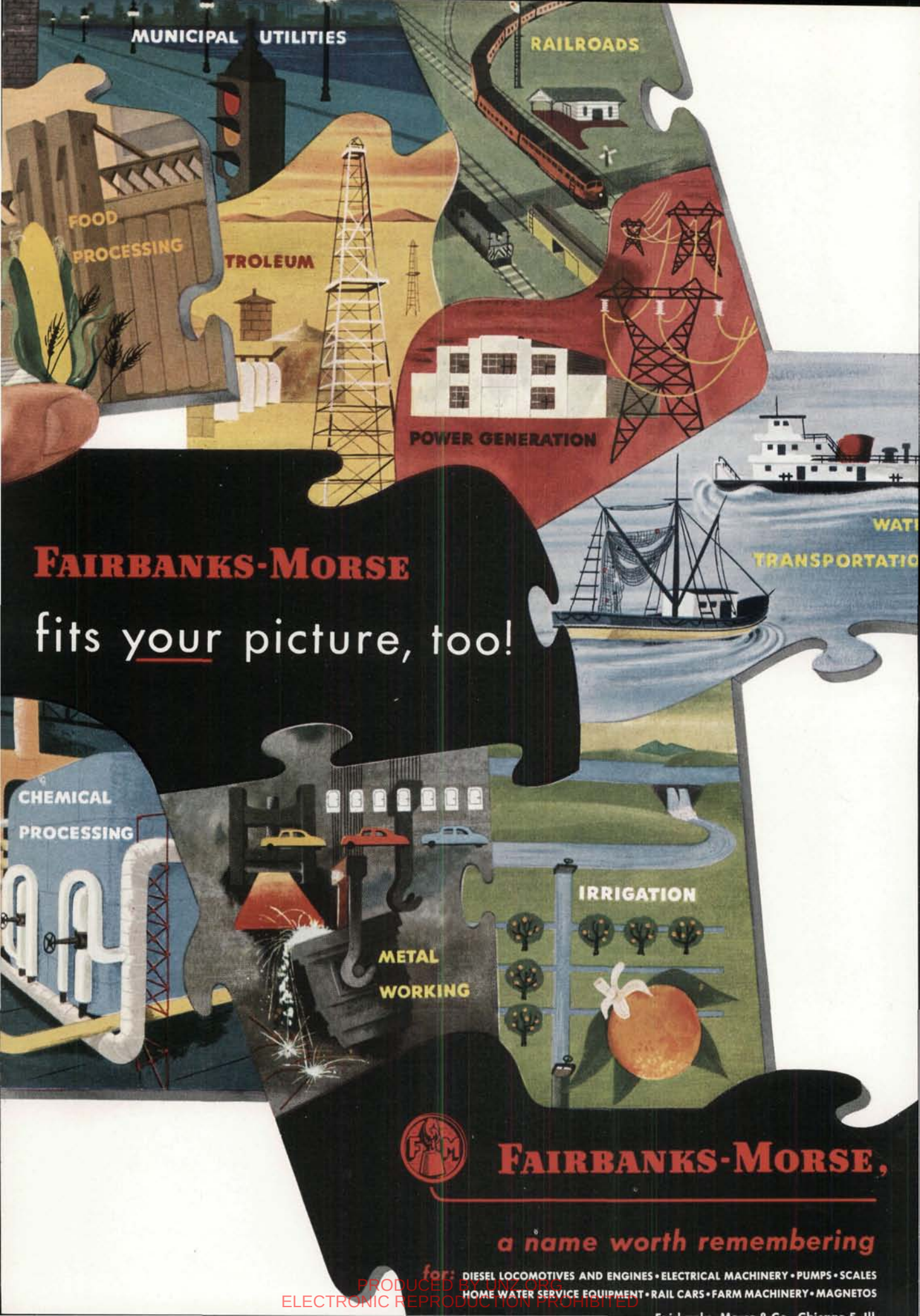

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Cover portrait of Boswell and Zélide by Warren Chappell

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, April, 1952, Vol. 189, No. 4. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1952, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

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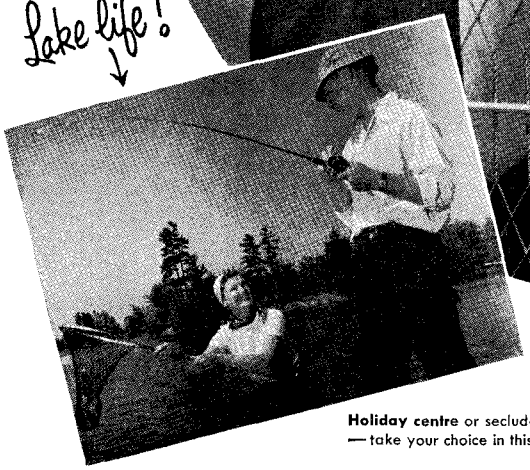

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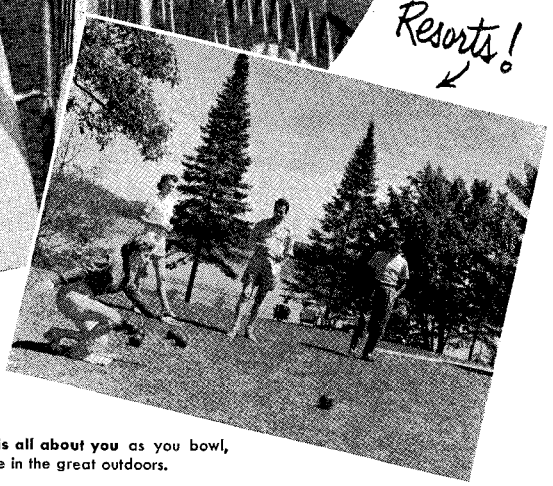

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

The Far East

THE American concept of security in the Pacific has been dominated, since 1945, by the idea of an island chain of allies off the shore of Eastern Asia. This chain now includes Japan, the Ryukyus, the Philippines, Australia, and New Zealand by treaty, and Formosa by our unilateral decision. It would be considered an armed attack upon the United States if there were an attack upon U.S. forces stationed in or about Japan, upon Okinawa, or upon the armed forces, public vessels, or aircraft of Australia, New Zealand, or the Philippines in the Pacific. These are serious commitments.

Our security treaties with Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines are expressly based on the idea of reciprocity. They come within the framework set up by the Vandenberg Senate Resolution of 1948 which permits security arrangements with other countries only if they can provide "continuous and effective self-help and mutual aid . . . to maintain and develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack."

In these treaties we have all agreed that an armed attack in the Pacific upon any one of the parties would be dangerous to the peace and safety of the others. The spirit if not the language is as binding as that of the North Atlantic Treaty. These three countries are allies in every sense of the word, and our security is bound up with their political stability and military strength. Our security pacts with Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippine Islands are part of the price we have paid for the Peace Treaty and the Security Pact with Japan.

Australia feels towards Japan the way France feels towards Germany; the fear of renewed Japanese aggression is far more real than fear of Russian or Chinese expansion. Australians think of the possibility of Japanese rearmament with a heavy heart. They realize that Japan in Communist hands might present an even more frightful danger, which must be prevented. They understand that a hungry, poverty-stricken Japan would court revolution.

The Australians will go along with some measure of rearmament but they still oppose Japan's acquisition of long-range offensive weapons that would bring Japanese power into the South Pacific. The Filipinos also are reluctant to accept the restoration of Japanese sovereignty without explicit American guarantees of mutual security. Hence the patchwork of the new treaty system; hence its tentative and provisional character. But there is nothing to prevent future development of a comprehensive system of regional security in the Pacific area.

How secure is Japan?

Treaties are expressions of current political intent, but their ultimate value depends on political developments. Before speculating upon the domestic development of Japan, let us look first at the treaty structure and see what it involves. One of the big problems, the relationship of a sovereign Japan to the United Nations, has been skillfully solved. Japan becomes a kind of associate member of the UN. She agrees to provide the UN with every assistance in actions taken by the UN in accordance with the Charter, and to withhold assistance from states against whom such action is being taken.

Japan can make agreements with one or more powers for the stationing of foreign troops on Japa-

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nese soil after the occupation is ended. Of great importance is the provision that Japan "as a sovereign nation possesses the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense" as provided in the UN Charter. If the Japanese want to interpret the matter that way, they would have here the legal justification for rearming in order to contribute to collective security forces. In this way the provisions of the Japanese Constitution renouncing war and the maintenance of land, sea, and air forces might be sidetracked.

For this reason, among others, we are unable to conclude with Japan a security treaty based on reciprocal obligations. The U.S. is not treaty bound to guarantee the security and independence of Japan. The fact that we shall do so in practice is underlined by the novel clause in the Security Pact which permits us, at the request of the Japanese government, to assist in handling indirect aggression of the well-known Communist type, "large-scale internal riots and disturbances in Japan, caused through instigation or intervention by an outside Power or Powers."

How secure is this island chain and what is it supposed to be secure against? The security of Japan is the heart of the matter. Japan is the big prize in Asia because it is the most highly industrialized country east of India and south of Siberia. It has the greatest reserve of technically trained manpower and strategically it dominates large areas of the Pacific.

At the very minimum, Japan must be denied to Soviet imperialism. Preferably Japan should become one of the showpieces of coöperation between East and West on a basis of political and social equality. It is this possibility of the development of mutuality of interest between a leading Asiatic country and the United States that the Communists probably dislike as much as anything else.

The extremes within Japan

The present mood of the Japanese intellectuals is interesting but not necessarily decisive. Many Japanese, in spite of the overwhelming vote for the Peace Treaty and the Security Pact, feel that they are trading peace for war. However generous the occupation in conception and execution, we should remember that generosity is sometimes harder to forgive than punishment. Many Japanese will therefore welcome the Treaty more than the Pact and be willing to accept the view that the dangers of war in Asia arise from the rivalries of two giants rather than from an obviously impotent Japan.

On the left are many who feel that the early promise of the occupation was abandoned, that the Old Guard is back, the labor unions are curbed, the Zaibatsu are in the saddle, and the land reforms are being eaten away. The Security Pact, far from bringing security, they argue, will bring war because the U.S.S.R. and China are left out and their aggression is thus invited.

Japanese of this persuasion would agree with a great deal of current Australian comment to the effect that there has been no basic political change in Japan — no new political leaders have emerged since the war — and that once Japan feels the heady wine of full sovereignty again, she will lean to the continent. The Australians are particularly inclined to think that the U.S. will not support Japan indefinitely and that Japanese economic dependence on the mainland will tend to make Japan join China rather than fight the West's battles.

One danger in Japan is that there is a basis for union between the extremes of the right and the left. Both are antidemocratic, both are neutralist, both are in a position to appeal to the crassest nationalist traditions. The center groups are ambivalent about the Security Pact and are put in the position of apologizing for the presence of foreign troops. It is significant that the Japanese socialists, who in the context of Japanese politics must be considered the center group, have split into moderates, supporting both Treaty and Pact, and leftists, joined by labor, who oppose both and insist on Chinese and Russian participation.

The pull of China

The argument that Japan depends on the mainland needs no documentation. We know that the problem of livelihood in Japan is the most pressing of all; that the United States has subsidized Japan to the tune of two billion dollars in five years; that important raw materials, especially coking coal, come most economically from China; that Japan's empire has been torn away from her; and that the biggest markets on the mainland are coming more and more under hostile control.

If we want to keep Japan as a friendly partner, Japan's economy has to be geared once again into that of the rest of Asia. To do this without China is serious enough; to do it without access to Southeast Asia would be almost impossible. The struggle for Southeast Asia is indeed a struggle between two enormous power blocs for economic survival of their members. Russia's ally China needs the rice surplus and the raw materials of Southeast Asia just as

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much as does Japan. The pull of China is strong enough even if Japan has access to Southeast Asia, but if that area came under Chinese control the pull would be powerful indeed.

Yet the economic argument does not answer the whole question. We have had sufficient examples elsewhere in the colonial and ex-colonial world to know that strong emotional factors have dominated what seemed to be immediate and long-range economic self-interest. It is quite possible to visualize a fat and prosperous Japan, pouring her goods and people all over the Pacific again, yet still turning to China and even to the Soviet Union. Japan's economic problems must be solved, but we would be unwise to let the economic problems overshadow the political realities.

Asia's fears

One of these realities is the enormous potential anti-American feeling in Japan, the possibility of our being involved in the bitterness of civil war in that country, the continuing fear of revived Japanese aggression in other parts of Asia, the political prestige of the first strong Chinese government in a century.

India is so sensitive to the presence of foreign troops on other people's soil that she refused to sign the Japanese Peace Treaty unless all American forces were withdrawn from Japan and the Ryukyus. We have to prevent a Communist seizure of Japan whether or not the Indians like it, but we also have to deal with attitudes such as these and respect them.

But if some of our friends in Asia seem unreasonable we might remind ourselves of Irish neutrality during World War II, or of the neutral role of Egypt and much of India in the same period. We might also remind ourselves of the patience and understanding extended towards these peoples by the British government at a time of extreme crisis.

The same kind of patience and respect for the feelings of others is needed now. For the real test in Japan is not the economic but the political. It is whether we can change from the role of conqueror, however benevolent, to that of an ally in a common cause. The psychological and practical difficulties of treating Japan as a sovereign state are not to

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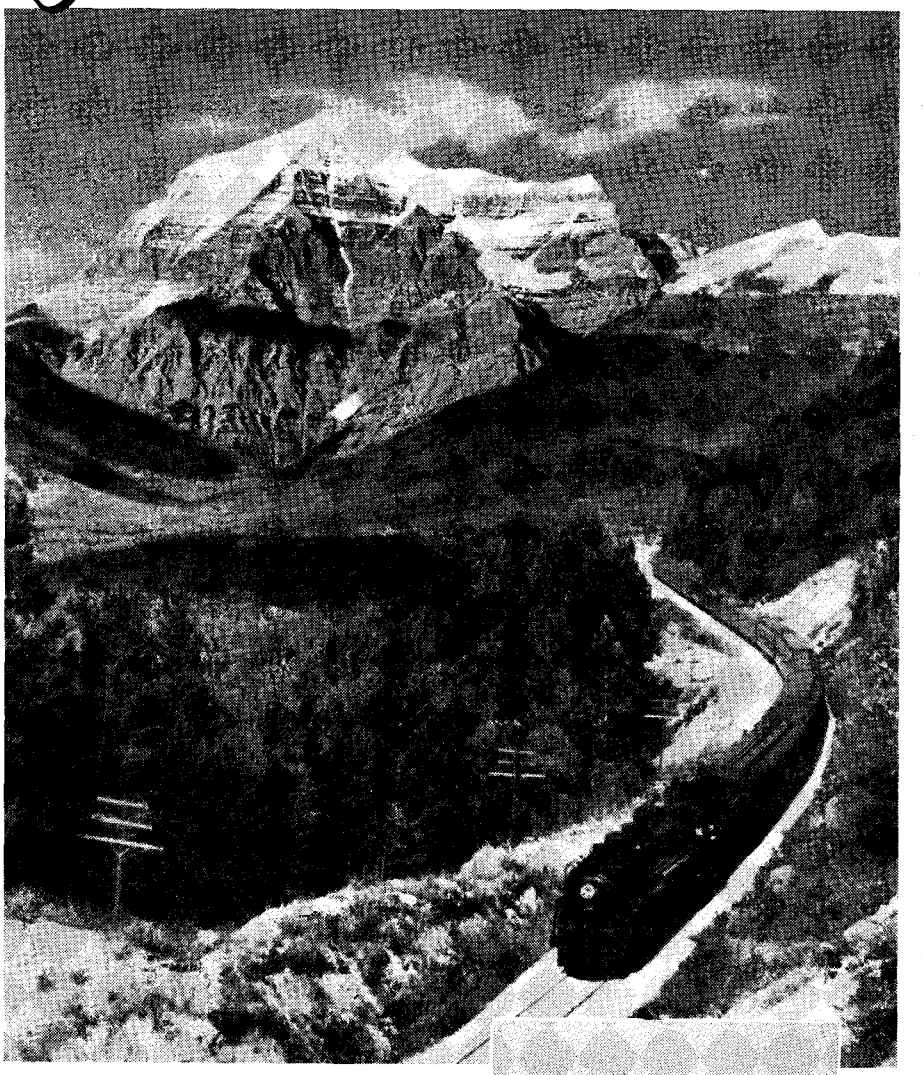

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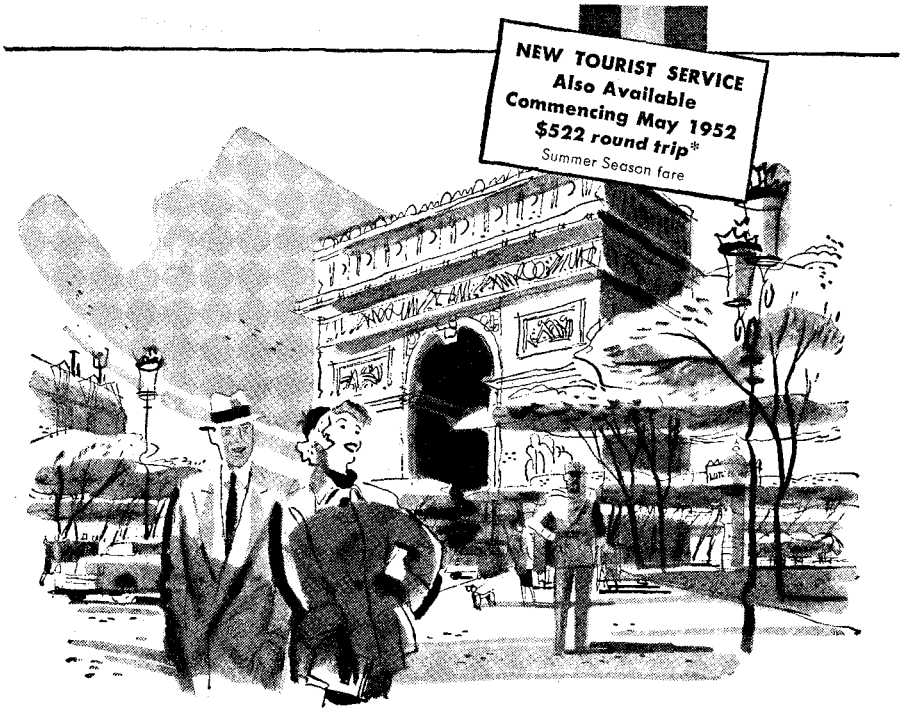

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be underestimated. Most countries in Asia do not think that we shall make the effort, and few would give us credit even if we succeed.

Treaties are not enough

The security treaties and the Japanese Peace Treaty are well conceived. They represent not only as much as can be achieved at present but also as much as should have been attempted in the current state of Asia.

A general system of security on a regional basis was out of the question, but anything less than what we have done would have left the door open for Soviet aggression against a valuable industrial base and a potentially democratic people. But the treaties created a new situation. Now that Japan is to be open again to the ideological winds of the world, it is clear that the island chain cannot be held together merely by force of arms and treaty obligations.

The problem of adjusting American-Japanese relations is tough enough in itself; it is particularly difficult when we recall Japan's recent history. There was the attempt to conquer Asia, which has left a residue of hatred for Japan in many countries. But there was also the drive to get rid of Western influence, the Japanese arms given to nationalist movements at the end of the war, and the independence granted some countries during the conflict — however phony. Japan was the first Asiatic power to heap indignities on America and to show it up for a "Paper Tiger."

There are many crosscurrents. What happens in the rest of Asia will have a great deal to do with what happens in Japan. What happens in Japan can also affect the rest of Asia. To take but one example, Japan could make itself a real bulwark against Communism if it were to assure the success of land reforms at home. Here is one step which could help to turn the tide against Communist exploitation of land hunger and nationalism in many countries. Or Japan could undo most of the postwar reforms and lead the way in social and political reaction.

It matters a good deal to us which way Japan goes, for she can help to determine the emotional climate of Asia — a concern of decisive importance to our security.

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France

THE conjunction of political instability and international crisis has almost become a tradition in modern French political life. The year 1952 is running true to form. The outlook in Indo-China is as hopeless as ever. The situation in Tunisia is explosive. The French are nervous at the prospect of an immediate German rearmament. France's balance of trade has been for some time in a serious position. The franc has been steadily declining in value. The cost of living is creeping ever higher. And at precisely such a critical moment, the country entered another period of parliamentary confusion.

As a Paris commentator pointed out, it has become a general rule since the Austrian *Anschluss* in 1938 for France to be without a government at a period when international issues are at stake. During such times France regularly loses most of the international prestige which it may have taken years to acquire. It almost invariably happens that after weeks of protracted negotiation, bickering, and intrigue in the corridors and committee rooms of the Palais Bourbon a new Ministry emerges which is hardly distinguishable from the old.

In this respect, the January "crisis" was no exception. It dragged on for a couple of weeks and ended up by producing a government which was substantially the old one in disguise.

The average Frenchman was not much surprised by the result, because he has learned from experience not to expect much from such "crises." When it began, the political cynics (and France is full of them) simply shrugged their shoulders. What else could one expect? A change in government was due. The Pleven Ministry had been in office some five months, and that is about as long a term as a government can hope for in these days. And in the end the deputies would agree to put together a new government made up of the same old men.

Robert Schuman would almost certainly be back at the Foreign Ministry. Georges Bidault might replace René Pleven, Pleven replace René Mayer, Mayer replace Henri Queuille, and Queuille replace Georges Bidault. It would all be like a game of musical chairs.

In fact, the result was not precisely what many had anticipated. The number of chairs was actually increased (from 36 to 40) and the biggest was occupied by a relative newcomer to the game, Edgar Faure, who had been Minister of Justice in the preceding government. René Pleven and René Mayer were both missing from the new Ministry. But that was about as far as the significant changes went, for no fewer than thirty members of the preceding government were back in office. The Socialist Party still abstained from participating. And the great problems confronting everyone were the same as before and the chance of solving them satisfactorily as slim as ever.

Rather than vote taxes

The major domestic problem which the Faure Ministry had to tackle was a financial one. It was over the reform of the French railways and the social service system that the Pleven Government came to grief; and it was the tax problem that led to Faure's resignation five weeks after he took office. The French deputies were perfectly prepared to vote all the expenditures necessary for the 1952 budget but they would not vote the taxes needed to meet these expenses.

Voting taxes is something which they find particularly annoying. As a result, the budget is regularly the subject of heated and sterile debate. In recent years these political wranglings over different budgetary items have been dragged out so long that the previous year's budget has had to be extended by means of temporary monthly allocations to cover the immediate needs of the state.

Rather than vote higher taxes, many French deputies like to take the easy way out; they demand that the French Treasury make ends meet by borrowing money, by floating a new issue of Treasury bonds, and by increasing the scale of the national lottery. As any good financier knows, such measures can only be feeble palliatives which stimulate inflation.

Besides, the Frenchman has learned to his cost that the government is a very bad investment; by the time his Treasury bond has matured, the franc

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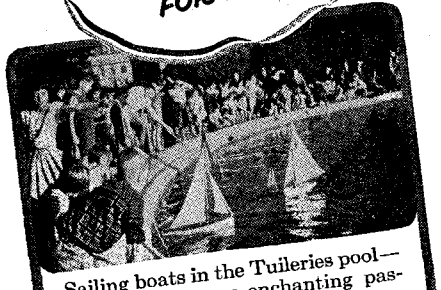

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will have depreciated so much in value that it will be almost worthless. Few Frenchmen now are willing, as they were before the First World War, to lend money to the government. The extent of this development can be measured by one simple figure. The public debt, which in 1913 took up 23.8 per cent of the French budget, amounted to no more than 3.4 per cent in 1951.

France, like Italy, has received a lot of criticism recently for what, by Anglo-American standards, is considered an inefficient and inequitable system of taxation. But in order to overhaul the French taxation system so as to put the burden on direct rather than on indirect taxes, it would first be necessary to reform the French character.

The direct income tax at present provides for little more than one quarter of the receipts of the annual French budget. The rest comes from sales taxes, on things like tobacco and gasoline; from luxury taxes on cars, refrigerators, night clubs, and restaurants; from taxes on the turnover of big and small enterprises; and from taxes on company profits. There are even some Frenchmen, like the eminent sociological writer, Bertrand de Jouvenel, who think that direct taxation may one day disappear altogether as a major source of French government revenue.

Odds against the tax collector

Foreigners who criticize the French because they rely so much on indirect taxation might be more reserved if they were better acquainted with the practical difficulties which confront the tax collector. The Frenchman has an innate aversion to paying taxes and he regards his relationship with the tax collector as a battle of wits. He deliberately undervalues his income, knowing perfectly well that the tax collector will not believe him and will try to revalue it. This is what is officially known as the *régime du forfait.*

In this game the odds are all against the tax collector, for it is very difficult for him to prove that the income that his opponent is officially declaring is not his real one. He will, of course, ask him to show him his books, but these will contain a record only of official transactions by check. And as the tax collector knows, a lot more business goes on unofficially under the table.

What usually happens, therefore, is this. The Frenchman, when the time comes for him to pay his taxes, invites the *percepteur d'impôts* (the tax collector) to help him assess what his real income is. The little French shopkeeper is particularly good at this game of pretending that he does not know what his real earnings are. He therefore appeals to the tax collector's *esprit raisonnable*, and the *percepteur d'impôts*, being after all a Frenchman, almost always shows himself reasonable and understanding.

This system of collecting taxes may appear frightfully lax to other peoples, but to the Frenchman it is the human, and therefore the French, way of doing things. There is one trouble with it: only those who are self-employed or who employ others can indulge in this battle of wits.

For the vast army of the employed, whether they are workers, secretaries, or public servants, there is no such easy escape. Their salaries have to be officially declared. In addition they have to pay all the indirect taxes on the few luxuries that they can afford. They are thus justified in thinking that they contribute more than their share of the national income. This is particularly true of skilled workers, specialists, engineers, government employees, highly paid secretaries, and the like, inasmuch as there are millions of poorly paid French workers who are exempt from taxation altogether.

The situation in France is such that, contrary to all classical arguments in economics textbooks, indirect taxation turns out to be less inequitable than direct taxation. It has been calculated that in 1950 the wage and salary earners paid about 6.7 per cent of their income in direct taxes, while those who were employers or self-employed (businessmen, shopkeepers, farmers) only paid 3.5 per cent of their income in direct taxes. Consequently, any increase in the graduated income tax falls most heavily on France's salary-earning middle class.

The fear of Germany

While more time is consumed in the French Assembly on the discus-

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sion of financial questions than on anything else, the deputies are worrying most about France's international relations and colonial problems.

Although the war in Indo-China and the question of German rearmament seem to be geographically totally distinct, they are intimately linked together. The campaign in Indo-China has retarded the build-up of the French army in Europe to such an extent that France has at present no more than 5 fully equipped European divisions. She has 5 more that are semi-equipped and that can be brought up to full strength in a few days. By the end of this year she had expected to have 15 fully equipped divisions ready in Europe, but now expects to have only 12 divisions, not all of which will be at their full strength.

When the question of German rearmament was first brought up almost two years ago, it was anticipated that France would have about 20 divisions prepared by the time the Germans could form 10. This was and is a ratio of comparative military strength which the Frenchman can envisage with a certain amount of confidence.

But at the Lisbon meeting, the NATO Council proposed a German contingent of 12 up-to-date divisions — which, because Germany has no overseas commitments, are likely to be a more powerful and better trained force than what the French will be able to muster on the Continent. France fears that such a force would give the Germans the right to dictate military strategy in a European army. And this is what every Frenchman wishes to avoid at all costs.

The French are exceedingly sensitive to what is done and said in Germany. What some Germans have been saying has not reassured them. Last year the German army veterans' association called the *Bruderschaft* (Brotherhood) sent a letter to General Juin in which they hailed him as the future commander of a European army and assured him of their readiness to follow him in a war for the liberation of Germany's lost Eastern provinces.

And many Frenchmen recall that not so long ago a German official in the Bonn government said: "When

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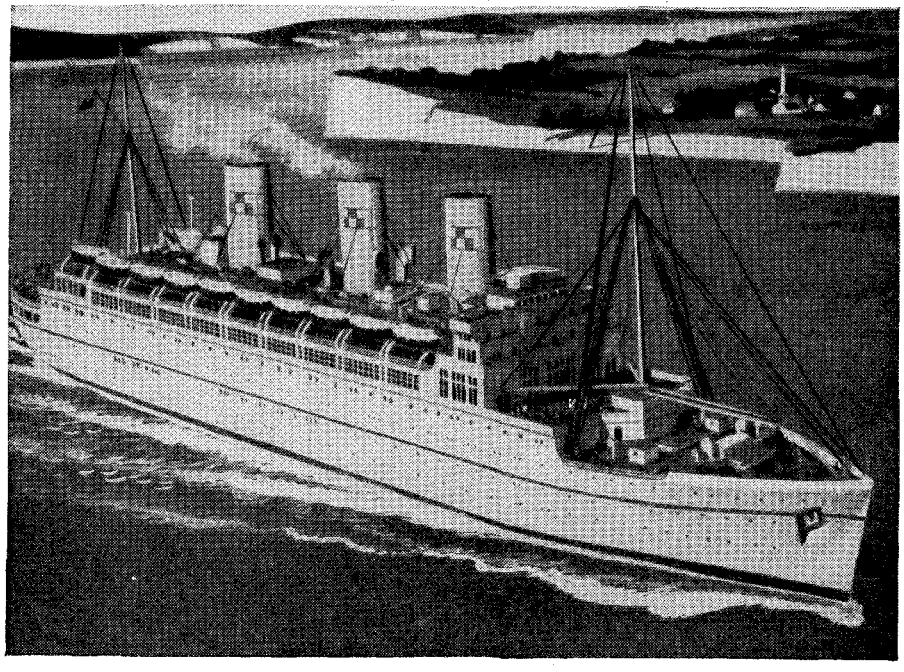
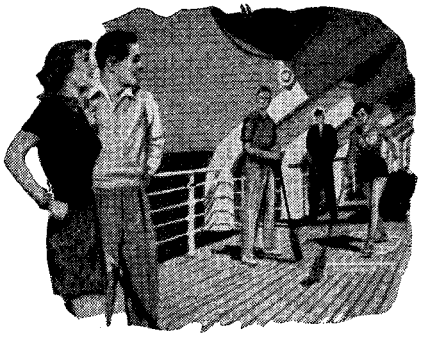
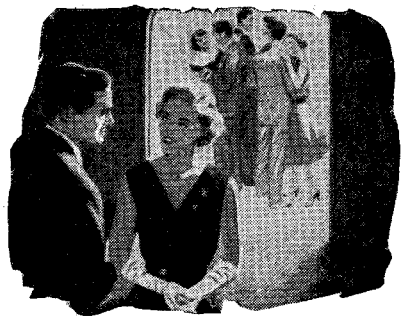
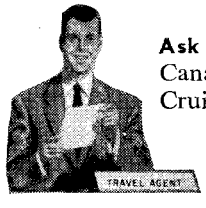




5: Make new friends among the discriminating people who sail Empress style. **6:** Active fun: deck sports, swimming. **7:** Social fun: midmorning bouillon, tea, cards, games. **8:** The comfort of attended children's rooms. **9:** Airy staterooms for perfect rest!



10: The Captain's dinner, grand climax of Empress hospitality. **11:** Gourmet meals, dancing every night, movies. **12:** And 'round the clock, Canadian Pacific's skilled courteous service.



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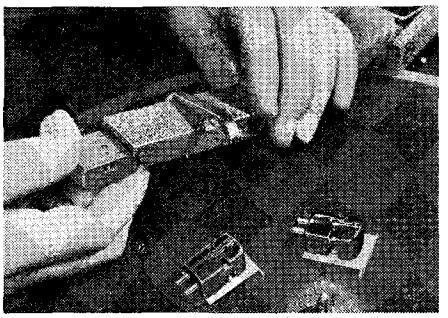

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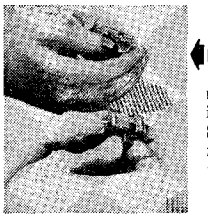
A Million Music Lovers listen to WQXR, radio station of The New York Times. To please this critical audience, G-E pickups and styli are installed in 14 different studio locations. (Top) G-E cartridge slips easily into the tone arm. (Right) A WQXR turntable with G-E equipment.



Famous Triple Play Cartridge (RPX-050) plays 33, 45, 78 rpm records without changing its position in the arm. Simply depress and turn red button to change stylus, which is replaceable.

New Reversible Stylus (RPJ-013) incorporates sapphire* tip for standard play and diamond tip for LP and 45's. "Double twist" arm permits stylus to follow every tiny record groove. Ask your G-E dealer for a demonstration.

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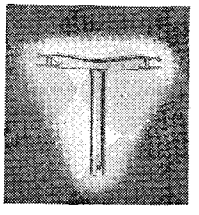

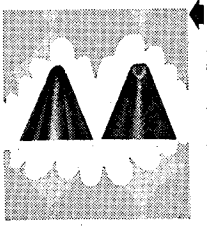

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we have 15 divisions, we shall speak another language to the French."

It is the fact that the Germans have already begun to speak this old, familiar language which has caused the French to hesitate before embarking upon the creation of a European army without a formal British and American guarantee of support in France's dealings with Germany. The present British government has shown a sympathetic attitude which has reassured the French a little. And the American and British guarantee to keep troops in Europe will be a decisive factor for the French.

The French were not pleased to find that the United States government had decided to send to Europe as the American NATO representative Mr. William Draper, a former vice-president of a company which has several hundred million dollars invested in the Ruhr, and who has for a long time been regarded in France, whether rightly or wrongly, as emphatically pro-German.

The French will only be prepared to enter wholeheartedly into a European army as long as they are assured of having considerably more divisions in it than the Germans. This has been General de Gaulle's most insistent argument for a strong French army, and there is no doubt that here at least he speaks for the majority of his countrymen.

But the question remains: How can this be achieved, while the war in Indo-China immobilizes the equivalent of 10 full divisions? The French find themselves at present faced with the possibility of having to choose between a sacrifice either in Europe or in Indo-China.

The cost of Indo-China

There are an increasing number of Frenchmen who believe that of the two it is Indo-China that should be sacrificed. But no one has a clear idea of just how France could disentangle itself from the Indo-Chinese imbroglio.

Those who advocate evacuation are reacting to the ever growing awareness of the fact that in Indo-China the French army is fighting a war to preserve interests which are not French. The ideal way out of this dilemma would be a negotiated peace with the Viet-Minh. But the French government knows perfectly well that such a peace would not be worth the paper it was written on as long as the Viet-Minh has an efficient, well-trained army, and as long as the Viet-Nam must rely on the French for its defense.

The answer is to train an effective Vietnamese army, capable of defending Indo-China. It was one of the first things that the late General de Lattre de Tassigny set about doing upon his arrival at Saigon. As it was, it was an effort which was at least three years overdue. But it will probably require at least two more years before such an army is capable of holding its own against the experienced veterans of Ho Chi Minh, the Viet-Minh leader.

The French army has so far trained 50,000 Vietnamese troops organized into 40 battalions. By the end of the year it expects to have 100,000 Vietnamese troops in the field. They have already proved themselves rugged fighters who adapt themselves well to local conditions and terrain, and who are anxious to defend their villages and their rice fields from the incursions of the Viet-Minh.

The great problem now is one of training properly qualified superior officers and of building up all the supporting units (medical, engineering, transportation, signal, maintenance) which an autonomous Vietnamese army will need.

As far as the administration of Indo-China is concerned, the French could pack their bags and leave tomorrow. It is already almost entirely in the hands of Vietnamese officials. Only a handful of French civil administrators remain in Indo-China and they are now actually outnumbered by the U.S. observers who are supervising the arrival of American supplies there.

Many Frenchmen have been recently suggesting that the United States should take a more active part in the holding of the Indo-Chinese front, inasmuch as France is at present doing it alone for the common cause. But it will take more than GI's and dollars to solve the complicated puzzle of Indo-China. It will require leadership and originality.

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Washington

WASHINGTON has an acute case of political paralysis. Every action, in both Congress and the Administration, is measured against its possible effect on the election. The result is precious little action of any kind.

Nowhere is this so apparent as on Capitol Hill. In the period before the Lincoln Day recess, the Senate completed only two matters of any significance: it passed an innocuous bill to grant home rule to the District of Columbia (a bill which has been bottled up by Southerners in the House) and it voted to admit Greece and Turkey to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Tangible progress in the House has been even less visible.

Statehood for Alaska and Hawaii is among the victims of the paralysis. Despite the pledged support of both parties, in the Senate there was very little consideration of the merits of statehood. Instead, the criterion imposed by Southern Democrats was: How would four additional Senators vote on civil rights?

Because the Republicans showed less enthusiasm for normally Democratic Alaska than for Republican Hawaii, the opposition had sufficient strength to send the Alaska bill back to committee. There were enough pledged votes to pass the Hawaii bill but not to squelch a Southern filibuster. Thus, barring a miracle, statehood will be pigeonholed again. As if to finish the job, Senator McCarran has promised another investigation of Communism in Hawaii (although the House Un-American Activities Committee cleared the Islands in 1950).

Another cause of inaction may be seen in the attitude of Senator Tom Connally, the irascible chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "Old Tawm" can be one of the funniest men in Congress, and also one of the rudest — especially toward government officials.

This year his campaign for re-election in Texas promises to be the toughest fight of his career, and he finds it politic to oppose with great fanfare any further extensions of foreign aid. When Senator George Aiken and several other legislators accused him of trying to prevent the Foreign Relations Committee from voting on the St. Lawrence Seaway, "Old Tawm" replied with characteristic satire that for five months of the year the seaway "would be frozen up as hard as the mind of the Senator from Vermont."

The real explanation of the slow start of Congress is the lack of aggressive top leadership, especially in the Senate. The majority leader, Senator Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona, is an amiable man without vigor. He gravitates toward the Southern Democrats, and this fact gives the Southern bloc effective control of the Senate. As in the last session, the actual leader of the Senate is Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, whose masterful job of presiding over the MacArthur hearings was applauded on both sides of the aisle.

"Lard" in the budget

Objections to the President's $85.4 billion budget have consisted, as usual, of charges of extravagance. Although Mr. Truman conspicuously omitted mention this year of several of his favorite schemes, such as health insurance, there unquestionably is "lard" in the budget.

This takes several forms. One is projects hitherto sought unsuccessfully and now camouflaged as "defense" items. Another is agricultural subsidies, for which the President has asked more money than can be justified by current farm prices. A third is projects which would normally be desirable but which could be curtailed or deferred in a time of inflationary danger. Included in this last category are such items as rural electrification, reclamation, and rivers and harbors improvements.

Actual inflationary danger must be gauged, of course, by the cash deficit. Here there is some reason to believe that the estimate of a $14.4 billion excess of expenditures over income is exaggerated. The Treasury habitually underestimates tax collections; likewise, the Administration usually overestimates what it will spend. Hence the real cash deficit is likely to be in the neighborhood of $6 billion — serious enough, but considerably more manageable than $14.4 billion.

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Probably the most vulnerable item in the budget is the $10.8 billion for foreign military and economic aid, and it is here that much of the Congressional fire will be centered. Foreign aid also is one of the most difficult items to cut intelligently. Administration leaders already are at pains to point out the close relationship between economic aid and military effectiveness, particularly in Western Europe.

Contrary to many expectations, the most vocal objections to the $51.2 billion military budget have been, not that it is too much, but that it is too little. Secretary of Defense Lovett told Congress that military requests had been pared close to muscle, especially in air power. Paradoxically, cash expenditures actually will increase from $39.8 billion to $51.2 billion because of the backlog of equipment already contracted for but not yet delivered. However, new obligational authority — that is, authority to contract for equipment to be delivered in the future — will be reduced from $61.7 billion to $52.4 billion. In this sense the new military budget represents a cutback.

The practical effect of the cutback will be to defer still further the target date for an Air Force of 143 modern wings. This will make no difference in the number of planes to be delivered within the next year. It will, however, result in a leveling off of contract placement.

Defense officials have chosen this course for two main reasons. First, they wish to keep a balance between planes on hand and planes in the design stage so as to avoid becoming loaded up with obsolescent equipment. Second, they hope to avoid a sharp peak in plane production followed by a sharp letdown and possible economic disruption. Their aim is a sort of plateau of production which would permit quick expansion.

Russian vs. American planes

What worries some legislators as well as military men is the reported high rate of Russian plane production, especially the MIG-15. Many of the satellites are now said to be equipped with MIG-15s. Experience over Korea has shown the MIG-15 to be superior to any present American fighter except the F-86. Korea, however, has not been a completely fair test. Most of the combat losses of American planes have been due, not to the MIG, but to Communist ground fire which has become considerably more accurate. Enemy plane loss statistics thus are not comparable, for the MIGs have seldom ventured over our lines.

The predominant feeling in the Pentagon still is that the Russian air buildup is primarily defensive. The MIG is a good, fast daytime interceptor — but of relatively light armament and extremely limited range. What the advent of the new MIG does mean is that the United States might have great difficulty carrying out a strategic bombing raid on Russia in the daytime with any of its present heavy bombers. Only the all-jet B-47 — which, despite its large size, is classified as a medium bomber and which is coming off production lines very slowly — is given much chance of evading the MIG-15 in combat.

How many supercarriers?

Meanwhile a new and more refined form of armed forces rivalry is beginning to take shape in the efforts of each service to get into the atomic act. It stems from a fear that any service without atomic weapons will lose out in appropriations. The Air Force has long had the edge; but there has been a lot of talk in the Army recently about atomic artillery shells, and now Secretary of the Navy Kimball has come forward with a plan for 10 new mammoth aircraft carriers.

Actually only two of these supercarriers have been approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff — the *James V. Forrestal*, now under construction, and another requested in the new budget. The main difference between the flush-deck supercarriers and present large carriers is not over-all size, but weight. New planes are becoming much heavier; they also consume much more fuel. It is impractical to rebuild old carriers, because the strengthening of decks tends to make them top-heavy.

In spite of some opposition in the Air Force, a few of these carriers would help augment the versatility of air power. Although carriers are undeniably sinkable, they also are mobile — which a land base is not. Their main virtue would be as mobile trouble-shooters, useful not only in fringe

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areas such as Southeast Asia, but also to provide fuller access to the vitals of Russia in the event of war.

But it would be difficult under present aircraft planning to provide new planes for a 143-wing Air Force *and* a number of new supercarriers simultaneously. Which is to come first? The priorities have not been settled by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Actually there is little effort yet to treat air power as a whole rather than as three separate competing components belonging to the Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps.

Morris and McGrath

The rather silly attacks on President Truman's new Republican prosecutor on corruption, Newbold Morris, have obscured the real objections to Mr. Morris's appointment. Those objections have nothing to do with his integrity or competence. They arise, rather, from the fact that he will be responsible to Attorney General McGrath, who is head of one of the agencies Mr. Morris will be investigating — the Department of Justice.

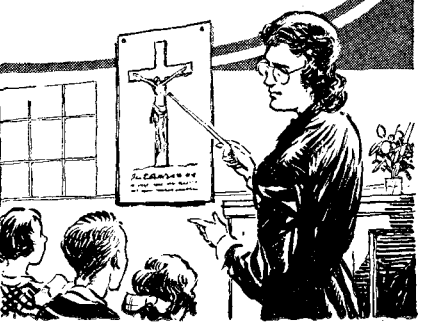
According to intimates of Mr. Truman, few blows have wounded the President so deeply as the refusal of Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy to undertake the investigation of corruption after he had once agreed to it. That is not the only part of Mr. Truman's "clean-up" that has gone awry. One of the minor mysteries in the Capital is why Mr. Truman did not go through with his plan to fire Attorney General McGrath and replace him with former Federal Judge Justin Miller. Judge Miller not only was sounded out, but actually had accepted the offer.

The most plausible explanation of the sudden shift in plans lies in a visit to the Blair House by Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island. Mr. Green was the former law partner of McGrath. Reportedly one of the subjects of conversation between Senator Green and the President was the fact that when Mr. McGrath became Attorney General he sought to fire Theron Lamar Caudle but was dissuaded by the White House guard.

An Oscar for Mike

Some sort of Oscar for courageous performance ought to go to Michael V. DiSalle, who retired as director of the Office of Price Stabilization to

Should Children Learn About God—In School?



Some people will emphatically say "no." They will contend that the purpose of education is to train the mind . . . to make good citizens . . . to equip children to use their talents for useful living.

And some of them will argue that it is un-American, un-democratic, and unnecessary for Catholics to maintain their own schools. The public schools, they say, are all we need.

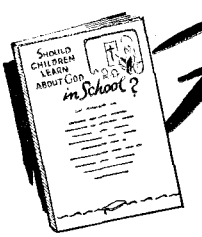
But are they right? It's a good question for parents—both Catholic and non-Catholic—to think about.

Religion, as Catholics see it, is not a subject to be set apart from other fields of learning. On the contrary, it is the very core and center and hub of all human knowledge. It is the governing factor in our understanding and appreciation of all other learning. It relates all of the knowledge we acquire to the divine purposes for which we were created.

Children cannot, of course, get this kind of education in public schools. There is a law against it, and a ruling of the Supreme Court has been interpreted by many states as prohibiting public schools from even excusing children for outside classes in religious instruction.

It is for these reasons that your Catholic friends and neighbors willingly pay their share of the cost of maintaining the public schools . . . and yet build Catholic schools for their own children. It is not due to clannishness on the part of Catholics, to any dissatisfaction with the academic efficiency of the public schools, nor to any doubt about the high standards of morality among the great majority of public school educators.

It takes years of school life for a child to learn the principles of democracy and social responsibility. Can we expect children to gain a knowledge of religion in a once-a-week Sunday school? Or in a week-day school where God's name is seldom mentioned and a prayer is never heard?



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run for the Democratic nomination for Senator from Ohio. Mr. DiSalle was a unique phenomenon in Washington — a man who managed to remain frank and forthright in a city where the bland answer is the rule. Like the crewman of the sinking ship who asked, "Anyone want to buy a good watch?" the rotund Mr. DiSalle always had a leavening quip which set even his critics to laughing.

Mike DiSalle took over the unpopular OPS job with full knowledge that a score of previous candidates had turned it down. Not only did he stick with it, but his relations with a skeptical Congress were amazingly good. His jovial manner hid a resoluteness which he could and did invoke when necessary. His job was to administer a brake rather than a freeze on prices, and the best test of his success is the fact that during the fourteen months of his tenure prices rose only a few percentage points. He leaves for his successor, the more serious-minded Ellis Arnall, former governor of Georgia, a record that will be hard to equal.

Railroad trouble

Nowhere are the Administration's relations with labor so bad as with the railroad operating unions. For more than three years the dispute between railroad management and three big unions — the engineers, firemen, and conductors — has dragged on without settlement. In August, 1950, the Army took over nominal control of the railroads to prevent a strike. Railroad executives, commissioned as colonels, have continued to direct the actual operations. Although there have been spasmodic interruptions, there has been no broad-scale rail strike.

Rightly or wrongly, the union leaders blame their plight on the string-pulling of Presidential Assistant John R. Steelman. Bad feeling against Steelman stems from the abortive "agreement" of December, 1950, which the union memberships repudiated. This brought Presidential denunciation in a charge that the leaders were behaving like a bunch of Russians. Union men feel that Steelman double-crossed them because he wrote himself into the contract as mediator and because he knew that the agreement had to be ratified by the membership. One of the four major rail unions — the trainmen — subsequently accepted the management offer, but the other three held out.

Animosity was stirred up anew by the manner in which a Presidential emergency board was appointed to make recommendations on a threatened strike by the locomotive firemen last November. The union had objected in advance to two of the three members of the panel. They were chosen anyhow, without consultation of the National Mediation Board. Union members saw Steelman's hand in the appointments, and the emergency board report — which closely paralleled management's offer — confirmed their suspicions.

A principal union complaint is that while nonoperating employees have been granted the 40-hour week with no loss of pay, operating employees have obtained no such concession. The fact that the trainmen, members of the same crews, have enjoyed a wage increase, also makes for disgruntlement. Knowing that they cannot win a strike against the government, the unions are reduced to a sort of chaotic flailing of arms.

The real source of the difficulty lies in the breakdown of the Railway Labor Act. It was the unions which first ran to the White House to seek better settlements, and for a while they succeeded. The result was an almost complete flouting of the normal procedures of collective bargaining. Now the White House intervention has boomeranged. In the present situation there is reason to believe that even substantially the same recommendations as already made, coming from another source, which the unions considered impartial, would have a very different reception.

Meanwhile there is a growing feeling, even among union leaders, that some sort of limited compulsory arbitration may be necessary as a last resort in order to make the other parts of the Railway Labor Act work.

Mood of the Capital

Washington's mood can be described in just one word: political. The same considerations which apply in the White House and on Capitol Hill also affect most government employees, but from a different standpoint. Despite civil service status, they are worried about what might happen to their jobs under a different Administration. Hence there is intense speculation, not only on the Eisenhower and Taft campaigns, but also on the possibility that Adlai Stevenson may be the Democratic nominee and on what President Truman meant by withdrawing his name from the New Hampshire primary and then deciding to let it remain on the ballot.

Case-hardened Fair Dealers apart, there is a fairly broad conviction here that a change of party would be desirable. Such a change is justified from two standpoints — to clean out the deadwood of twenty years of one-party rule, and to restore Republican responsibility in the two-party system.

The hitch is that many of the persons calling for a change abhor the foreign policy views of Senator Taft. Democratic politicians are trading on the distaste as their best bet in the election. Meanwhile, the fear of either a Taft nomination or another Democratic administration is coalescing independents and liberal Republicans more and more into a stop-Taft movement.

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The Cure for Suspicion Is Knowledge

Of the readers who wrote us about the first Advertorial, published in the December Atlantic, *a great many liked the idea and the method of presentation. But there was criticism too. One reader wrote: "It seems a waste to devote precious reading time and mental energy to a commercially biased presentation of a controversial question." Another letter said cryptically: "We have enough propaganda." These letters come from people who are suspicious of business. The* Atlantic *believes that the answer to that distrust is knowledge.*

The ideas which are the driving force of business should be understood. "We live a national paradox," said one of our readers the other day. "We are so proud of our phenomenal genius for organization that 'biggest in the world' has become a phrase of habit and the prime American cliché. But mixed with this admiration is fear, a fear of the very size of which we boast. Audiences applaud a speaker who rips into some company because it is 'too big.' The speaker who makes that charge never bothers to consider the paradox in his own life. When he leaves the rostrum, he steps into his General Motors car and goes home to listen to the late news over his RCA radio while he drinks a glass of Borden's milk which he took from a Westinghouse refrigerator. Refreshed, he falls into a blissful sleep on a Beautyrest."

This paradox needs to be resolved. Since we nourish big businesses by our daily preferences, since we cannot live, or arm ourselves, without them, doesn't it follow that we must understand them?

The *Atlantic* believes that the curse can be taken off "bigness" by a forthright, vivid accounting *in words*. Such an accounting should be in terms of the broad public interest, rather than in terms of dollars.

It is equally important that small companies, labor unions small or large, and others with a message that can help us understand the economic forces that affect our lives, should document their arguments.

After all, it is not size that is a bugaboo. It is lack of knowledge. There are many business fields in which sufficient information is lacking. Profit, for instance, particularly unanalyzed profit; and the part that profit plays in the advancement of standards of living.

Business stewardship is another subject we should know more about. A new crop of managers has grown up under the stress of depression, war, and taxes. The business climate has created a broader-gauge executive mind than ever existed before. The new sense of stewardship which many businessmen are showing interests us. We want to see their ideas put down on paper where they can engender other ideas.

We want to know what the answer is to wage and salary scales, other than the exercise of force. Do escalator clauses cancel out their inflationary effect by getting more work done? Are retirement funds stimulating to production or do they have a soporific effect on ambition? What company has succeeded in taking paternalism and pawkiness out of community relations? Do the railroads have a plan for reversing the generation-old trend toward socialization? What are businesses doing on their own hook to conserve natural resources? How does research in "pure science" fare at the hands of business? What chance do we have of reducing the cost of distribution after the days of easy selling are past? Are obsolescent machines beginning to hold back the improvement of our standard of living as they did in Britain?

These questions seem vital to us. We believe they will seem so to our readers. We expect some of them to be the subject of future Advertorials. If they are, each will be plainly marked "advertisement." You can be sure that only those will be accepted that seem to us to be worth a reader's time.

Donald A. Sayder

Publisher
The Atlantic Monthly

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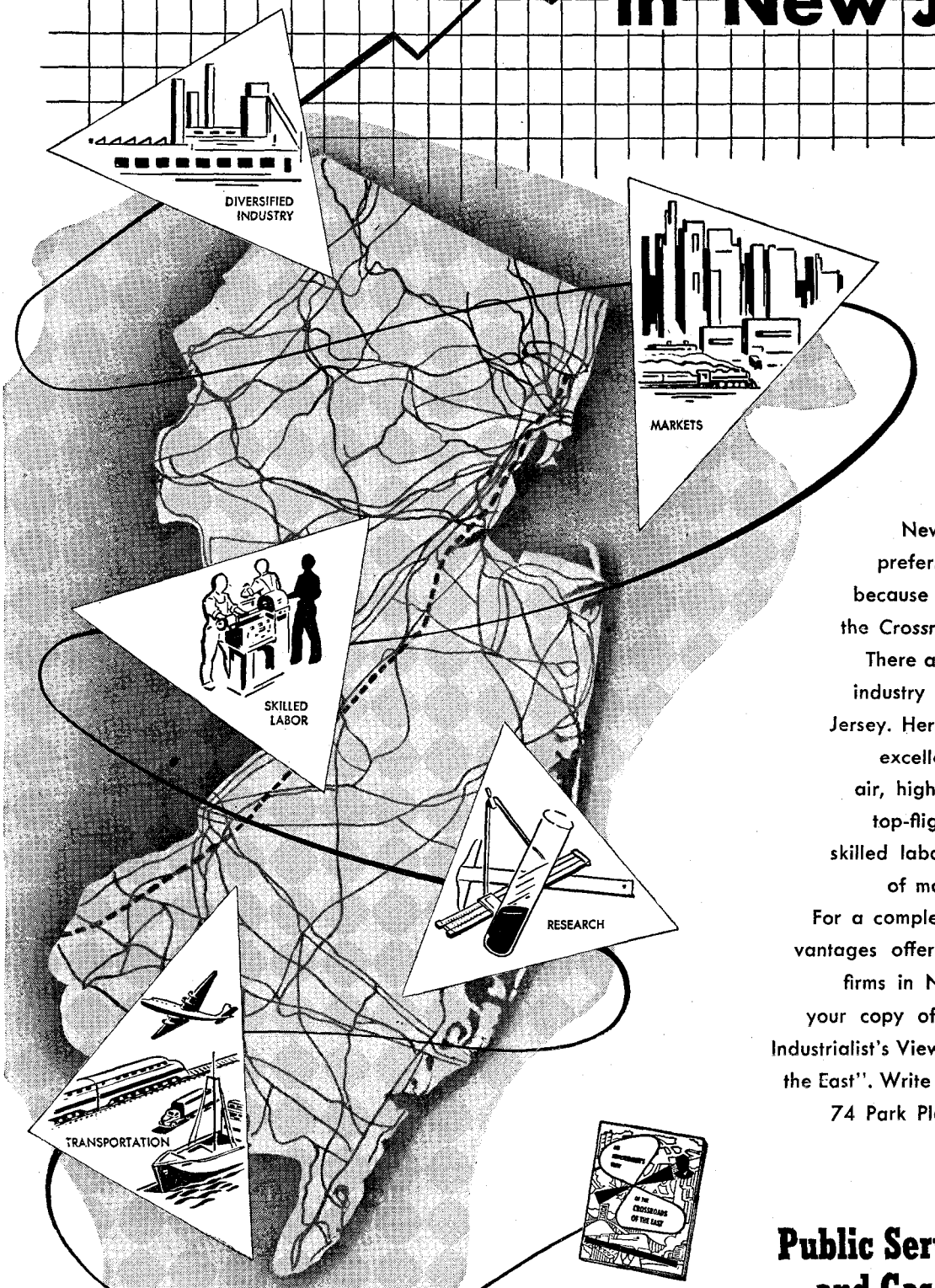
INDUSTRY SUCCEEDS in New Jersey



New Jersey is the state preferred by industry . . . because industry succeeds at the *Crossroads of the East.*

There are good reasons why industry is successful in New Jersey. Here are major markets, excellent transportation by air, highway, rail and water, top-flight research facilities, skilled labor and diversification of manufactured products.

For a complete picture of the advantages offered to manufacturing firms in New Jersey, write for your copy of the brochure, "The Industrialist's View of the Crossroads of the East". Write Box A, Public Service, 74 Park Place, Newark 1, N. J.

Public Service Electric and Gas Company

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Like the ceaseless movement of tides, there is a deep-seated ebb and flow of industry responding to the pull of economic forces. Today's management scrutinizes the latest figures on population, railroad tariffs, the availability of raw materials or semifinished parts. It is equally sensitive to new opportunities to sell its own product as customers migrate in answer to their requirements. Public Service Electric and Gas Company, cognizant of this movement, makes known in this article some of the advantages of New Jersey, the state in which it operates.

NEW JERSEY, CROSSROADS OF THE EAST

An Advertorial by

PUBLIC SERVICE ELECTRIC AND GAS COMPANY

A tremendous and exciting cycle has been completed in New Jersey, the Crossroads of the East.

Back in the days when America was young and was setting her sights towards man's greatest experiment, self-rule, the colony of New Jersey was the New World's industrial center. During the seventeenth century "great" mines of iron ore were being worked; there were belching furnaces along the Shrewsbury where Colonel Lewis Morris made his products of iron. In the middle 1700s charcoal iron was being produced at Oxford by Jonathan Robeson. Here were made the cannon balls used in the French and Indian, Revolutionary, and Civil Wars. At Ringwood the chains that stopped the British at West Point were forged.

From this very early beginning the iron and steel industry sprang, and later moved west towards Pittsburgh and Chicago. It has now returned to New Jersey, to begin what appears to be the most intensive industrial development the nation has ever witnessed.

The Delaware River valley will soon have two huge steel mills in operation. The National Steel Corporation will build at Paulsboro, New Jersey, a large basic steel plant. Across the Delaware and up the river from Trenton, at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, there is under construction the vast Fairless Works of the United States Steel Corporation — the largest and most complete project ever undertaken by an American steel company. These two tremendous plants are being built on the Delaware because of shortage of haul of ocean-borne ore (ore for National will come from Labrador; that for U.S. Steel from Venezuela); the nearness of the world's largest market for steel, the Eastern Seaboard; and the ease of transporting fuel, limestone, and scrap.

These steel mills will have a profound effect upon New Jersey, the Crossroads of the East. There will appear, as if by magic, many other industrial newcomers, mostly processors and fabricators of steel products. This section of New Jersey has many acres available for plant sites and it will no doubt become one of the important industrial areas of the nation.

New Jersey's "firsts"

The roots of industrial activity in New Jersey go deep. It was in 1792 that Alexander Hamilton founded the first manufacturing community at what is now Paterson, New Jersey. He created the "Society for Useful Manufactures" and chose the "Great Falls of the Passaic" as its site.

New Jersey is characterized by long-established free enterprises dating from 1642 when the first beer was brewed in Hoboken. The state can claim a long list of "firsts": the first loom-made American flag in Paterson; the world's first sanitary ware in Trenton, 1853; the first wrought-iron beams in Trenton, 1854; the first American steel pen in Camden, 1858; the first smokeless gunpowder, developed at Maxim in 1890; the many firsts of Edison — the phonograph in 1876, the incandescent lamp in 1879, the motion picture machine in 1893.

The long-established industrial concerns and those which located plants in New Jersey in a

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later era read like the Four Hundred of industrial America. There's Taylor-Wharton Iron and Steel Company, organized in 1742, whose early output included shoes for oxen, horses, and mules; wagon iron, nails, and farm implements. Then there's the American Steel and Wire Company, established in Trenton in 1847. Its first president, Peter Cooper, later associated with Abram S. Hewitt to form the Cooper Hewitt Company, which produced the first open-hearth steel made in America.

The Warren Foundry and Pipe Company was organized in 1856; John A. Roebling's Sons Company, founded in 1841 in Trenton, is known the world around for its wire rope and steel cable. Ingersoll-Rand Company at Phillipsburg, with its mining machinery, air compressors and tools, is known wherever men mine the earth. There's Worthington Pump, Otis Elevator, Warren Webster and Company, Singer Sewing Machine, Victor Talking Machine of "His Master's Voice" fame, which was to become the huge RCA Victor of today. Weston Electrical Instrument Company is an old New Jersey company, as is Westinghouse, and also DeLaval Steam Turbine.

Among the great names of the pharmaceutical group are Johnson and Johnson at New Brunswick, Merck and Company, Ciba at Summit, Hoffman-LaRoche at Nutley.

The New Jersey shoreline, with its attraction for coastal shipping, has developed into a principal center of refineries of petroleum products. Some of the world's largest companies have operated in the state since 1873. Prominent among these are Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Tide Water Associated Oil Company, The Texas Company, and Cities Service Oil Company.

That so many of the nation's important industrial companies have located in New Jersey and *stayed* there, and so many new plants have in recent years moved there, bodes well for the advantages the state has to offer the industrialist who is facing the problem of locating or relocating his plant.

The question of plant location or relocation is becoming increasingly important in the national economic scheme. Plants in the Northeast move to the Southwest; plants in the Middle West open branch plants on the Eastern Seaboard. There are many and varied reasons for this plant movement, or dispersion, or decentralization, as some call it. The geographic center of distribution will attract some; others move to be near the source of raw materials.

There are listed here several factors of prime importance affecting the selections of plant sites, and the industrialist should give them searching consideration singly or severally: —

a. Markets
b. Transportation
c. Deep-water shipping
d. Research
e. Diversification
f. Labor
g. A good place to live
h. Agriculture
i. Taxes

Markets

New Jersey sits in the middle of the world's richest market. A 250-mile radius centering in Trenton will sweep a circle encompassing or intersecting twelve states and the District of Columbia. Inside this circle are New York City, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Harrisburg, Altoona, Rutland, Manchester, Springfield, and many other localities with good purchasing power.

Within these states there live more than 47 million people — 32 per cent of the nation's population who are within overnight trucking delivery of Jersey-made goods. These people account for more than 70 billion dollars of buying income *after deduction of Federal income taxes;* they comprise the highest income market in the land with an estimated $5134 per family in 1950; they spent in 1950 an estimated 46.5 billion dollars in retail purchases.

The industrialist, whatever his product, is certain to have a near-by market when he builds in New Jersey.

Transportation

New Jersey's transportation facilities are superb. There are many more miles of railroad per square mile of area in New Jersey than in any other state in the Union. The rails of eight great trunk lines and fourteen lesser roads traverse the state. New Jersey is not only the crossroads of an immense north and south rail traffic, but the natural terminus for transcontinental rail freight entering the Port of New York. (The Jersey side of the Hudson at New York has the most extensive freight terminals found anywhere.)

The highway system of New Jersey is among the finest in the nation. There are more than 1700 miles of paved state highways and some 6000 miles of hard-surfaced country roads. The high-

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ways are designed to by-pass more than 100 cities and towns, with grade separations and clover-leaf intersections. Over these roads roll the motorized fleets of industry and commerce. Scores of important motor truck lines have convenient pick-up and door-to-door delivery.

Just recently opened to traffic is the New Jersey Turnpike — probably the world's finest piece of highway engineering. The Turnpike was built in the remarkably short time of 24 months and at a cost of $225,000,000. It was built with private capital financed by a per-mile toll charge. It crosses the state from the George Washington Bridge to the Delaware River Memorial Bridge at Deepwater and permits direct nonstop 60-miles-an-hour traffic. Ultimately, it will connect with highways to the West to give fast trucking between New York, New Jersey, and Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Washington.

The principal passenger and cargo-carrying airlines connect New Jersey with every major community of the world. The Port of New York Authority, a nonprofit agency of the states of New Jersey and New York, operates airports in the metropolitan area and Teterboro. Of all the nation's airports, Teterboro handles by far the greatest volume of air freight.

The industrialist, whatever his product, will find transportation facilities for efficient distribution.

Deep-water shipping

Except for the 50-mile boundary between New York and New Jersey, the state is entirely surrounded by water, of which 300 miles are navigable. Through this area passes about half the country's import and export trade. Here is the great Port of New York with its vast docking and terminal facilities. Camden and Philadelphia on the Delaware share a fine harbor with modern wharfing and shipside delivery. Busy Newark Seaport, with its spacious marine terminals, wharves, and warehouses, provides one of the best points where bulk cargo can be loaded directly from ship to rail cars.

The industrialist, whatever his product, will find facilities for interocean or coastwise shipping.

Research

It is natural that New Jersey should become known as the "Research State." Since its early days it has harbored those who were venturesome and bent on looking for the new and untried — the Morrises, the Robesons, the Hamiltons, the Taylors, the Edisons, Roeblings, Morses, the Peter Coopers. New Jersey has given impetus to scientific investigation and today it contains some of the most elaborate and complete laboratories found anywhere. In a small half circle beginning at Edgewater on the Hudson and arcing to the west around Princeton and eastward to Long Branch on the shore, there are no fewer than 400 sites where some kind of research and investigation is under way. In this concentrated area more than 10 per cent of the nation's research thrives with an estimated outlay of about $150,000,000 each year.

There are many things affecting our daily life which have first experienced "investigation" in a New Jersey research center. A few are vitamins, the electric light, the telegraph, the motion picture, high octane gas, lubricating oils, drugs, radio, television, sewing machines, food flavors, radar, electronics.

Many of the laboratories have come into being in the last few years. Built by modern architects and well equipped, they house thousands of top-flight chemists, physicists, and engineers. The most recent addition to the research field is the James Forrestal research center at Princeton University. Here, on an 800-acre tract, intensive work will be done in the field of aeronautics, jet propulsion, and related subjects.

The industrialist, whatever his product, will find research and laboratory requirements close by when he locates in New Jersey.

Diversification

Since the beginning of its history, New Jersey has always had a varied list of products manufactured within its borders. As time went on and new and different things were needed, New Jersey made them. This wide assortment of manufacturing enterprises offers a tremendous advantage to the newcomer to New Jersey, for here he will be close to those who can supply him with semi-finished parts or subassemblies.

The industrialist, whatever his product, will find suppliers as neighbors when he locates his plant in New Jersey.

Labor skills

New Jersey has a reservoir of labor of many skills. In a state of some 4,000,000 population, about 800,000 are counted as workers in the plants

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— ranging from jewelry to ships, from shoes to radar. Manufacturers who have recently moved into the state have expressed both surprise and gratification that they found unnecessary the expense of long, tedious training periods and other personnel problems attendant on the new operation. Excellent vocational schools throughout the state produce a steady flow of young artisans. Some 59 per cent of the state's nonagricultural workers are employed in manufacture.

The industrialist, whatever his product, will find experienced labor when he locates his plant in New Jersey.

A good place to live, work, and play

New Jersey is an excellent place to live. A short ride from the crowded areas and you are in villages and small suburban towns of beautiful residential streets. You live a small-town life bordering on the countryside, only a short distance from your place of work. Several railroads furnish excellent commuting service to and from the larger cities, and the country's largest operator of motor buses gives excellent intercommunity services on frequent headways.

In New Jersey it is easy to follow one's recreational pursuits. Here are the famed Jersey resorts — trout streams and lakes, wooded hills and forests. Throughout the state are sites steeped in early Americana and historical importance. On either side are the world-renowned operas, symphonies, and museums of New York and Philadelphia — not forgetting the Dodgers, Giants, Yankees, Phillies, and Athletics.

Educational facilities are good in New Jersey. The excellent public school systems are augmented by many fine private preparatory schools; and Princeton University, Rutgers University, Stevens Institute of Technology, New Jersey College for Women, St. Elizabeth's College, Seton Hall University, and Drew University offer collegiate work looking towards all degrees.

The industrialist, whatever his product, will find it's good to work, live, and play in New Jersey.

Agriculture

New Jersey has been called the Garden State, and for a definite reason. Some 2,000,000 acres in 25,000 farms, or about 40 per cent of the land area, are devoted to a diversified agricultural industry. In spite of its small size, the state is a leader in the production for market of all the standard table vegetables. Its principal fruits are peaches, apples, blueberries, cranberries, raspberries, and cherries.

Poultry is a major industry in New Jersey. Eggs by the thousand millions are produced while some 30,000,000 baby chicks are raised and sold. The state's farmers market each year about 10,000,000 chickens for the table.

Fine dairy farms occupy a prominent place in New Jersey's agricultural picture, producing something better than a billion quarts of milk each year. The 25,000 New Jersey farms are highly mechanized and well managed. They are about 95 per cent electrified. Their gross on-the-farm value of products in 1951 reached a total of $395,000,000.

Taxes

New Jersey has a favorable taxation climate. It has no individual state income tax, no state corporation income tax, no state unincorporated business tax, no state sales tax; and has complete exemption of intangible personal property from local property taxes.

Industry-minded municipalities in the state, recognizing that their own welfare is linked with the success of local industries, exercise a conservative local tax policy.

A report based on personal interviews with a cross section of New Jersey industrial executives by Fact Finders Associates, Inc., throws light on the relationship of government to business. The question was asked, "Compared with the best other state of which you have knowledge, how do you rate New Jersey from the standpoint of cooperation of local authorities?" One hundred per cent replied "Better" or "Just as good."

New Jersey recognizes that it will prosper as industry prospers. Citizens' leagues, chambers of commerce, manufacturers' associations, civic clubs, and taxpayers' associations — all keep a watchful eye on the public purse.

Taxes in New Jersey buy essential services.

For additional literature about New Jersey, write Public Service Electric and Gas Company, Room 8308, 74 Park Place, Newark 1, New Jersey.

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

From the Armed Forces

SIR:

Good literature in any form is difficult to procure here, as you can well understand. However, as if from nowhere, two copies of the *Atlantic* made their appearance: the November and December, 1951, issues. I feel I must speak about the McGeorge Bundy vs. William F. Buckley, Jr., theories.

I am of the same age as Mr. Buckley, and a 1950 graduate of Amherst College. I sincerely hope the people who read his comments in the *Atlantic* do not consider him a symbol of present-day youth or an example of its capabilities, for he is not. His rebuttal to Mr. Bundy's calm, fair criticism was more demonstrative of the actions of an irked child than of a man. Mr. Buckley should be envious of Mr. Bundy's ability and, in this case, extreme patience.

It was my privilege at Amherst to know many a Yale student — all fine men — religious but not sanctimonious, fun-loving but not hoodlums, young but not adolescent. Mr. Buckley is not a Yale man — he is the type who creates the problems that put us on the front line; not a free-thinker, but an eccentric fellow who wants to be different; not a man, but a product. I suggest that he come to Korea and meet real men.

PETER A. SODERBERGH 053161
Lieutenant USMC
"A" Co. 1st Bn. 7th Marines
1st Marine Division, FMF
% FPO San Francisco, Cal.

SIR:

Your choice of articles for your magazine astounds me! After reading "One-sided Diplomacy" by Paul Blanshard (January *Atlantic*), I was ready to throw the magazine away; but trying to be fair-minded, I turned the pages and read "The Essentials of Education" by Sir Richard Livingstone.

You have printed in your magazine two completely different types of literature. I appreciated the article by Sir Richard Livingstone because of its unbiased, logical presentation, whereas the article by Paul Blanshard showed a complete lack of research and is entirely his biased opinion of the Catholic Church. I am not a Catholic, but I cannot allow an attack of this sort on my neighbors. As an American I ask, "Why not give them a fair trial?" Give us more articles by men who are qualified to write them, such as Sir Richard Livingstone, and your magazine will rise in my opinion.

CHARLES C. BEEBE
Cpl. USAF 11194739
APO 46 US Army

SIR:

Having recently arrived, and subsequently been stationed in these "wilds" of Korea, the variety of digestible reading material made available to me has proved quite scarce. However, the last couple of days I've been reading and rereading the September issue of the *Atlantic*, which miraculously found its way into a group of detective stories, which constitute our main reading matter.

My first introduction to your magazine was back in high school, where our English Literature teacher instructed us in the methods of criticizing and analyzing articles and how we could determine their respective value. At the time my attention was anything but undivided, and so, with the exception of a few chance contacts, this is the first instance in a considerable period of time that I have really read the *Atlantic*. Without any intention of detracting from its stateside competitive value, I must say that here in Korea it is a jewel in a bed of rocks.

Most of the time it is difficult for us GI's to see the wood for the trees, but upon reading such comprehensive résumés as those in the September issue on France, Britain, and the U.S., as to the economic, social, and political conditions of these countries, my opinion that a Western foothold in the East is absolutely necessary has been strengthened more than ever.

PFC. JAMES A. HART
Co. H, 32d RCT
APO 7, % Postmaster
San Francisco, Cal.

SIR:

I have just finished reading "Junior, Drop That Japanese Toy!" by David L. Cohn in your December issue, and I wish to compliment you and the author for farsighted views on a most important problem.

We have so much, and many others in the world have so little. I wish that our people at home could see how fierce is the struggle for existence in the Far East, and how little these people ask — and receive.

I pray that you will open many eyes with such articles, as selfish nationalism will surely cost us lives and money in the long run.

LT. JAMES C. SWEENEY, USNR
% Com. UN Blockading & Escort Force
FPO, San Francisco, Cal.

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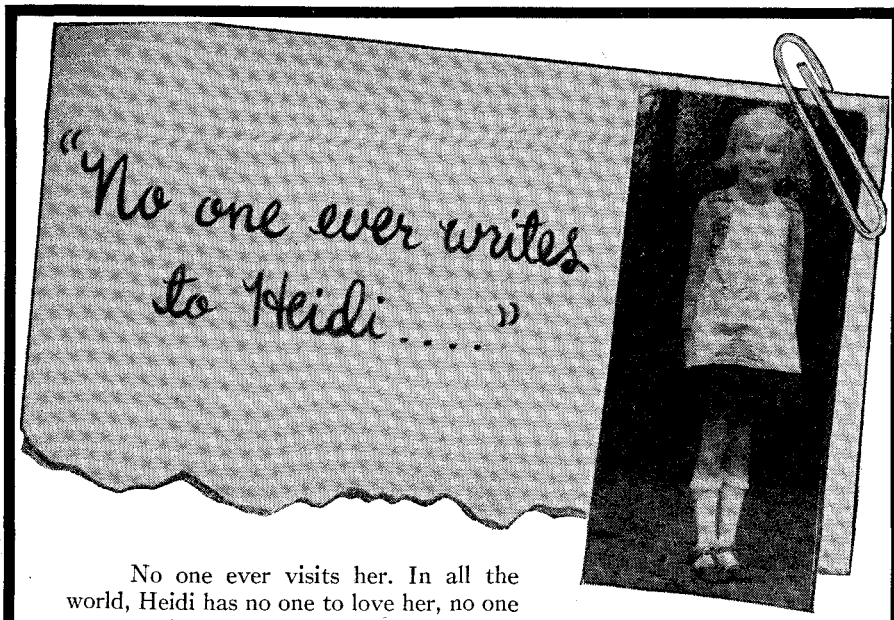

No one ever visits her. In all the world, Heidi has no one to love her, no one to care what becomes of her. She does not even know where she came from or where she is going.

Heidi was born in Western Europe, no one knows where, while the war was at its height. She doesn't remember her parents. Her first memories are of wandering homeless and alone through the terror and the fury of a continent in flames. Her early childhood, which should have been devoted to play and the security of love, was spent instead in the grim business of existing day by day.

By some miracle, Heidi *survived.* Today, she is a lively, pretty youngster of eight. She is housed in a camp where the state provides the barest minimum of food. But there is no money available for clothing or any of the other things that children need and want. Worst of all, she has no one she can call her own — no one to remember her — no one who cares what happens to her.

The saddest part of little Heidi's story is that there are so many like her who can have no hope for the future unless they receive help now.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Heidi or another needy child by the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $96 a year, $8 a month, SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food — delivered in your name, in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Lebanon.

You will receive a case history, like the story of Heidi, and if possible, a photograph. You can write your child and you will learn to know how much your generosity means.

A contribution in any amount will help

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Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy and Lebanon.

AM-1

Japanese Toys

SIR:

David L. Cohn takes Toy Guidance Council to task because of its preference for American-made toys.

While Mr. Cohn's basic theme of international free trade has much in its favor, we take issue with his interpretation of a New York *Times* article which referred to our work. Toy Guidance Council, an independent organization with no industry affiliation, is primarily interested in the safety, durability, and functional value of toys.

As a group, Japanese toys are poorly constructed of fragile materials with sharp edges, and frequently are dangerous to handle. Last July, for example, a Japanese toy called "The Little Atom Pistol," which used live explosives and pellets as projectiles, exploded in a boy's face and caused the loss of his eyesight. Following the incident, police in New Jersey, New York, and other states threatened retailers with fines if they sold this "toy" without a firearms permit.

In addition, unethical Japanese merchandising practices infuriated American consumers and retailers even before Pearl Harbor. There were many instances of child pencil sets which contained only an inch of lead; and there was the matter of the amazing similarity of their trademarks to established American ones, and of their somewhat confused place-of-origin labeling.

Toy Guidance Council recommends American toys because they no longer are just trinkets or baubles. The over-all high quality of manufacture, the ingenuity in design, and the objective of aiding the proper development of children have elevated American playthings to a position where they are now as necessary to children as the right food and clothing.

We cannot say the same thing about Japanese toys. They long ago equaled American prices. But they have a long way to go to equal American standards.

MELVIN HELITZER
Director of Public Relations
Toy Guidance Council, Inc.
New York City

When tariff grabbers cannot bring reason to bear upon their arguments, they say that all foreign goods are afflicted with hoof-and-mouth disease. I'm told that three Michigan women have the shakes because they planted Holland tulip bulbs instead

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of the sanitary, genu-wine, Made-in-America variety. As for Japanese goods!

But if Japanese toys are, as Mr. Helitzer says, inferior in quality, dangerously sharp-edged, and generally lousy, why doesn't he leave it to the customers to reject them? Or is it that they haven't brains enough to select what is good for them without the mother-knows-best guidance of the Toy Guidance Council, Inc.?

One can understand that the Council's great heart is steeped in melancholy because the little boy lost his eyesight. Yet it might be bad for millions of our little boys of military age if, emulating the Council, the country should lose its hindsight and foresight.

The Italian government has spoken up on our recently imposed tariffs. It said they were not only having "grave consequences" on the Italian economy but were also resulting in "serious economic, social, and psychological repercussions" in other Allied European countries. Well, what of it? Suppose Italy does go Communist. We'll still be protected against its attempts to ruin us by shipping us Provalone cheese.

Despite Mr. Helitzer's admirable detachment, I cannot somehow believe that a nation whose gross national product is approaching the 300-billion-dollar mark is likely to be put out of business by Japanese toys. It seems to me more likely that we may be put out of business by that quality in some of our businessmen which, while it makes the pig fatten rapidly, also hastens its journey to the butcher. — DAVID L. COHN

I Personally —

SIR:

In your February issue you published David L. Cohn's vivid article, "They Never Break the Law." The decay of a nation "can be measured in part by the disappearance of the phrase 'man of character,'" states Mr. Cohn. It is my privilege, having lived here only for two years, to express my unlimited confidence in the United States and the many, many "men of character" I meet daily.

The spirit of self-criticism and the willingness towards an experimental way of life, peculiar to every American, white or colored, Democrat or Republican, Yankee or Southerner, industrialist or laborer, furnish abundant proof of a continuous striving for improvements and perfection. Foreigners too are freely allowed to partake in this striving and in the discussion concerning the goal.

Should you so desire you can call the President all the names you choose, and have I been amazed hearing a few of those! You may criticize freely and express your opinion about corruption in politics or elsewhere, about a faltering foreign policy, help to Europe, money-greediness of fellow Americans, high cost of living, or what have you. You can cry out every mistake and abuse in American life, because no country in God's world is so impassionedly interested in the discovery and wide publicity of its own mistakes and failures as America.

And this all has the profound approval of every single American. Approval, not of what is said, but of the fact that it can be said.

There is one thing, however — whether you are American or alien — that one never should do. Beware of attacking the unshakable faith in America, its democracy, its "creed." Beware of the avalanche of 150 million Americans you will find, shoulder to shoulder, against you.

LUC. KIERS
St. Louis, Mo.

SIR:

John Harriman's article "We All Want Inflation" (January *Atlantic*) is a top contribution to the defense of America. Its appearance in the *Atlantic* may well be of more long-term significance than the launching of a million-dollar battleship or the drafting of a million more soldiers. This because it exposes ourselves to ourselves. And it is probable that we, like the ancient Greeks, have more to fear from our own errors than from the wiles of the enemy.

PAUL H. DAVIS
Los Angeles, Cal.

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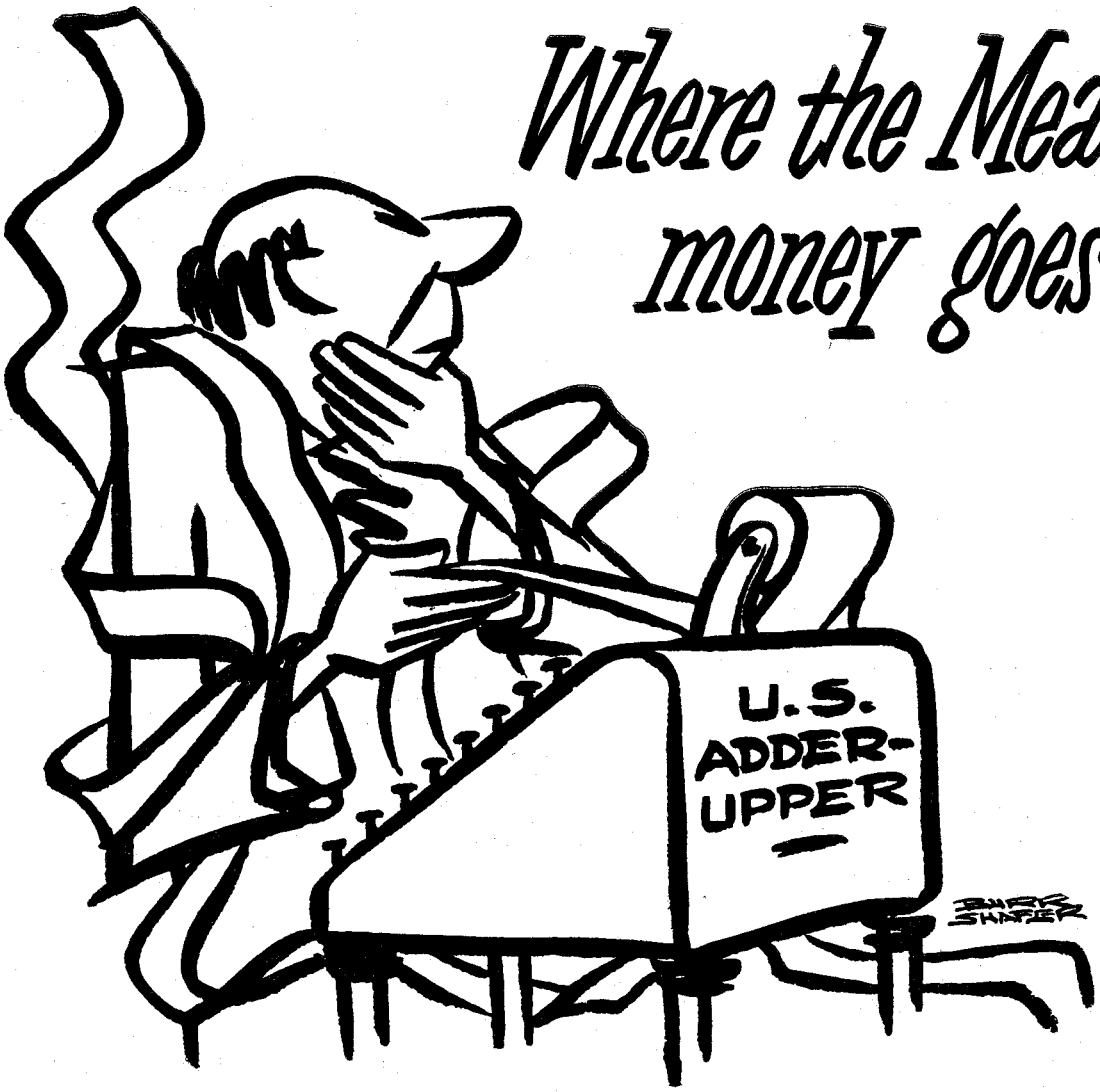

Official government figures* show that over the years people have put down on the counter for meat a remarkably constant percentage of the money they have to spend. The average for meat is around 5½ per cent of the total.

In the boom year of 1929 consumers spent, out of each dollar of spendable income, 5½ cents for meat. In the depression year of 1933 this figure was 5⁴/₅ cents. In the prewar year of 1939 it was 5³/₁₀ cents. In 1950, the latest year for which figures are available, it was 5½ cents.

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Do Meat Packers' Profits Influence Prices?

The answer is . . . *they do not.* Again, official government figures* (plus a recent Dun and Bradstreet survey) show that out of the average 5½ cents spent at the store for meat, the retailer uses 1 cent to cover all overhead costs and a modest profit, and pays 4½ cents to the packer for meat.

Of this 4½ cents, the packer pays out 3½ cents for livestock, 19/20ths of a cent for all of his costs of doing business . . . labor, freight, taxes and many other expenses . . . and earns *1/20th of a cent as profit.* This may be paid to investors for use of their money, or for improvements, or both. The figures include the value of by-products as well as meat.

The profit obtained by meat packers is so small that it has virtually no effect on the price of meat at retail.

As a matter of fact, if packers made no profit at all, consumers would be unable to see any difference in the cost of living—either in good times or bad.

**U. S. Depts. of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor.*

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"For three long and bitter years," writes JOSEPH ALSOP, *the Washington commentator, "in the White House, in Harry Hopkins's office, in Chungking on the staff of China's Foreign Minister, Dr. T. V. Soong, and in Kunming on the staff of General Chennault, I fought the Stilwell policy because I thought it would cost us China. I still think I was right. But I never felt the shadow of a reasonable doubt about the American loyalty of the men on the other side." Mr. Alsop now proceeds to examine the charges Louis Budenz has made.*

THE STRANGE CASE OF LOUIS BUDENZ

by JOSEPH ALSOP

In a short year and a half of appearances before Congressional committees, Louis F. Budenz has brought the charge of treason against no fewer than twoscore citizens of this republic. White-haired, pale-faced, looking like a conservative elderly lawyer in his dark, expensive suit, the eminent ex-Communist speaks with confident authority: "This man was a party member; that woman was under discipline; him we called one of ours." In some sense, it has become his avocation; and there is every reason to expect that he will continue mass-producing treason charges so long as the Senatorial demand continues.

When Budenz speaks, moreover, he commands belief, for the reason he himself has given. "I think the most truthful people in the world," he has said, "are the ex-Communists, on the whole, and for this simple reason: They have learned how utterly incorrect is the morality of Lenin, the morality of deceiving for a cause. They have learned in pain and suffering. I want to assure you . . . they certainly have a resurrection within themselves, on the whole."

On the basis of this now widely held theory, solid proofs are no longer demanded by press or Congress, as they were when Whittaker Chambers denounced Alger Hiss. Instead, the accuser speaks; the next morning's headlines announce the accusation; and the accused is marked thereafter as a traitor to his country. By these means, while himself remaining a curiously shadowy figure, Louis Budenz has played the decisive part in convincing numbers of our people that treachery teems in all departments of our national life. Yet an inner resurrection is at least a novel substitute for the due process of the law. And it is time, therefore, to determine whether Budenz genuinely is one of "the most truthful people in the world."

As to the man himself, he is an Indianan, born of a simple Catholic family, an unstable personality, who drifted into the American left-wing ferment in his early youth and became a Communist in middle age, in 1935. Within the party, he rose by gradual stages to editorship of the *Daily Worker*, but in 1945 left the party and returned to the Church. On the rule of more joy over one saved sinner than ninety and nine just men, he soon gained a wide and profitable audience for his lectures, articles, and books on Communism. He was also appointed to teach at Fordham University.

Above all, in the first four years after he had left the Communist Party, Louis Budenz worked with the FBI. He helped the FBI agents to discover or confirm the activities of such key Soviet agents as J. Peters and Gerhart Eisler. He appeared for them as an expert witness in the courts. In particular, in day after day and even week after week of question and answer, he added to the FBI lists of hidden Communists.

Budenz himself has proudly boasted that "no

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[other] American has given so many hours to the FBI, and at all hours of the day and night, and at any time . . . eighteen hours a week . . . every week holiday and the whole Christmas holidays and all the other times I could be reached." His own estimate of the time thus consumed is 3000 hours, or the staggering equivalent of 375 eight-hour days in the short space of four years. This should be carefully noted. For it is important that Louis Budenz had these ample opportunities to search every nook and cranny of his memory for the names of lurking traitors before he came to his second great turning point, in 1950.

By 1950, Budenz had been drawn into the special coterie of people who live in a feverish atmosphere of ferreting out Communist plots. The borderline is hazy, for these people, between the mere supposition of Communist connections and the actual knowledge of them. Finally, it is interesting that Budenz was particularly intimate with this coterie's China specialist, Alfred Kohlberg. Kohlberg was one of the original inspirers of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, and he thus provides a link of sorts between McCarthy and Budenz, who in 1950 emerged as the Senator's rescuer-in-chief.

The nature of Budenz's new departure is vividly illustrated by the simple chronology of the case of Owen Lattimore. Lattimore is the learned Johns Hopkins professor with an unfortunate habit of being silly about Far Eastern politics, whom McCarthy grandiosely called the "top Communist agent" in the United States.

During his 3000 previous hours with the FBI, Louis Budenz had never suggested that this "top Communist" was even a part-time party member. In 1947, he had said to a State Department investigator that he "did not recall any instances" suggesting Lattimore was a Communist. In 1949, he had gone even further, flatly telling an editor of *Collier's* magazine, Leonard Parris, that Lattimore, "though misguided," had never "acted as a Communist in any way."

Then in March, 1950, McCarthy made his celebrated charges that the State Department was infested with 57, or 81, or 205 "card-carrying Communists" and sympathizers, and he followed up with his attack on Lattimore. In the same month of March, Budenz went to the FBI to denounce Lattimore as a Communist for the first time. Shortly thereafter, McCarthy significantly announced that he would stake his case on Lattimore, and in April, Budenz duly went before the investigating committee headed by Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, to declare in public testimony that Lattimore was indeed a Communist. The coincidences in timing are at least odd.

To the Tydings committee, Budenz explained that he had lied about Lattimore to Leonard Parris and the State Department investigator because he followed the rule of making his disclosures to the FBI alone. He did not explain why he waited so long to let the FBI into the secret; he just said he and the FBI agents had so many other things to talk about that he had never got around to Lattimore, even in 3000 hours. He did not offer any documentary proofs, or claim to know Lattimore was a Communist from his own knowledge; he just said several other Communists had told him so.

It was the word of Budenz in 1950 against the word of Budenz in 1949 — plus, of course, the word of Lattimore. Lattimore made a poor witness. A good many people took the word of Budenz in 1950, and the doubt thus created about the man on whom McCarthy had staked his case was the chief factor in saving the vociferous Senator from universal, immediate discredit.

Such was Louis Budenz's first experiment in the highly novel technique of the belated recollection and the hearsay accusation of treason. On the whole it was successful, and it seems to have greatly stimulated Budenz's memory. At the next Congressional session, Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada launched his internal security subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Budenz was called as chief witness, and displayed a truly remarkable improvement in his recapture of the past.

For example, he had told the Tydings committee that Harrison Forman, a writer who had been foolish about China in the Lattimore manner, "was not, so far as I know, a Communist." But he now boldly testified that he "knew Forman was a Communist from official reports"; and he only substituted the milder charge, that Forman was a close fellow-traveler, after another day's reflection and perhaps a quick glance at the Tydings transcript. Overall, besides mentioning many known party members and certain other men and women he had previously accused before the Tydings committee, Budenz now applied the technique of the belated recollection and the hearsay accusation of treason to more than twenty persons never before labeled as Communists.

The following is the precise exchange concerning one of these newly accused men, who is vital to our inquiry. The McCarran subcommittee counsel, Robert Morris, is the first speaker.

MR. MORRIS: Mr. Budenz, was John Carter Vincent a member of the Communist Party?

MR. BUDENZ: From official reports I have received, he was.

This man Vincent was, and is, a ranking State Department official — the first such to be seriously charged with actual Communist Party membership since the conviction of Alger Hiss. The Hiss case, in turn, is Louis Budenz's greatest support; any little peculiarities in his testimony tend to be overlooked when he repeats his favorite reminder that Whittaker Chambers was not at first believed.

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Yet when Whittaker Chambers broke with the Communists, he at once accused Hiss, and offered a wealth of detail and, in the end, documents to support the accusation; but when Louis Budenz left the Communist Party, John Carter Vincent occupied the high and sensitive post of chief of the State Department division of Far Eastern affairs, and Budenz waited four years and eight months, until late in April, 1950, to murmur his first warning against Vincent to the FBI. Just previously, he had refused to accuse Vincent before the Tydings committee, on the grounds that he had to be "careful" and was not sure. Neither his remarkably long lapse of memory, nor his queer uncertainties at the Tydings hearing, nor his memory's sudden recovery immediately thereafter, has ever been explained in any way.

When Louis Budenz finally accused John Carter Vincent, he spoke only of "official reports" — were they the same "reports" mentioned in the hastily revised testimony about Harrison Forman? Furthermore, Budenz added to his naked accusation of Vincent only one hard fact, concerning Henry A. Wallace's journey to China in the spring of 1944. Vincent had gone along as Wallace's State Department adviser, and Owen Lattimore also accompanied the Vice Presidential party, as a representative of the Office of War Information. At the McCarran hearing, Budenz was reminded of this past assignment of Vincent's and Lattimore's. He replied readily that the Politburo of the American Communist Party had indeed "followed the Wallace trip with a great deal of interest," and had moreover relied on John Carter Vincent and Owen Lattimore to "guide" Henry Wallace "along the paths" of the Communist party line.

The reader should note and mark this seemingly trivial fragment of Budenz's testimony, with its color of plausibility borrowed from Wallace's later record as a Communist stooge; for this statement by Budenz was a significant novelty. In all his long previous performance as a witness, Budenz had quoted liberally from conversation with fellow Communists who could not be called to the stand in their turn. He had frequently cited documents which could never be produced. He had charged great numbers of people with secret Communism. But he had never once described any significant past event in terms directly subject to coarse, suspicious, independent check. Now, however, his brief words about the Wallace journey could be easily contrasted with what actually and demonstrably happened.

2

At the time of Wallace's Chinese mission, I was a lieutenant on the staff of Major General Claire L. Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force, serving as the General's personal adviser and living in his little house among the rice paddies outside Kunming. As a pre-war newspaperman, I had known Wallace fairly well. Vincent I knew slightly — as a diplomatic bureaucrat, who showed the marks of twenty fairly easygoing years as a China specialist in the Foreign Service. Since I had this acquaintance with Wallace and Vincent, General Chennault, who loathed all VIPs, deputed me to act as their subhost during their visit to our headquarters.

Protocol governed the arrangements. Lattimore, the public relations man, was sent off to stay with Chinese professor friends in Kunming City; the Vice President and his State Department adviser were quartered in General Chennault's two guest rooms. Wallace and Vincent and I then plunged into the standard, ghastly schedule for VIPs, which Wallace varied by dragooning reluctant sergeants into volleyball games.

As it happened, Kunming was Wallace's last stop in China. He had already spent several days in Chungking in conversations with the Generalissimo, but he had not yet formed the opinion about China which his position required him to express. Since I was both near at hand and the only American in the country whom he had ever really known before, he asked my views about the Chinese situation. My answer both startled and impressed him, and he promptly called Vincent and me to an informal conference at General Chennault's house.

Vincent attended with an air of being amused that Wallace should presume to form any judgment whatever of China's complex problems. Then a cable to President Roosevelt began to be discussed. Vincent's sharp features lighted up; he seemed to take fire at the opportunity of getting something done; and he powerfully seconded my pleas. Vincent's intervention convinced the doubting Wallace. I typed out the message to the President, Wallace signed it, and I filed it through the Kunming Consulate the same day, which was June 26, 1944. *In sum, Wallace urgently recommended the immediate dismissal of the American Theater Commander, General Joseph W. Stilwell, and he suggested General Albert C. Wedemeyer as Stilwell's replacement.*

Such is the true story of the first proposal of the Stilwell-Wedemeyer shift, which later came so close to saving China. The circumstances were a bit ludicrous, if you like. Wallace was boldly advising the transplantation of generals he had never seen. It was outrageously improper, it was perhaps a court-martial offense, for a mere lieutenant in uniform to be involved in such an affair. Even Vincent might better have held Wallace back, instead of urging him on — "guiding" him, in fact — to such drastic, impulsive action. Yet Wallace's initiative was none the less historic, and it bears most directly on the case of Louis Budenz.

The great step — the step over which Wallace hesitated until Vincent persuaded him — was the

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dismissal of General Stilwell. And in that spring of 1944, Stilwell was more than a mere Theater Commander; he was a major national policy. For months, Stilwell had been bravely but blindly leading his troops in the jungles of Burma. For months, meanwhile, he had refused to aid or arm the forces of Chiang Kai-shek, while the Japanese swept over the rich Eastern provinces and the Communist guerrillas flowed in behind. As a result, China had reached "the real turning point" when "the Generalissimo's government was undermined, militarily and politically," while the Chinese Communists were decisively "strengthened, by so much as the Generalissimo . . . was weakened." The quotations come from General Chennault's clairvoyant letter of resignation, written in 1945.

Furthermore, General Stilwell also had political views. Disagreements about Burma had long before caused him to concentrate all his strong hatred on the Generalissimo. Hating Chiang Kai-shek, he had come to wish for Chiang's "elimination" and to cherish a sentimental admiration for Chiang's enemies, the Chinese Communists, whom he called the "only hope" of the Chinese masses and the only people "really fighting the Japs." And in June, 1944, General Stilwell was actually maturing a plan to provide the Chinese Communists with American arms on a great scale, so that they could "fight the Japs" more effectively.

In short, political folly and personal vengefulness had transformed the brave and picturesque Stilwell into the Chinese Communists' great wartime hope, whose loss would be an irreparable blow to them. The fact was formally acknowledged in July, 1944, by Mao Tse-tung himself, when he secretly offered General Stilwell full and direct command of all Communist forces in China. If Stilwell had actually succeeded in transferring American support from Chiang to Mao, he would surely have brought the Communists to power in China before the end of the war, just as Churchill brought the Communists to power in Yugoslavia by transferring his backing from Mikhailovitch to Tito.

Instead, in the very nick of time, the Generalissimo at last found courage to insist on Stilwell's recall. Thus, in October, 1944, the Communist triumph in China was automatically deferred when President Roosevelt carried out to the letter the same Wallace-Vincent recommendations which he had ignored in June.

3

AGAINST these facts we may check Louis Budenz's statement, under oath, that John Carter Vincent and Owen Lattimore "guided" Henry Wallace "along the paths" of the Communist party line in China.

Lattimore was in Kunming until the Wallace party left for home. He knew nothing whatever about the Kunming cable which was Wallace's only significant contribution to American policy in China. Hence he cannot be said to have guided Wallace in any way that mattered. Vincent unquestionably and most fruitfully guided Wallace. The result was the Kunming cable, urging the dismissal of General Stilwell and the appointment of General Wedemeyer, which was the heaviest blow that could then be struck at the Communist cause in China. Thus documentary evidence and historic fact join to condemn Louis Budenz on the first occasion when he has exposed himself to any test by either facts or documents.

When this was pointed out last September, not long after Budenz's original testimony, Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York demanded an investigation. Henry Wallace then sent President Truman the documents and facts. The President referred these to the Senate. And the McCarran subcommittee, after long delays and with visible reluctance, recalled Budenz to the witness stand.

This subcommittee is, in itself, a clew in Budenz's strange case. It is dominated by the aged, bitterly prejudiced McCarran, while its real work is done by the counsel, Robert Morris. Morris left his New York law practice to work for the pro-McCarthy minority of the Tydings committee. He joined McCarthy in pre-planning the notorious subsequent campaign to smear Tydings as "soft" towards Communism. He was the original link between McCarthy and the mysterious J. E. Farrand, paymaster of the Negro ex-Communist forger whom McCarthy hired to spy on John Carter Vincent's doings as American Minister to Switzerland.

Since Louis Budenz was and is Morris's chief witness, it was hardly surprising that Budenz's rehearing was entirely dominated by Budenz himself. The Senators and their counsel have justly earned a reputation for a rough way with witnesses; but they most graciously deferred to this man who was now charged with falsely accusing his fellow citizens of *treason* against the United States. Primly, a little nervously, yet with voluble assurance, Budenz repeated that John Carter Vincent was indeed a Communist, and closed the small gap in his former testimony by swearing that the Wallace mission to China had indeed carried out a "Communist objective."

Yet even a remote challenge caused Budenz to sink deeper in the mire of conflict with historic fact. He replied as follows to gentle questioning about Wallace's suggestion of the intensely anti-Communist General Wedemeyer as General Stilwell's successor in China: —

"Wedemeyer was a good compromise. [The Communists] were not opposed to Wedemeyer [at that time]. They thought he was not political. The Communists were very much opposed to General Chennault, and didn't want him in the picture at

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all. . . .Wedemeyer in 1944 was not unacceptable . . . since it excluded General Chennault."

Listening to Budenz's words in the stuffy little hearing room, I recalled the conversation Wallace and Vincent and I had had more than seven years before. For Wallace's first choice to succeed General Stilwell was none other than General Chennault, the man the Communists "very much opposed." Furthermore, John Carter Vincent was very far indeed from "not wanting Chennault in the picture at all"; if I recall correctly, Vincent remarked that we should have had no trouble in China if Chennault had commanded there from the first. And it was I who pointed out that nominating Chennault would be worse than self-defeating, since the Pentagon hated him. It was I who "excluded" my own chief, and instead proposed the nomination of the "not unacceptable" Wedemeyer.

The rest of Budenz's second testimony was about on a par with the staggering suggestion that General Wedemeyer was promoted by Communist influence. For example, when President Roosevelt at last dismissed Stilwell, the *Daily Worker* had been visibly caught with its party line down, being torn between the overriding wartime injunction against criticism of Roosevelt, and horror at the catastrophe of which Roosevelt was the author. The first compromise was a series of agonized articles avoiding the forbidden criticism of Roosevelt's act but calling Stilwell the Communists' "favorite general," expressing the gravest "concern," and blaming the whole business on "Dewey reactionaries" — then the worst billingsgate in the party lexicon. It was not until six weeks later, after General Wedemeyer had politely praised his predecessor's policies, that a *Worker* column by Frederick Vanderbilt Field at last told the faithful to stop worrying about the loss of General Stilwell. Yet at his rehearing, Louis Budenz utterly ignored the *Worker's* first reactions, seized on Field's column, and declared it showed that the Communists were downright delighted by the event which nearly cost them China.

Budenz did not explain, and he was not asked, how the removal of Stilwell could possibly have been a "Communist objective" at the very moment when Mao Tse-tung was offering Stilwell command of the Communist armies in China. Indeed, he did not even mention the really crucial problem, taking refuge instead in a new and very special claim.

The Communist party line, he said, was too mysterious for any but the initiated to understand. The Senators nodded. Robert Morris all but applauded. And as the party line's true and authorized interpreter, Louis Budenz then repeated his charge against John Carter Vincent, and left the witness stand in a little buzz of congratulation.

Only one further set of facts is needed to complete our inquiry. In August, 1950, Henry Wallace provided Alfred Kohlberg with the gist of his Kunming cable, at Kohlberg's own request. Kohlberg, visibly bewildered, replied with a letter to Wallace stating that "the wisdom of your recommendation [from China] was soon proven by history." According to his own subsequent statement, Kohlberg also told his friend Budenz how Wallace had urged the Stilwell-Wedemeyer shift. Hence, Budenz already knew the truth about Wallace's China mission when he accused John Carter Vincent before the McCarran subcommittee in August, 1951. On these grounds, when I appeared before the subcommittee, I formally suggested that the case of Louis Budenz should be transferred to the Justice Department, for investigation of perjury.

The reader now has all the data. He may himself decide whether John Carter Vincent was indeed following the party line when he helped to strike the heaviest possible blow at the Communist cause in China; or whether Louis Budenz was falsely accusing Vincent when he made this charge.

In this China story that mainly preoccupies our Congressional treason-hunters, I was myself deeply and perhaps wrongly involved. For three long and bitter years, in the White House, in Harry Hopkins's office, in Chungking on the staff of China's Foreign Minister, Dr. T. V. Soong, and in Kunming on the staff of General Chennault, I fought the Stilwell policy because I thought it would cost us China. I still think I was right. But in the most squalid moment of that long and squalid struggle, I never felt the shadow of a reasonable doubt, nor even the shadow of a shadow, about the American loyalty of Stilwell and the men working with him. And I have no such doubts today.

Yet this is not the real point. There are two real points. Bad judgment, grossly bad judgment, was the true cause of the loss of China. In that bad judgment, almost everyone was implicated — from General Stilwell, who almost brought the Communists to power; to General MacArthur, who refused to lend General Wedemeyer the seven American divisions that might have contained the Communists in Manchuria; to the American people, who insisted on the post-war demobilization. By treason-hunting, we avoid sane inquiry into these bad judgments of the past, and so prepare for the bad judgments of the future.

And by this treason-hunting, also, we lightly cast aside those old liberties and ancient safeguards for which our forefathers fought and died. The story of Vincent and Budenz shows that even the nature and meaning of men's acts may now be disregarded. A man is called a Communist, with no proof offered. He proves, in answer, that he has in fact behaved in an intensely anti-Communist manner. Yet the accusation is still allowed to stand. If these new rules are generally adopted, the informers may be coming, one fine day, for you, and you, and you, and me.

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"Boswell had gone to London," writes FREDERICK A. POTTLE, *Sterling Professor of English, Yale University, "hoping to transform himself into a high-bred man of pleasure. Though he had the liveliest sense of piety and was strict in attendance at divine service, he prided himself on his intrigues with actresses and women of fashion, and in his frequent street affairs was ashamed rather of the grossness of his debauchery than of its immorality. But on 16 May 1763 he met Samuel Johnson, whose writings he had long admired; he opened his heart to Johnson, was strengthened in his religious faith, and got Johnson to outline a plan of regular study for him. The quest for a commission in the Guards having proved futile, he finally gave in to his father and consented to apply himself to the law. It was agreed that he should spend one winter in study at Utrecht, and that he should then be allowed to visit Paris and some of the German courts." He was twenty-two when he sailed for Holland. The chronicle which follows is drawn from* Boswell in Holland, *which will shortly be published by McGraw-Hill.*

BOSWELL IN LOVE

His Private Papers and Correspondence with Zélide

Edited by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

THE *London Journal* of James Boswell ends with the entry for 4 August 1763. Boswell continued the record in the same ambitious style during the whole of his stay in Holland, where he went directly from London to study law, but this Dutch journal was lost in his own lifetime. When he left Utrecht in the following June, he packed up many of his papers, including the journal, and left the lot with his friend, the Reverend Robert Brown, to be sent to him in Scotland after his return from his travels. Mr. Brown appears to have entrusted the parcel to a young Army officer, who perhaps carried it as far as London in his cloak-bag. But when the papers arrived at Auchinleck, the seat of the Boswells, the Dutch journal was missing, and earnest appeals for a search which Boswell made to Mr. Brown and others failed to retrieve it. One hesitates, after the casual recovery of a mass of Boswell's letters to Temple in a shop at Boulogne, where they were being used as wrappers for small purchases, to say that any manuscript of Boswell's — especially a large carefully written quarto manuscript of over 500 pages — is lost beyond recall, but at least Boswell himself finally gave up the Dutch journal and nothing has been heard of it since.

There still remain, however, bales of intimate records for reconstructing his life in Holland. There is *some* journal. He continued the practice he had begun in London of addressing a memorandum to himself each morning before he put on his clothes, and in these memoranda he soon fell into the habit of reviewing the events of the preceding day before setting down his counsels for the day ahead. He posted his journal from these memoranda, often some weeks after the events. The lost journal consequently fell short of covering his stay in Holland by more than three weeks, and we recover journal entries for those last days (24 May–18 June) because he wrote them up after he left the country. He kept a register of letters sent and received, a general expense account, and a special account of sums won and lost at cards. And, finally, a surprisingly large number of the letters which he received and wrote have now come to hand, including a good part of his correspondence with the most remarkable person he met in Holland: Isabella van Tuyll (Belle de Zuylen, also known as "Zélide"). This correspondence, which began just as he was leaving Holland and continued intermittently for the next four years, may safely be called one of the oddest series of love letters ever written.

Boswell, who liked to buttress his resolution by times and seasons, had resolved that he would reform on the day he left England for Holland. He did. For ten months in Holland he was by heroic effort modest, studious, frugal, reserved, and chaste. And he almost went out of his mind.

His melancholy was not, as has been carelessly and cruelly assumed, an affectation, an attempt to

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imitate Johnson. The fact is that Boswell had been subject to fits of depression long before he met Johnson, from his early boyhood. He was the kind of neurasthenic who gets no sympathy from other people because he seems so healthy. His physical machine was extremely robust and, until he was past middle age, would stand any amount of punishment. As a matter of fact, he found on numerous occasions that he could dispel his gloom by sitting up late or not going to bed at all. What made him at times so desperately unhappy was not the weather, was not lack of exercise, was not acrimonious juices and lax solids (the diagnosis he obtained from a Dutch physician), was not idleness, was not drinking, was not remorse of conscience. It was frustration: frustration of his overweening ambition by any course of life, whether idle or methodically industrious, which did not promise to make him a Great Man *soon;* frustration of his powerful urges to pleasure by monotony, by unexciting routine.

Be good, be prudent, be sober, be reserved, be industrious, and you will be happy, said his father; and he copied it down and said it over and over to himself. But suppose you gave the formula a good hard try and it didn't work? Suppose you toiled and prayed and hung on by your teeth, and life only got blacker and blacker until you woke in the morning out of dreams that you were about to be hanged or that you were actually suffering the agonies of death? Johnson gave short shrift to Boswell's plea that because he was unhappy when he did his duty he ought to be granted a dispensation; life was a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed. But knowing that Boswell bore a very heavy burden, he granted him unfailing charity.

The sudden emergence from gloom, the glorious exaltation that one sees at the end of the Utrecht period, is as characteristic as the gloom itself. Boswell never needed a period of convalescence. Make him somehow a Great Man, send him upon a jaunt in which he can experience change, excitement, constant agitation, and you restore him as by a magic infusion. And he will never get so tired and inelastic that the formula will not work.

From this point on a selection from the documents tells the story.

Boswell to William Johnson Temple, an Englishman from Berwick-on-Tweed, who had met Boswell in 1755. Their common passions were literature and religion. Temple had gone to Cambridge to study law and had kept chambers in the Inner Temple, London, where Boswell had seen a good deal of him in the preceding spring and summer.

UTRECHT, 17 *April* 1764

MY DEAREST TEMPLE, . . . Could I but see my worthy friend at this moment! Could I but behold the wonder and pleasure which spreads over his countenance! But sea and land conspire to separate us. It is impossible for me to talk to you. I therefore sit down to write. My letter of last night, which is enclosed in this, is the sedate production of a man just recovered from a severe fit of melancholy. The letter which you are now reading is the spontaneous effusion of a man fully restored to life and to joy, whose blood is bounding through his veins, and whose spirits are at the highest pitch of elevation. Good heaven! what is Boswell? Last night he was himself. Today he is more than himself.

Let me think. Am I indeed the same being who was lately so wretched, to whom all things appeared so dismal, who imagined himself of no manner of value? Now I am happy. All things appear cheerful. I am a worthy, an amiable, and a brilliant man. I am at a foreign university town. I am advancing in knowledge. I am received upon the very best footing by the people of rank in this country. My days of dissipation and absurdity are past. I am now pursuing the road of propriety. I am acting as well as my friends could wish. I am forming into a character which may do honour to the ancient family which I am born to represent. . . .

Thus I explain it. I have constitutionally a tender and a gloomy mind. After being convinced that idleness and folly rendered me unhappy, I determined to alter my conduct. But my enthusiasm determined too much. I proposed to myself a plan so very severe that my feeble powers were crushed in attempting to put it in execution. Hence was I thrown into that deplorable state which my dismal letter from Rotterdam informed you of. You know how I picked up resolution and returned to Utrecht. You know how I have struggled, and how much I have been able to do. But still a black cloud hung over me. Still I was but a distempered creature, who strove to make the best he could of a wretched existence. I had great merit in this. I stood the most grievous shocks. . . .

Now when I am clear and happy, let me renew my good resolutions. Let me above all maintain an uniformity of behaviour. It is certain that I am subject to melancholy. It is the distemper of our family. I am equally subject to excessive high spirits. Such is my constitution. Let me study it, and let me maintain an equality of mind. You have this post a variety of circumstances laid before you. Consider them, my friend, and send me a long letter of kind advice. . . .

I shall set out from Utrecht about the middle of June. I shall make the tour of The Netherlands, from thence proceed to Germany, where I shall visit the Courts of Brunswick and Lüneburg, and about the end of August arrive at Berlin. I shall pass a month there. In the end of September I shall go to the Court of Baden-Durlach, from thence through Switzerland to Geneva. I shall visit Rous-

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seau and Voltaire, and about the middle of November shall cross the Alps and get fairly into Italy. I shall there pass a delicious winter, and in April shall pass the Pyrenees and get into Spain, remain there a couple of months, and at last come to Paris. Upon this plan, I cannot expect to be in Britain before the autumn of 1765. . . . I may perhaps prevail with my father to allow me more time. When a son is at a distance, he can have great influence upon an affectionate parent. I would by no means be extravagant; I would only travel genteelly. . . .

There are two ladies here, a young, handsome, amiable widow with £4000 a year, and Mademoiselle de Zuylen, who has only a fortune of £20,000. She is a charming creature. But she is a *savante* and a *bel esprit*, and has published some things. She is much my superior. One does not like that. One does not like a widow, neither. You won't allow me to yoke myself here? You *will* have me married to an Englishwoman?

I have now written my most intimate thoughts. Tomorrow I go to The Hague for a week. God bless you. — Write soon. I ever remain, your most affectionate friend,

JAMES BOSWELL

EDITORIAL NOTE: He had pursued the rich, handsome young widow (a Madame Geelvinck) in a fervent but never quite conclusive courtship during the preceding months. Though he had been friendly with Belle de Zuylen, it was not until the eve of his departure that he began seriously casting her in the role of Mrs. Boswell. Isabella Agneta Elisabeth van Tuyll van Serooskerken, to give her her full style, belonged to one of the oldest families in Holland. Her father, a governor of the Province, was Lord of Zuylen, with a moated castle on the Vecht. In rebellion against the decorum and restraint imposed upon her by her position in society, she had engaged in clandestine correspondences, had printed a satire on the prejudices of rank, and showed a willingness to treat religious orthodoxy and even chastity as open questions. Boswell had lessened the tedium of her life by presenting to her contemplation an object that was moving, animated, and odd. As his departure drew near, she found herself feeling a considerable tenderness for him. The "odd and lovable" could not in her narrow world be lost without a pang.

Sunday 10 *June*. I sat in all forenoon. At one I had a handsome chaise and drove myself to Zuylen. I was in solid spirits in the old *château*, but rather too odd was I; for I talked of my pride, and wishing to be a king. Zélide and I were left alone. She owned to me that she was hypochondriac, and that she had no religion other than that of the adoration of one God. In short, she discovered an unhinged mind; yet I loved her. I supped at Brown's.

["You would be miserable with her. Yet she is to write, and loves you." Memorandum for 11 *June*.]

Monday 11 *June*. I had sat up all night. Reynst of The Hague met me, and carried me to Oblet's, where I found Monsieur and Madame Hasselaer, whom I have an antipathy against, and my dear Zélide, whom I have a sympathy with. My imbecility will never leave me. Zélide was in a fever of spirits. I drove about with her and Madame Hasselaer and had curious reflections to myself. In August last I was a gloomy, deplorable wretch in this dull city. Now I am a fine, gay gentleman, the gallant of fine, gay ladies. After dinner I went about and paid my visits *pour prendre congé*. . . . At eight Reynst came to me, and from many circumstances well interpreted, he persuaded me that Zélide was really in love with me. I believed it. But I was mild and *retenu*. Richardson also arrived. I had Reynst and him at supper.

Tuesday 12 *June*. . . . I gave a plain dinner to Richardson, Brown, and Carron, after which we went and saw the old library of the canons of Utrecht. We drank tea at Brown's, where was Hahn, who said that Zélide would be always *une malheureuse demoiselle*, as she was quite governed by fancy. Richardson and I walked. He said he was surprised to find a physician talk so of his patient, for that from Hahn's manner of talking, Mademoiselle de Zuylen seemed to be crazy. I was vexed at this. Richardson's sound, hard knowledge entertained me well. We supped *tête à tête*.

Thursday 14 *June*. . . . At two I had a chaise and drove Richardson out to Zuylen, where we dined. Zélide and I had a long conversation. She said she did not care for respect. She liked to have everybody free with her, and that they should tell her her faults. I told her that this was very wrong; for she would hardly find a husband of merit who had not some pride, and who would not be hurt at finding people so free with his wife. I owned to her that I was very sorry to leave her. She gave me many a tender look. We took a kind farewell, as I did of all the family. Monsieur de Zuylen and I talked a long time. I am sure he liked me. He has been exceedingly civil to me. Richardson could not well understand Zélide and me. "It is lucky," said Mr. Chaplain to me, "that you are to be no longer together; for you would learn her nonsense, and she would learn yours." He was right. Our airy speculating is not thinking. . . .

Sunday 17 *June*. Brown's child was baptized in the English church. Lord Marischal was the *parrain*. I was sour and gloomy. I was just in a Scots country kirk. We all drank coffee at Madame Brown's. It was agreeable to see a family happy on the increase of the species, &c. But it gave no pleasure to me.

At six Lord Marischal, Madame de Froment, Mademoiselle Kinloch, and I drove to Zuylen,

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where we drank tea before the gate in the open air. Zélide said to me, "Are you back again? We made a touching adieu." She gave me a letter which she had written to me, on my departure, and bid me not read it till I was just going. She and I and Madame de Froment in one coach, Madame de Zuylen, Lord Marischal, and Mademoiselle Kinloch in another, went and saw a beautiful *campagne* on the way to Amsterdam. Zélide seemed much agitated, said she had never been in love, but said that *one* might meet with *un homme aimable*, &c., &c., &c., for whom *one* might feel a strong affection, which would probably be lasting, *but* this amiable man might not have the same affection for *one*. In short she spoke too plain to leave me in doubt that she *really* loved me. But then away she went with her wild fancy, saying that she thought only of the present moment. "I had rather feel than think. I should like to have a husband who would let me go away sometimes to amuse myself." In short, she seemed a frantic libertine. She said to me, "Sir, if you see the Count of Anhalt, don't speak to him of me. He may some day be my husband."[1] She gave me her hand at parting, and the tender tear stood crystal in her eye. Poor Zélide! I took hearty leave at Brown's. I was sorry to leave the scene of much internal exercise. I sat up all night.

Monday 18 *June*. My wakeful night well past, I was in glow of spirits. Zélide's letter was long and warm. She imagined me in love with her, and with much romantic delicacy talked of this having rendered her *distraite*. I was honest or simple enough to leave her a short letter, assuring her that I was not *amoureux*, but would always be her *fidèle ami*. . . .

BELLE DE ZUYLEN TO BOSWELL

Original in French. Translation by Geoffrey Scott, who also translated the two letters following. These originally appeared in the second volume of Colonel Isham's privately printed *Private Papers of James Boswell*.

[ZUYLEN] Thursday 14 *June* [1764] 11 o'clock

In spite of all your philosophy, you are singularly curious, my friend, to find out what my feelings are about you. It would perhaps be more dignified in you not to *say so;* but I have no regard for dignity, and I despise the art which you revere so much. I am ready to afford you this pleasure because I desire your happiness; and pleasure is a part of happiness. Besides, it is natural to me to say what I feel and what I think.

[1] Friedrich Count of Anhalt was at this time Frederick's *aide-de-camp* and later became his Adjutant General. He had never seen Belle de Zuylen, but Henri Alexandre de Catt, a Swiss who had been tutor to her brothers and then had gone to Potsdam as reader to Frederick, had sung her praises so effectively that the Count had made overtures of marriage and was proposing a trip to Utrecht.

Well, then, I should tell you that there is a man[1] in the world (I do not think that you know him) of whom I usually think at night, in the morning, and sometimes during the day. For three or four days past I have thought of him less often. Do you guess why? It is because you, my philosophical friend, appeared to me to be experiencing the agitation of a lover. Had you always shown yourself a cold and grave mortal such as you require my husband to be, you would not have caused me a single minute's distraction. I am affected by your departure; I have thought of you all the evening. I find you odd and lovable. I have a higher regard for you than for any one, and I am proud of being your friend. Are you not satisfied?

What I find *less* admirable in you is to have so quickly rid yourself of those generous scruples for which you took so much credit to yourself the other day.[2] The circumstances were the same today: my father showed you the same friendship; why did you not reason as you did before? Admit that it is only a question of *degree:* our inclinations only require a certain degree of force to get the better of our principles and to make us forget our duty; or else they seduce our minds, and then we alter our ideas. It would be a much finer plan to address yourself to my father, adding to each of your letters to him a letter for me, unsealed, in which you shall preach morality and religion. *I* would not reply to you, because that would not be correct; but you could always go on preaching and it is possible that the improvement you desire might be effected. . . .

If you do not like my plan, and I am to go on writing to you, I shall write with the utmost freedom. With libertines I am rigid and reserved, but I can afford to be free with a discreet friend, with a prudent man — so *prudent* that he would refuse supreme happiness if it were offered to him, out of fear of not being equally happy all the days of his life. For my own part, I dare not flatter myself that Providence has such riches of felicity in store for me that I have only to choose between them; I think I shall take hold of the first happiness that may present itself. My thought will perhaps be, "If this one does not last, well, after this, . . . another." . . .

BOSWELL TO BELLE DE ZUYLEN

Original in French

UTRECHT, 18 *June* 1764

You may well believe, my dear Zélide, that I am very much flattered by your interesting letter. But I must admit that you have given me some anxiety. You say that I "appear to you to have the

[1] The Marquis de Bellegarde, a man much older than herself, whom she had determined to marry, though she had actually seen very little of him and was finding him a very sluggish suitor.

[2] Boswell had said that he would not correspond with her surreptitiously because of his respect for her father.

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agitation of a lover." I am extremely sorry for this. My sincerity, or perhaps my extreme simplicity, prevents me from leaving Utrecht without frankly enlightening you on this subject.

I have told you several times what my sentiments are towards you. I admire your mind. I love your goodness. But I am not in love with you. I swear to you I am not. I speak strongly because you have given me reason to think that your peace of mind may be involved. In such circumstances one must not stand on ceremony.

I am your faithful friend. I shall always be, if you allow me. If I can be of the least use to you, you will have a proof of how much I am yours. To be in correspondence with Zélide will be a great pleasure to me. Good-bye.

BELLE DE ZUYLEN TO BOSWELL

Original in French

[ZUYLEN] Monday evening, 18 *June* 1764

So much the better my friend; all the better if I made a mistake. I am not the least mortified by having remained in error for three days. Nor am I the least annoyed to have thought less, during three days, of the man I love. Your friendship is more worth having than love. You are to be esteemed all the more that you are able to feel as you describe; I on my side am more flattered that you should feel towards me in that way. As for your peace of mind and my own (as I understood the matter), these were never in danger. What I wrote on Thursday evening was perfectly true when I wrote it: on Friday it appeared to me less true. I had slept well; I was no longer clear whether I had believed you to be in love with me, whether I had believed myself to be a little inclined to love you: all that appeared to me more or less a dream. On Sunday it appeared to me more or less an untruth. I felt some scruple in giving you my letter: I would have liked to have torn off the first page. But that would have been to destroy it all. I thought, "The date is my justification: what I wrote at evening on Thursday is what I thought at evening on Thursday. With Monsieur Boswell, there is no need for prudence. Give him the letter; it is an act of frankness, it is the diary of the heart of a live and feeling woman." I told you that two or three days' absence would make us forget the difference that Nature creates between friends of different sexes. *You* did not need to forget, since you had never remembered. In my case it is already entirely forgotten, but I shall always remember the excellent advice that your pure and disinterested affection prompted.

My friendship is yours for ever: count on it, however much you may think me fickle. I count on the stability of your feelings as on that of the rocks which God placed on the surface of the earth when he created the world. On my side I will be a little more tender one day than another, but every day you will be dear to me; every day I shall think as you said yesterday, "I am amusing myself, but if Monsieur Boswell were here it would be better still." On Thursday I was much touched by your going away. When you had left me, I remained alone for some time in a deep reverie; then I went for a turn in the carriage, and I spoke to my brother of nothing but you. Yesterday there was no reverie: I played comet, and told stories to my father. Yet I was not less fond of you than on Thursday; I was not less inclined to sacrifice a part of my happiness to yours; my heart was not less regretful of your departure.

Where, then, comes in the difference? I beg you not to accuse my heart: it is, I fancy, an affair of temperament; it depends on the wind or on the sun, and perhaps on the stomach. Why did Caesar neglect to conquer your islands? "Perhaps," says Pope, "he had not dined." Whether I have dined or not, I promise you that the bottom of my heart will always be the same towards you. I hope, all your life, you will be glad of it and it will never be an enigma to you. . . . I am very glad to have told you everything and I will always be equally frank with you. . . .

19 *June*

I forgot yesterday to thank you for your letter, though these thanks should have been the very first words of mine. Your letter, you now see, was not in point of fact quite so *necessary;* but the motive which prompted it is worthy of you; that is to say, it was dictated by a most perfect and generous honesty. Not to fall short of you, I will not keep you waiting for this reply, which ought to put your mind completely at ease. I will send it to Bentinck, so that you may get it quickly. I shall not write to you again for some time; clandestine letters keep me up too late. I look to your guidance to cure me of this libertine habit. But you must write to me by daylight everything that comes into your head; thoughts born in England and thoughts born in France, I shall understand them all, for they will all be fellow citizens of my thoughts. Mine belong to every country.

Put what you write into a first envelope addressed to me, and enclose that in a cover where my name must not appear, made out *To Monsieur Spruyt, Bookseller in the Koor Straat, Utrecht.* Allow yourself no imprudence. It is in *that* sense that my peace of mind is in your hands. Do not forget to write to my father from Berlin. He likes you and will appreciate the attention. Once more, let your letters be long and infrequent. Give me your views on everything interesting you come across. I venture to say that your essays could not be better addressed, nor your confidence better placed, than they are: in the matter of honesty, my fickle head has never wavered for a moment. Good-bye. I shall be your faithful friend so long as I have a head and a heart.

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P.S. . . . You are very right to say that I should be worth nothing as your wife. We are entirely in agreement on that head. I have no subaltern talents. . . .

BOSWELL TO BELLE DE ZUYLEN

This letter runs to seventeen pages and was written in English. No copy has been found among Boswell's papers (he was no doubt intimidated by its length), but Belle kept the original, and it is now preserved, with others of her papers, in the Public Library of Neuchâtel. It is here reprinted in part from Professor Tinker's edition of the letters of Boswell, i. 45–54.

BERLIN, 9 *July* 1764

MY DEAR ZÉLIDE, — Be not angry with me for not writing to my fair friend before now. You know I am a man of form, a man who says to himself, "Thus will I act," and acts accordingly. In short, a man subjected to discipline, who has his *orders* for his conduct during the day with as much exactness as any soldier in any service. And who gives these orders? I give them. Boswell when cool and sedate fixes rules for Boswell to live by in the common course of life, when perhaps Boswell might be dissipated and forget the distinctions between right and wrong, between propriety and impropriety. . . .

Now, Zélide, give me leave to reprove you for your libertine sentiments, of which your letters to me furnish several examples. You say if your husband and you loved each other only a little, "I would certainly love some one else. My spirit is formed to have strong feelings, and will assuredly not escape its destiny." I hope this love of yours for another is not *destined* like that of many a fine lady. "If I had neither father nor mother, I would not get married." And yet you would have your tender connections. Ah, poor Zélide! Do you not see that you would reduce yourself to the most despicable of all situations? No, Zélide, whatever men may do, a woman without virtue is terrible. Excuse me for talking so freely. I know you mean no harm; you gave way to your fancy. You see, however, whither it leads you. "I should be well pleased with a husband who would take me as his mistress: I should say to him, 'Do not look on faithfulness as a duty. You should have none but the rights and jealousies of a lover.'" Fie, my Zélide, what fancies are these? Is a mistress half so agreeable a name as a wife? . . . I beseech you, never indulge such ideas. Respect mankind. Respect the institutions of society. If imagination presents gay caprice, be amused with it. But let reason reign. Conceal such ideas. Act with wisdom. . . .

As you and I, Zélide, are perfectly easy with each other, I must tell you that I am vain enough to read your letters in such a manner as to imagine that you really was in love with me, as much as you can be with any man. I say *was*, because I am much mistaken if it is not over before now. Reynst had not judged so ill. You have no command of yourself. You can conceal nothing. You seemed uneasy. You had a forced merriment. The Sunday evening that I left you, I could perceive you touched. But I took no notice of it. From your conversation I saw very well that I had a place in your heart, that you regarded me with a warmth more than friendly. Your letters showed me that you was pleasing yourself with having at last met with the man for whom you could have a strong and a lasting passion. But I am too generous not to undeceive you. You are sensible that I am a man of strict probity. You have told me so. I thank you. I hope you shall always find me so. Is it not, however, a little hard that I have not a better opinion of you? Own, Zélide, that your ungoverned vivacity *may* be of disservice to you. It renders you less esteemed by the man whose esteem you value. You tell me, "I should be worth nothing as your wife. I have no subaltern talents." If by these talents you mean the domestic virtues, you will find them necessary for the wife of every sensible man. But there are many stronger reasons against your being my wife; so strong that, as I said to you formerly, I would not be married to you to be a king. I know myself and I know you. And from all probability of reasoning, I am very certain that if we were married together, it would not be long before we should be both very miserable. My wife must be a character directly opposite to my dear Zélide, except in affection, in honesty, and in good humour. You may depend upon me as a friend. It vexes me to think what a number of friends you have. I know, Zélide, of several people that you correspond with. I am therefore not so vain of your corresponding with me. But I love you and would wish to contribute to your happiness. . . .

EDITORIAL NOTE: Other letters followed at intervals during the period of Boswell's Continental tour, Boswell's growing steadily less patronizing. When he arrived in Paris in January, 1766, he wrote a twenty-six-page letter to Belle's father asking him to decide whether a proposal of marriage would be agreeable to Belle ("I can allow myself the agreeable fancy of her learning with delightful astonishment that it is in her power to have her friend for a husband on certain conditions"), and whether the match would be otherwise suitable. He intended at that time to go home by way of Holland and press his suit in person. But Monsieur de Zuylen felt unable to transmit the proposal to Belle because matters had not been concluded with the Marquis de Bellegarde; furthermore, Boswell was called directly to Scotland by news of his mother's death. The correspondence lapsed for some time. Belle visited England in the autumn of 1766 and made no effort to get in touch with Boswell. Boswell took the initiative and sent her a letter in the autumn of 1767; she

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replied in terms that encouraged him to think that the old flame could be rekindled. He was at this time committed to a scheme of marrying a Scots heiress.

BELLE DE ZUYLEN TO BOSWELL

Original in French

UTRECHT, 16 *February* 1768

What shall I say to you, my friend? Ought I to congratulate you or send you condolences? Everything you tell me is so uncertain that I do not know which impression to fasten on. "You think seriously of marriage — a fine girl — an heiress — an admirable wife for you — but she does not like you — but she likes nobody else — but you hear a report — but you hope it is not true —" I wish for you everything that you wish yourself, but it would be rash to conclude anything from what you have written. The fact is you do not love conclusions; you love problems which can never be solved. The debate you have been conducting for so long concerning our fate if we were married is the proof of this taste of yours. I leave it to you to ponder, my dear Boswell. Aside from the fact that I am not clever enough to decide it, I take little pleasure in discussing so idle a question. I do not know your Scotland. On the map it appears to me a little out of the world. You call it "a sober country." I have seen it produce decidedly despotic husbands and humble, simple wives who blushed and looked at their lords before opening their mouths. That is all I know about it, and with so little to go on one can decide nothing. But why should I decide? The problem must remain as it is, and I leave it to you for your amusement.

Allow me to remark that you certainly take your time for everything. You waited to fall in love with me until you were in the island of Corsica; and to tell me so, you waited until you were in love with another woman and had spoken to her of marriage. That, I repeat, that is certainly to take one's time. As for the question *how we would do together*, that came into your mind at Zuylen, it accompanied you in your travels, and it has been presenting itself in season and out of season ever since. A strictly sensible person who read our letters would perhaps not find you too rational, but, as for me, I do not wish to put my friend under constraint. Everything his singularity prompts him to tell me shall be well received. Imagination is so mad a thing that when one permits one's self to say all it has suggested, one necessarily says foolish things, and what harm is there in that? I see none. I read your belated endearments with pleasure, with a smile.

Well! So you once loved me! I wish you all the more success and happiness in the choice your heart makes at present. It seems to me that you interest me and belong to me a little more because of that than if you had always been my cold and philosophic friend.

Let us speak of your works. I shall be charmed to translate your *Account of Corsica*, but you will have to send it to me first. Add to it *The Essence of the Douglas Cause*. I have as yet read nothing on that subject. I am to receive from London a publication of yours the title of which I have heard given as *Appeal to all the People*. I shall be glad to be able to give my own judgment on so famous and interesting a cause.

You plead very well the cause of marriage, but I could turn all your arguments in favour of celibacy. I have fortune enough so that I do not need a husband's; I have a sufficiently happy cast of mind and enough mental resources to be able to dispense with a husband, with a family, and what is called an establishment. I therefore make no vows, I take no resolutions; I let the days come and go, deciding always for the better among the things which Fate presents to me with some power of choice. I should be glad if time in its flow might carry away my thousand little faults of humour and character which I recognize and deplore. Often my progress does not come up to my good intentions.

You ask what my life is like. To answer you, I look about me. My room is pretty; people like to come there. My brother is chatting near me with Mr. Baird, a young Scotsman who lives with Mr. Brown. I have good books and I read little, but when I do read, it is the best things in all the *genres* and it is with a pleasure that makes me forget in turn my toilet and my tasks. I constantly forget the time, I write to my friends. I read this morning one of Clarke's sermons with Mr. Cudgil or de Horn, an exiled Englishman, who listens severely and corrects from time to time the pronunciation of a word or a syllable. Four times a week I go in the evening with my brothers to Monsieur Hahn's, who explains and demonstrates to us electrical fire and ordinary fire, and we learn about all of Nature that she permits us to know. That amuses me exceedingly. We have balls where I dance without much pleasure, because I do not have a lover. We have great assemblies: I learn to play cards. One needs a lover if one is to like dancing, one does not need a lover to like gaming.

Farewell, my friend, I am going to Mr. Brown's. We shall speak of you. He sends you many friendly regards. His wife and her sister are amiable and good, his daughter is pretty as an angel. I am always well received by them all, and love them all. Depend on the sincere and faithful friendship of your most devoted

I. A. E. VAN TUYLL VAN SEROOSKERKEN

BOSWELL TO BELLE DE ZUYLEN

Written in English

EDINBURGH, 26 *February* 1768

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I had yesterday the pleasure of a charming letter from you, which shows me myself better than all the little philosophy

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which I have can do. You know me intimately, and I am sure whatever favour you show to me does not proceed from any mistake, as my faults have not escaped your penetration. But then the same genius which can discern my faults can also discern my good qualities, so that upon the whole I am happy in such a correspondent.

You rally me with inimitable pleasantry on my singular and fanciful conduct. But for all that I am not to blame. When I bid you adieu at Zuylen, I was really a stoical friend. I had then been for many months oppressed with melancholy, in short a very hypochondriac. I was still a slave to form and to system, and when all the circumstances of my situation are considered, was I to blame in imagining that I did not *love* you, and in putting on such airs of coldness? You would have regretted your friend had you known the truth. You would have seen that he acted with a kind of silent heroism, and who knows but you might have delivered him from all his distress and rendered him happy at once? I used to think, how can so wretched a being as I ever propose to a fine woman to pass her days with me? She will see me gloomy and discontented, and her charms will be lost.

And yet, will you believe it, my amiable friend? I have had moments of felicity when I almost adored you and wished to throw myself at your feet. But before I could have time to write to you, the evil spirit again darkened my soul, and I saw that I need not hope for any permanent comfort. In this disconsolate state I pursued my travels, the variety of which amused my melancholy thoughts and gave me by degrees more relief and cheerfulness than I ever expected. I need not tell you again that, notwithstanding of that faith which I have ever preserved, my passions hurried me into many licentious scenes. Dare I own that perhaps these contributed in some measure towards the cure of my sickly mind? At Paris I told your brother how much I admired you, and I wrote a long letter to your father asking his candid advice if I should propose marriage to you. But the Marquis de ——— was then in the field. The death of my dear mother made me return to Britain without seeing you as I intended. I spoke of you to Sir John Pringle; I spoke of you to my father. They both were against my marrying a foreign lady and a *bel esprit*. Still, however, I admired you, though I could not think of having you for my wife. You came over to London, and Sir John Pringle admired you, but thought you had too much vivacity for being the spouse of a Scotch lawyer or sober country gentleman.

In the mean time, I supposed that I was quite indifferent to you. My mind became more composed and firm as I applied to the duties of my employment. I began to think of marriage in a rational way. Mr. Brown came to Scotland, and he talked to me of Mademoiselle de Zuylen till I begin to exclaim against myself for neglecting any possibility of obtaining so superior a lady. But the safe and rational plan of taking a good home-bred heiress, with health and common sense instead of genius and accomplishments, swayed me much; yet I examined my heart, and I saw I could not possibly live with a woman who seemed indifferent. I therefore resolved to have some certainty that the Heiress really liked me. While I waited for certainty, up came a Knight, and being a very pretty man with a handsome fortune, he was a good match for the Heiress; he asked her, and she accepted of him, while I comforted myself on having lost a woman who, though an excellent girl, proved to be not what I wished.[1]

I am therefore a free man, and you cannot again tell me, "You certainly take your time." To be plain with you, my dear friend, I want your advice. I am now, I think, a very agreeable man to those who know my merit and excuse my faults. Whether do you think that you and I shall live happier: as distant correspondents, or as partners for life? Friends we shall always be at any rate. But I think it is worth our while to consider in what manner we may have the greatest share of felicity. If you say at once it would be a bad scheme for us to marry, your judgment shall be a rule to me. If you say that the scheme appears rather favourable for us, let us consider it in all lights, and contrive how we could possibly make the old people on each side of the water agree to it. If after all, it cannot be, there will be no harm done.

My *Account of Corsica* will be with you very soon. The *Essence of the Douglas Cause* and the *Appeal to the People* are the same. Adieu, my dear, lively, amiable friend. I am much yours,

JAMES BOSWELL

EDITORIAL NOTE: At least six more letters, three by Belle and three by Boswell, appear to have followed within the next few months. None of them has come to light, but we know the nature of their contents, and can even recover a few sentences from them, from Boswell's diary and his reports to Temple. The pertinent passages follow. The extracts from the letters to Temple are taken from *The Letters of James Boswell*, ed. C. B. Tinker, 1924.

(To Temple, 24 *March* 1768) "Do you know, my charming Dutchwoman and I have renewed our correspondence; and upon my soul, Temple, I must have her. She is so sensible, so accomplished, and knows me so well and likes me so much, that I do not see how I can be unhappy with her. Sir John Pringle is now for it; and this night I write to my father begging his permission to go over to

[1] "The Heiress" was Miss Catherine Blair of Adamtown, a ward of Boswell's father; "the Knight," Sir Alexander Gilmour. But Boswell spoke prematurely. Miss Blair turned down Sir Alexander too, and finally married Sir William Maxwell of Monreith.

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Utrecht just now. She very properly writes that we should meet without any engagement, and if we like an union for life, good and well; if not, we are still to be friends. What think you of this, Temple?"

(To Temple, 26 *April* 1768) ". . . I have not yet given up with Zélide. Just after I wrote to you last, I received a letter from her, full of good sense and of tenderness. 'My dear friend,' says she, 'it is prejudice that has kept you so much at a distance from me. If we meet, I am sure that prejudice will be removed.' The letter is in English. I have sent it to my father, and have earnestly begged his permission to go and see her. I promise upon honour not to engage myself, but only to bring a faithful report and let him decide. Be patient, Temple. Read the enclosed letters and return them to me. Both my father and you know Zélide only from me. May I not have taken a prejudice, considering the melancholy of my mind while I was at Utrecht? How do we know but she is an inestimable prize? Surely it is worth while to go to Holland to see a fair conclusion, one way or other, of what has hovered in my mind for years. I have written to her and told her all my perplexity. I have put in the plainest light what conduct I absolutely require of her, and what my father will require.[1] I have bid her be my wife at present and comfort me with a letter in which she shall show at once her wisdom, her spirit, and her regard for me. You shall see it. . . .

(Diary, 2 *May* 1768) "Letter from Zélide — termagant."

(To Temple, 14 *May* 1768) "So you are pleased with the writings of Zélide. Ah, my friend! had you but seen the tender and affectionate letter which she wrote to me and which I transmitted to my father. And can you still oppose my union with her? Yes, you can; and my dearest friend, you are much in the right. I told you what sort of letter I last wrote to her. It was candid, fair, conscientious. I told her of many difficulties. I told her my fears from her levity and infidel notions, at the same time admiring her and hoping she was altered for the better. How did she answer? Read her letter. Could any actress at any of the theatres attack one with a keener — what is the word? not *fury*, something softer. The lightning that flashes with so much brilliance may scorch. And does not her *esprit* do so? Is she not a termagant, or at least will she not be one by the time she is forty? And she is near thirty now. Indeed, Temple, *thou reasonest well.* You may believe I was perfectly brought over to your opinion by this acid epistle. I was then afraid that my father, out of his great indulgence, might have consented to my going to Utrecht. But I send you his answer, which is admirable if you make allowance for his imagining that I am not dutiful towards him. I have written to him, '"I will take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds." How happy am I at having a friend at home of such wisdom and firmness. I was eager for the Guards. I was eager for Mademoiselle. But you have happily restrained me from both. Since, then, I have experienced your superior judgment in the two important articles of a profession and the choice of a wife, I shall henceforth do nothing without your advice.' Worthy man! this will be a solace to him upon his circuit. As for Zélide I have written to her that we are agreed. 'My pride,' say I, 'and your vanity would never agree. It would be like the scene in our burlesque comedy, *The Rehearsal.* "I am the bold thunder," cries one. "The quick lightning I," cries another. *Et voilà notre ménage.*' But she and I will always be good correspondents." [1]

[1] He also laid down the law in another matter close to his heart, though he does not think it necessary to say so to Temple. Zélide, who was well along in her translation of his *Account of Corsica*, had asked him if she might omit certain passages and change others. He peremptorily forbade her to alter or abridge.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The reader who has immersed himself in the enormous subjectivism of Boswell's records feels strongly the need of some external ground of reference; of a candid evaluation by some one who knew Boswell well but who was *not* writing or speaking to Boswell himself. It would be hard to imagine better testimonies than the casual characterizations which occur in the clandestine correspondence between Belle de Zuylen and Constant d'Hermenches. The following extracts are all translated from *Lettres de Belle de Zuylen* (*Madame de Charrière*) *à Constant d'Hermenches*, edited by Philippe Godet, 1909.

"When I go to the Assembly, I chat and play with a young Scotsman, full of good sense, wit, and naïveté" (*February or March*, 1764).

"I am waiting impatiently for Boswell in order to hear what you two said to each other. He told me the other day that although I was *a charming creature*, he would not marry me if I had the Seven United Provinces for my dowry; I agreed heartily" (8 *June* 1764).

"I went with my mother and father to Utrecht, where I had nothing to do, solely to be alone with them. In the carriage they spoke only of indifferent matters, and then of Boswell, who has written a letter full of admiration for me, of which he does not wish one word to be repeated to me. I related to them all his reasons for not marrying me. I grew merry, I told them stories (true ones). I told them that at the very most, if I became a great deal more reasonable, more prudent, more reserved, Boswell would try in time to marry me to his best friend in Scotland. We were in very good humour. . . . [She runs over the list of her suitors.]

[1] They appear never to have written to each other again. Zélide attributed the breach as much to his stiffness about the *Account of Corsica* as to his determination to preserve the ascendancy of his sex.

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The Comte d'Anhalt is the slave of his king, or is disgusted with my reputation. Boswell will never marry me; if he did marry me, he would repent a thousand times, for he is convinced that I do not suit him, and I do not know whether I would be willing to live in Scotland. His friend — that is all foolishness; I would not begin on that litany of reforms for a man I never saw" (*August*, 1764).

"My friend Boswell has just sent me his book, *An Account of Corsica*. The heroism of the Corsicans, the great qualities of their chief, the genius of the author — all is interesting and admirable. I wish I could toss it to you, provided you would toss it back immediately, for I want to try to translate it. There are here and there singularities in it that you will think ridiculous, and which I do not think too highly of" (27 *March* 1768).

"I ought to have replied sooner to any letter so pleasing as yours, but I could not. I have been at Amsterdam and I have been translating. When one is busy, one waits for the post-day to write, and when it comes, some little unforeseen occupation obliges one to put off writing again. That is precisely what has always happened since the receipt of your last letter. . . .

"I had anticipated the advice to translate Boswell which you give me. Although your approval has encouraged me, I almost repent of my agreement with the publisher. But it must be kept. I would never have believed that it was so difficult and wearisome to translate" (28 *April* 1768).

"I will write with much pleasure what you ask of me: it will be a little extract from an interesting book which I am fond of but which I am no longer translating. I was far advanced in the task, but I wanted permission to change some things that were bad, and to abridge others which French impatience would have found unmercifully long-winded. The author, although he had at the moment *almost* made up his mind to marry me if I would have him, was not willing to sacrifice a syllable of his book to my taste. I wrote to him that I was firmly decided never to marry him, and I have abandoned the translation" (2 *June* 1768).

EPILOGUE

By Geoffrey Scott, reprinted from the second volume of Colonel Isham's *Private Papers of James Boswell*.

Zélide entered the world nine days before James Boswell. She outlived him by ten years. For a brief moment their paths cross; he is illuminated for us in the clear light of her intelligence, and enacts for us one of his most engaging comedies. On the later and unwritten acts of this drama — Zélide in the circle of Johnson — the imagination may be left to dwell; but the union of Boswell and Zélide was hardly possible in human chemistry. Two characters, and two destinies, could scarcely be more diverse. Boswell entered a world of mirrors and reflections, dependent on others for a realization of himself, and for the exercise of his genius. Zélide, whose independent force declared itself in early rebellion against society, turned scornfully from whatever was tainted by human competition and narrowed her life to a tragic solitude.

Fantastically, three years after the breach with Boswell, she married her brothers' former tutor, Monsieur de Charrière, to escape from the restraints of Zuylen. Thereafter she lived with him and his two sisters near Neuchâtel, hedging herself in a disdainful privacy and refusing to know even her neighbour, Voltaire. She relieved the tedium of her life by a rather tyrannical philanthropy, some unhappy love-affairs, the harpsichord, and literary composition. Her novel *Caliste* had much contemporary success, and was translated into English; it in some measure inspired the *Corinne* of Madame de Staël. To this early specimen of romantic fiction, modern taste will prefer her studies of provincial *genre*, which, at their rare best, foreshadow Miss Austen. But Zélide's sure literary talent is shown less in her books than in her correspondence. Her letters to Constant d'Hermenches, and, later, to Benjamin Constant, place her in the front rank even of eighteenth-century letter writers; their wit is never verbal; truth of feeling and fineness of thought sharpen the edge of their unfailing precision, and the gift of friendship is perilously allied with a surgical insight into character. Boswell, indeed, had fair reason for alarm. Her own emotions, naturally profound, were tortured by her intellect; she could enchant; but more often than enchantment she inspired fear, which she could not explain, and pity, which she scorned. She saw Benjamin Constant, after an intimacy of eight years, reft from her by Madame de Staël. She staked all on her intimate life, and, losing, preserved a stoical silence: a Van Tuyll after all, a stickler for old-fashioned good manners; and, to the end, intolerant as Johnson himself of cant, self-deception, loose-thinking and illogical speech.

When Boswell, with the plan of marrying Zélide shaping itself in his mind, wandered on his travels in 1764, he visited the old castle, once Lord Marischal's, at Colombier; and from its rampart looked down upon the tiled roof of the manor house under which Zélide was to live and die, and on the *potager* beyond which, for fifteen years on end, she never stepped.

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Supreme Court

The Supreme Court, as FOWLER HARPER *points out, has the right to decline to hear most of the cases it is asked to decide. But in times of tension it can be very troublesome, both to the litigant and to the people, when the Court refuses to review a critical case. Professor of Law at Yale since 1947 and the author of many books on law, Mr. Harper was a reporter on the Restatement of Torts for the American Law Institute, Solicitor of the Department of the Interior under Secretary Ickes, and Deputy Chairman of the War Manpower Commission in the early stages of World War II.*

DECISION BY SILENCE

by FOWLER HARPER

1

Most thoughtful people would probably agree that the Supreme Court of the United States is an important policy-making organ. The old ideas that the courts merely "apply" law that the legislature "makes," or that they "find" the law that God or Nature or Reason made, have pretty much given way to the more realistic views expressed by Chief Justice Hughes that the Constitution is what the Judges say it is and by Justice Holmes that law is a guess as to what a court will decide.

Actually, the Supreme Court of the United States is an important, and in some respects the most important, instrument of public policy in the nation. Its decisions on the constitutionality of a Social Security Act, a Securities Exchange Act, a Smith Act, a McCarran Act, are of comparable if not paramount importance to the action of the Congress in passing such legislation. Little if anything, however, is known by the general public as to the significance of the work which the Supreme Court does *not* do; that is, the cases which it could decide if it wanted to, but, for reasons known only to the Court, it elects not to handle.

This gets us to the point that a heavy preponderance of the Court's cases are those which it has almost an arbitrary discretion to hear or not to hear. By an Act of Congress of 1925, the Court was granted discretionary powers in all but a very few classes of cases to review or let stand the decision below, whether of an inferior Federal court or of the highest court of one of the states. This is called *certiorari* jurisdiction, wherein the Court may issue an order to the lower court to certify the record for review on the merits, or deny the petition, leaving the decision below as the law of the case. The Court's rules set forth a number of reasons for the granting of the writ. As a matter of Supreme Court practice, reasons are never given when the petition for *certiorari* is denied.

The Court has thus draped a purple curtain in front of much of its business. In spite of the theory that in a democracy the operations of all branches of the government are open and subject to public approval, we find 90 per cent of the decisions of the highest policy-forming agency of the government veiled in secrecy. We are told that it is unsafe to speculate on the reasons for the Court's action in passing on petitions for *certiorari*. If the petition to review is denied, it may be for one or more of any number of unnamed reasons. Moreover, all nine of the Justices might be moved by different ones. We are told that it is impracticable that reasons should be given. It would take up too much time. The rule of practice which the Court has adopted is that if four Justices vote to grant the petition, it will issue the writ and the Court will review. Hence, the only thing that the bar and the public can safely conclude from a denial is that four Justices did not so vote.

We are especially and repeatedly warned not to make inferences that the Supreme Court approves the decision below which it declines to review. Actually, it is doubtful whether one person out of a hundred thousand knows this, and that goes for a lot of people who ought to know better. As Justice Frankfurter has said, it is not only the laity who think that a denial of *certiorari* by the Supreme Court is tantamount to approval of the decision below. After the Court refused to review the Hiss case, Senator Nixon, himself a lawyer, wrote a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* to remark that "now that the Supreme Court has finally written the decision in the case of Alger Hiss, I should like to take this opportunity to give due credit. . . ." The Supreme Court, of course, had decided nothing in the case of Alger Hiss except that it would not decide it.

In the same newspaper Nixon was again quoted by Bert Andrews as observing: "This decision by

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the highest court of the land should resolve any lingering doubt which may have existed as to the guilt of Alger Hiss." But we are told over and over again by the Court that the only thing such a decision resolves is that, for some reason or another which will never be known, fewer than four of the Justices voted to review the case. On the merits of the Court's refusal to review Hiss's case, there can be no doubt. It presented little more than the mystery of a missing typewriter and one man's word against another under circumstances which made it clear that one or both were lying. There is not much of an argument for the proposition that the highest court in the country ought to review a jury's judgment on which side the preponderance of perjury lay.

2

ALL right then: we can make no inference as to what the Justices think. But when a decision of a state court or a Court of Appeals stands because the Supreme Court denies *certiorari*, national policy is made, whether or not we know why and whether or not it was done on purpose. In this way our government operates, our way of life is determined, and national policy decisions are made behind a veil which the Court insists must forever remain impenetrable.

There are ways of getting a glimmer of what goes on. But it is not easy. An examination of the Supreme Court's work for a term will indicate the problem. During the last term of Court (1950–51) there were 1335 cases on the dockets. Of these, 114 cases were disposed of by formal written opinions after full hearing and argument; 81 others were disposed of, in one way or another, on the merits, making a total of 195. When we deduct certain others which were dismissed by stipulation, withdrawn, or carried over to the next term, we come out with 1002 cases which the Court disposed of but did not review on their merits. Percentage-wise, the Court acted on the merits in 14.6 per cent of the total number of cases on the dockets for the term. But a further analysis indicates that the Court actually heard argument on the merits of only 126 cases. If we take out the 119 cases carried over, the Court handled only 10.3 per cent of its total work load after argument on the substance of the controversy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Justices give no reasons for denial of *certiorari* or for dissenting from such a denial, those familiar with some of the predilections of the members of the Court can sometimes make fairly safe guesses as to the reasons for their actions. For example, both Justices Black and Douglas are extremely sensitive to the prerogatives of jurors. They consistently resist efforts of some of the stronger lower Federal judges to invade the jury's province. Each term finds several dissents by these Justices from denials in cases brought under the Federal Employers' Liability Act where an employee has sued a railroad for accidental personal injuries. Often, the trial judge will have given judgment for the defendant on the ground that the evidence that the railroad had been negligent was so flimsy that no reasonable jury could find it so. Black and Douglas take the position that what is negligence and what isn't is a matter of judgment as to how people *ought* to act to avoid injury to others, and it is no secret that they prefer to have the jury pass on such questions rather than the judge.

Another situation in point arose during the past term in which Justice Black dissented for reasons that can be readily guessed. One James Moffett had sued the Arabian-American Oil Company on a fantastic claim under an alleged contract whereby he was to induce the United States Government, as a condition for a loan to Great Britain, to request the British to "take care" of the budget requirements of the King of Saudi Arabia, who at the time was short of cash. The District Court set aside a verdict for Moffett on the grounds that (1) there was insufficient evidence of the agreement and, in any event, (2) such an agreement would be against public policy. It certainly would. Indeed, it would make the Five Percenters look like small fry. The Court of Appeals affirmed the trial court on the first ground and said that it therefore was unnecessary to pass on the second. The Supreme Court denied *certiorari*, with Justice Black registering his dissent to the denial.

Now it is hard to believe that Justice Black would for a minute entertain the idea of upholding and enforcing such a contract as the one involved in this case. On the other hand, it is easy to think that he disliked the idea of the trial judge reversing the jury, on its finding of fact. Thus, he would like to review the case, repudiate the reason given by the Court of Appeals, and affirm the second reason given by the trial judge, thus substituting what he would regard as a good precedent for a bad one.

Of the 1000-odd cases which the Court cavalierly declined to consider, most have no conceivable merits. Each year there are several hundred petitions *in forma pauperis*, many consisting of crude, longhand letters in which some prisoner asks the Court to review his conviction of one, two, or twenty years before. Of such record as there is, there will be one copy. If the case did not get into an appellate court, there may be no written opinion below. It is difficult and in many cases impossible to form much of an opinion as to the validity of the petitioner's claims, but we may reasonably accept the assurance of the Chief Justice that there is no merit in most petitions in these cases.

On the other hand, 495 cases which were refused review during the past term were decided by official opinions of responsible appellate courts, Fed-

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eral or state. Although the curious investigator cannot often find out just *why* the Court would not consider the merits of such cases, it is usually possible to discover the issues involved and form a judgment as to their importance to the national interest.

To be sure, where discretion is lodged, there it must be exercised. The Court exercised its discretion in denying review in a thousand cases last term. But although the Supreme Court is the highest official agency of the state, even *it* is subject to review — review by the people for whom it works and from whom its authority derives. The Court must run the gamut of public opinion and the critical judgment of those who take the trouble to look into its behavior. Therefore, the opinion is offered that of the 1002 cases which the Court summarily and without stated reasons refused to review, there were 31 cases which were of vital interest to the nation and thus merited the attention of its highest tribunal. Of course, 31 cases out of a thousand doesn't sound like much, but if you put it in terms of 31 issues of national importance, it sounds different. For whatever significance it has — and it has great significance — 17 of the 31 cases involved some aspect of civil rights.

The bar generally — and for that matter, many others who follow the work of the Court — realize that the deaths of Justices Rutledge and Murphy knocked a big hole in the liberal bloc on the bench. With Justices Black and Douglas, it needed but one additional vote to make a majority. Before Chief Justice Stone died, the fifth vote was often there. And even after Stone's replacement by a conservative successor, occasionally the liberal wing would pick up Justice Jackson or Reed and once in a while Frankfurter. Close cases, particularly in the explosive field of civil rights, usually went 5 to 4, one way or the other, depending on which way the "swing men" swung.

But even without help, the four liberals could control the writ of *certiorari* in such cases. They could require full review and thus get the opportunity to persuade one or more of their brethren to go along with them on the final decision. As the Court now stands, with the new Justices, Minton and Clark, following the Chief Justice's line, controversial cases actually decided more often than not find Black and Douglas dissenting, reminiscent of a generation ago when two other staunch liberals tried to hold out against the tide of judicial reaction — "Justices Holmes and Brandeis dissenting."

Much the same story goes for the results of *certiorari* denial in the tough cases. During the past term, Black and Douglas were together in dissent in 24 cases decided on the merits and in 13 cases in which the Court refused review. Their opposition record was extended by 12 separate dissents each in decided cases; and 9 for Black, 8 for Douglas, in *certiorari* denials. This can be compared with the dissenting records of the other Justices: Vinson 6 in decided cases, none in denials; Clark 9 and none; Reed 12 and 4; Burton 13 and 1; Jackson 18 and none; Frankfurter 22 and none.

3

Typical examples are the two lead cases in the current Communist witch-hunt, the conviction under the Smith Act of the eleven party leaders and the conviction of their lawyers for contempt of Judge Medina. In the former case, the Court granted review and affirmed the conviction, Justices Black and Douglas dissenting. In the latter, the Court on the last day of last term denied *certiorari*, Justices Black and Douglas dissenting. Recently, in the present term, however, at least two of the Justices changed their minds and the contempt issue will get full review on the merits.

The importance of the decision in the Dennis case is recognized by everyone. Many thinking people no doubt believe the Smith Act a necessary and proper weapon for the government to use in its own defense. Even if they can't swallow the notion that this miserable handful of fanatics with unmarketable political ideas constitutes a "clear and present danger" to the national security, they are satisfied that Communism is a menace which must be dug out by the roots and even extraconstitutional means may be justified in the process. To the few liberals who still believe that the Bill of Rights reflects the basic difference between our system of government and those which we fear and abhor, the decision is the worst blow to democracy since the Dred Scott decision.

However, it is by no means clear that the significance of the contempt case is understood. Indeed, there is a good bit of evidence that it is not so recognized, even by the bar itself. The recent epidemic of disbarment proceedings, the loyalty oath proposals for lawyers in state legislatures and bar associations, and the blast by the Un-American Activities Committee against the liberal National Lawyers Guild as "the legal bulwark of the Communist Party" all make a logical pattern which cannot fail to underscore the deterring effect of the Medina contempt decision on lawyers who represent unpopular political minorities. That there is such a deterring influence seems fairly clear from the difficulty which the "second string" Communists have had in obtaining satisfactory counsel. After a hundred and fifty failures, they were forced to appeal to the idealism of a law school professor, not engaged in active practice, to take on their case in addition to his heavy academic duties.

The Communists are the hated men of our times. If the conception of free thought and free speech is to be anything other than a political cliché, the hated men must have constitutional protection. But to have it against the popular tide, they must have courageous advocates. There are not many

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Wendell Willkies and Grenville Clarks, unafraid to represent an unpopular client. And when one does appear, he will not only bring calumny down on his own head but may also get his associates into trouble, as witness the McCarthy attack on Senator Hennings because Raeburn Green, a member of his St. Louis law firm, accepted a Communist client. What of a bar which fails to live up to its tradition that no man can be accused and tried for crime without counsel? Even the President of the United States has admonished the lawyers of the land on the point. But conviction by an exasperated judge, without notice or hearing, for alleged contempts against him, committed weeks and in some instances months before, does not encourage lawyers to defend Communists. Neither does the promotion of such a judge to a higher judicial post, by way of reward. When one remembers that the right of advocacy also means the right to *get* an advocate, the importance of this case becomes clearer.

There were several other cases either decided by the Court or denied review during the past term which have gone far toward making an open season on Communists. The Court upheld the Los Angeles municipal loyalty oath and denied *certiorari* in two convictions of contempt of the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives; and in another case, of contempt of the little Un-American Activities Committee set up by the State Legislature of Washington — all against the claim of violation of the First Amendment, an issue never yet met by the Court. The trouble, of course, with this encouragement to the McCarthys and the McCarrans is that a lot of people who are not Reds get caught up in the net.

4

Of the cases which it might be supposed that the Court would find of sufficient importance to review, a number of others are equally spectacular. Take the case of Glen Taylor, for example. When he was a vice-presidential candidate on the Progressive Party ticket, he was billed for a speech to the Negro Youth of Atlanta. The speech was to be made in a local church. Taylor tried to enter the building through the Negro entrance but was barred by the police. A scuffle followed. In thus repudiating the discriminatory idea of separate entrances for people of different color, he got himself arrested for a breach of the peace, resisting an officer who refused his entry, and a violation of a City ordinance. He was convicted and the conviction was affirmed in the highest court of Georgia. His petition for *certiorari* got to the Court at the last term and was denied, no reasons being given.

This is a sad case. Glen Taylor has stated and voted, over and over again, his conviction that discrimination against Negroes is wrong. By an ordinance of the City of Atlanta, the decision of the Georgia courts, and the silent acquiescence of the Supreme Court of the United States, this man must give up his right of peaceable assembly with the Negro young people of the South or repudiate the principle of racial equality for which he stands. Almost anybody would call such a dilemma an important matter which the Supreme Court should review. The Court didn't.

Third degree methods have been, for many years, one of the curses of the government's efforts to enforce law and order. The zeal of police officers who are certain that they have their man comes in violent conflict with the safeguard which the law provides for the protection of the innocent. The technical details become very complicated, although here, as elsewhere in the law, there is some supposedly sensible rationale behind every rule. But lines must be drawn and the Supreme Court drew one of them four years ago. It held that a man who had been arrested in Pennsylvania on suspicion in a murder case, and held for five days without counsel while he was interrogated in relays by police officers who admitted that they had purposely delayed arraignment before a magistrate until they had obtained a confession, had been convicted in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

During the past term, the Court, in two words, refused to review another conviction in a Pennsylvania court of an accused whose case looked strikingly like the one which established the law of the land. Obviously, such problems involve a judgment as to how close the one case, on the facts, is to the other. At least one Justice thought they were sufficiently close to call for a full review. His was a lone dissenting voice.

For two straight terms, the Court has ducked the issue of movie censorship. *Lost Boundaries*, a picture of racial relationships, was banned in Atlanta on the ground that it would adversely affect "the peace, morals and good order" of the city. The censor's decision was upheld by the state courts. The previous term, the Court had a similar case involving the movie *Curley*, and next term it will probably be *Pinky*, currently banned in Texas. The cases below turned on the issue of whether movies are entitled to the same freedom of speech and press protection as books and newspapers. The state courts followed a 37-year-old Supreme Court decision which characterized movies as "mere shadows on the wall." They were "business pure and simple . . . , not to be regarded as part of the press of the country or as organs of public opinion." If the Supreme Court still believes this, it is certain that the Un-American Activities Committee does not, and it is doubtful that anyone else does. Nevertheless, the denial of *certiorari* in these cases, in effect, gives silent approval to the 1915 reasoning and permits state courts to continue to follow it.

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Cases other than those involving civil rights sometimes stick out like a sore thumb to anyone taking the trouble to investigate the denials of *certiorari*. One situation in which the Court, under its rules, is supposed to grant review occurs when a conflict of decision on an important question exists in two or more of the Federal Courts of Appeal. Within the past two terms such a conflict has arisen which the Supreme Court stubbornly refuses to clarify, to the point where it has become a major judicial scandal. In the 1949 term, the Court was asked to review a Court of Appeals decision in which a fugitive from a Georgia chain gang, apprehended in Pennsylvania, sought release in a Federal court on the ground that if he were extradited to Georgia he would again be subjected to cruel and inhuman punishment. His release was ordered. The Supreme Court, however, reversed this decision in a one-sentence opinion in which it stated that the prisoner must first exhaust his remedies in the state courts. Unfortunately, the Court failed to make clear *which* state, the asylum state or the demanding state. In this quandary, a Federal Court of Appeals in one circuit interpreted the Court's laconic opinion one way, in another circuit otherwise. The Supreme Court refused to review either decision, with the result that today nobody knows the rights of fugitives under long prison or death sentences who escape from one state and seek sanctuary in a sister state.

Another instance of the far-reaching effect of the work which the Supreme Court does not do was its refusal to review the curb which a lower Federal court put on the efforts of the Federal Trade Commission to check misleading advertising. A patent medicine advertiser had represented its drug as a tonic, to be taken for that "run down feeling." The Commission found that it did have beneficial effects when lassitude resulted from an iron deficiency, but it also found that lassitude resulted from other causes more frequently than it did from a deficiency of iron. It therefore ordered the advertiser to state as much. It felt that here was a situation where it was necessary for the advertiser to state what the drug would not do in order to make accurate the statement of what it would do. But the Court of Appeals held that the Commission could not require the advertiser to make a definite derogatory statement about his product.

About all one need do is to listen to the commercials over the radio for half an hour to realize the necessity for some restrictions on the extravagance of advertisers' claims. To be sure, "puffing" is a time-honored practice and the principle of *caveat emptor* is pretty well understood by a public immunized to the superlatives of the market place. But after all, there should be some limits on representations as to what ten unidentified New York doctors have proved and what the medical profession prescribes most often. Sick people, their resistance lowered by suffering, are apt to be more vulnerable to such profuse claims than are buyers of cigarettes or soap flakes.

There is much tragedy concealed in the 1002 cases which the Court disposed of with two words, "*certiorari* denied." Men have been executed, others have gone to prison for long terms or for life, still others have been banished. The Georgia convict has been held for eight years by the Pennsylvania authorities, and the Supreme Court still declines to clarify his rights. New York Jews can't buy kosher meats on Sunday. The Federal Trade Commission is frustrated in its attempt to introduce a modicum of decency in advertising. State and municipal censors ban movies which advocate the traditional American principle of equality regardless of race, color, or creed. All such cases the Supreme Court, without saying why, declines to hear. At the same time it gives full review to a dispute over a patent on a pinball machine and an argument that a toy pig supposed to encourage Junior to eat his breakfast is an invention.

What is the significance of all this? Does it mean that the Justices are timid? Are they incompetent? Irresponsible? It doesn't mean any of these things. On the other hand, it does mean that the people of a nation which thinks of itself as the most democratic in the world know very little of what goes on in its top policy-forming agency. It means far more than the fact that political candidates are chosen and legislative policies formed in smoke-filled rooms behind locked doors. The argument that the time-consuming job of giving reasons for refusal to review would be impractical sounds convincing if you say it fast. But if one takes the time-consuming pains to look into the work which the Court declines to do, it is far from self-evident.

Here is an agency of government which passes final judgment on the acts of the Congress and the Executive; it determines what is permissible policy. Municipal ordinances, state laws, Acts of Congress stand or fall; men are deprived of their life, their liberty, their citizenship, their property, by decisions nine out of ten of which are made behind a curtain, which, while purple and fringed with ermine, is nonetheless opaque.

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An Atlantic Story

Each year the Atlantic *receives several thousand short stories in the form of fantasies, but it is a rare one indeed which kindles the imagination, much less the belief, of our readers; yet this is what* JOHN LEIMERT *has done on three occasions. Our readers will remember his story "John Thomas's Cube," which has been reprinted a number of times since its original appearance in the* Atlantic. *A Chicagoan and a graduate of Northwestern, Mr. Leimert writes: "I make my living by selling corrugated paper shipping containers. My hobbies are watching cats for relaxation, writing fantasies for fun, and the Great Books, of which I am co-leader of a class at the Union League Club. I do not know whether the fantasies are a reaction to the Great Books, or the other way around."*

THE SWISS WATCH

by JOHN LEIMERT

A LITTLE over a year ago my daughter gave me a brand-new imported Swiss watch for which she paid $5.00 including sales tax. It was a wrist watch with luminous dial, well made, handsome enough to have cost three times as much, and guaranteed. The guarantee stated that if anything went wrong within a year, I was to return the watch with $1.00 for postage and handling, and the guarantors would send me another one.

This, I thought, was fair enough. I felt that if they would guarantee the watch for a year, they were honest people, and it probably would run for many years. I continued to read with friendliness and satisfaction until a little further along I came upon another statement printed in black caps and underlined in red: —

> DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES REMOVE THE BACK CASE OF THE WATCH, OR OTHERWISE EXPOSE THE WORKS. IF THE CASE HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH, THIS GUARANTEE BECOMES NULL AND VOID.

Now, two things in this world I dislike are a peremptory and arbitrary attitude on the part of people who sell me things and a mystery without a solution. "Do not remove the back of the case," they said to me, and the back of my neck began to grow hot. "Do not remove the back of the case," they said and, like a sensible person, I wanted to know why. I felt cheated, and abused, and pushed around. In fact, the thought came to me, "The reason they don't want me to remove the cover and expose the works is that there are no works. This thing isn't a watch but an imposture and a fraud."

Yet, the watch ticked the same as any other, and the hands went around with great regularity marking off the time nicely enough for a person like me who does not care too much for a minute or two one way or the other. I listened to it, watched it run, and felt it against my skin. It was real enough and I began to look in my mind for an explanation.

It was my reason that solved the problem, that faculty I have with all other men of moving logically from premise to conclusion. The watch ran and there must be a cause for this moving, though not the usual one of wheels and springs and gears. Who hides the obvious? Who prohibits us from finding out what everyone knows?

These were the elements my mind surveyed. The conclusion it arrived at was that they did not want me to remove the cover because the watch was run by a small colony of Swiss flying ants which, if they were not confined, would fly away.

The moment this conclusion came to me, all my doubts and worries vanished and I was unreservedly pleased with the watch. I patted it, put it on my wrist, and started to whistle.

But not for long. Another nagging little question began to flutter at the edges of my consciousness. Why must they be flying ants? This is the way

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with questions in this world. We think we have the answer to one of them, and so we have, and we think that with the answer we have come to the end of our inquiry, and so we have not. Questions beget answers and the answers in turn beget other questions, and so on, as it happened to me.

2

How, I asked myself, did the ants move the hands of the watch around the dial, and how did they know at what rate to move them so they would show me the time? What kind of people would think of using ants for a mechanism, and how, and why, and how? From this small beginning, a new world opened out before me. A relationship developed between me and the watch and the ants that ran it, a relationship that included the factory where the watches were made, the people who worked in the factory, and the habits, needs, and aspirations of the ants themselves.

For the ants had aspirations and needs the same as any other living creatures. I found this out during the little more than a year that they and the watch and I coöperated on the common project of getting me places on time. I also found out that when the Watch Makers forbade me to open the cover for fear the ants would fly away, they were reasoning from their knowledge of the general character of ants, but were wrong about the particular character of the ant who was foreman in my watch. Or, with ants, should this person be called forelady, or foreneuter? I prefer foreman; he had qualities of leadership, courage, perseverance, control, activity, reason, and integrity that definitely are masculine.

That the one in my watch was an exception, I am willing to believe. A rigid and intelligent system of selection and training had been set up at the factory in Lucerne where the watches were made. An ant did not become a foreman because he thought he would like the job, nor was he selected at random the way children make somebody "it" by counting eeny, meeny, miney, mo. He became a foreman only after passing certain tests designed by ant psychologists — or, more properly, by persons familiar with the psychology of ants — that measured his general intelligence and discovered his particular aptness for the job. These tests eliminated the commonality of ants and established a superior group whose members conformed to minimum standards. Those who were to become foremen had then to prove themselves by directing practice crews successfully at the factory.

Occasionally an ant came along who far exceeded these minimum standards. He was to ants as Von Apt, the Managing Director of the Works, was to men. Such was the foreman in my watch. As for Von Apt, it was he who conceived the idea of substituting ants for mechanical wheels, and levers, and springs; who perfected the method of applying the labor of a living thing directly to the job to be done, rather than applying human labor indirectly to the fashioning of mechanisms.

This was genius. This was economy, for ants cost less to maintain than men. Their food consisted of a rarefied honey of which one sixth of a thimbleful, a few crystalline drops, would feed a watch colony for more than a year. The cost was so low that the watch could be made in Switzerland and shipped to the United States and sold for $5.00 at a profit to everyone along the way.

Von Apt loved his fellow men. He told his customers not to open the backs of their watches, but he did not tell them why. He knew that we are Pandoras who would not believe in the ants until our curiosity had set them flying away, and he did not want the company's reputation and the prospects for repeat sales to disappear with the ants.

But why flying ants, why wings? Because the fluttering of them added impetus to the work and helped in changing the air and dispersing heat. Also, the ants talked with their wings. As men first talked with their hands and only later learned to adapt sounds to meaning; as a bee that has found a field of clover in bloom tells his friends at the hive by dancing a solemn figure; so the ants talked by wing signals more quick and precise than dancing and almost as ready as speech. And since, like men, they were social animals, like men they had to tell one another how things were and how they wished they were, or they could not be happy.

Therefore, in the watch Von Apt made, the flying ants were the engine, the honey was the fuel, and the mechanism was a sprocket wheel that the ants turned by marching around and around inside the watch. There were twenty-four ants and one foreman for each watch, and they worked in teams of twelve, three harnessing themselves to each of four equally spaced sprockets. The principle and the device were like the old-fashioned gristmill.

While twelve ants worked, the other twelve rested and refreshed themselves at the honey pot and the foreman (in my watch his name was Andy) seemed to do nothing. Actually, he was the coördinator, the moral force, the motive, if you like, of the entire living system. He saw that the shifts were changed, not all at once but three by three without loss of momentum. He rationed the honey, gave the orders, listened to the complaints, and through it all slept by cat naps, ate when he could, and worried, fussed, and fretted more than the others, since his responsibility was greater.

The ants, of course, had no better conception of time than men; it was no more natural for them to move in a circle at a constant rate than it would be for men to walk always at the same pace. But a watch running now fast and now slow, now going leisurely like a man with his mind in the clouds of

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a summer day, or on the legs of a pretty girl who just passed him in the street, and then rushing wildly about like the same man trying to catch a train, would be no good. A watch must run without measurable acceleration or deceleration, like the earth rotating on its axis, or the planets revolving about the sun, and people are accustomed to measure time in equal intervals between events that repeat uniformly.

"Not that they are right in this prejudice," Von Apt said. "I have thought of a watch that measures the time inside of us rather than outside. For a man who is idle or anxious, the interval between events seems to drag out unendingly, while for another who is busy and ambitious, events rush upon him and past him before he can count them. The second man needs a watch that runs much slower than the first, since with him it is three o'clock in the afternoon much sooner.

"This is for the future. For now, we want a watch that runs uniformly. The ants must be trained to move at a constant rate. Gentlemen," he said to his department heads, "this is our problem. Please solve it."

They solved it by establishing conditioned reflexes in the ants. They did it by harnessing them to a sprocket wheel within sound of a metronome. They tempted the ants with honey just out of reach, and as the ants moved forward the honey moved away from them. When they went too fast or too slow the honey, like a will-o'-the-wisp, eluded them. When they moved exactly in time with the metronome, they got their taste of honey.

"You see, sir," the man who perfected the system said to Von Apt, "our technique is based on the findings of Pavlov and it works for the following reasons."

"Never mind the reasons," Von Apt said. "That the system works is important. What to do to make it work is important. But why it works, leave that to Pavlov and to God."

This statement shows the practical and frugal side of Von Apt's intellect. As for the ants as they went around, the one of three nearest the center traveled the least distance and did the least work, and the one farthest from the center traveled farthest and did most. The bright ants wanted the inside track, and even a dull ant on the outside was liable to discontent. He thought he should have more food to compensate for the extra labor, and he tended to make a pig of himself at the honey pot, responding to a natural inclination. When we have too little of one thing we often want too much of another.

Von Apt himself solved this problem. He made the outside ant corporal of the subteam of three and gave him the title of Pace Setter. It was found that the ant in question felt satisfied with this extra compensation in the form of greater recognition and if anything ate less honey than the others.

As for the ant in the middle, Von Apt said that when there were three in a row, one always must be in the middle. This was a law of nature, but the ant could console himself that he was expressing in reality what the philosophers meant by the Golden Mean: neither too much nor too little. Also, he could be proud that he was the normal ant, the one whose pattern was the standard from which the brighter ant on the inside and the more distinguished on the outside were deviants.

So the ants marched around and around, three by three, happy, industrious, satisfying their personal needs to expend energy and moving the second hand of the watch as they went. By means of a system of reduction gears, the minute and hour hands also moved, the minute hand at a rate one sixtieth that of the ants and the hour hand more majestically, more splendidly, hardly observably, one thirty-six-hundredth as fast.

I, too, was perfectly content until the watch stopped about six months ago. I was on my way to keep an engagement and looked to make sure I would not be late. The watch showed the same time it had when I left home. I held it to my ear but could hear no sound. I tried winding the stem but it was tight. In a sudden panic, I shook the watch and listened again; there still was no ticking.

I do not know what I really was afraid of. It is true that we grow very dependent upon our timepieces because of our need for coördinating the events in our lives.

I may have been anxious, then, because my regulator and drive wheel had failed me and without them I was lost. Actually, I do not think so. I think I was afraid the ants had died and that I might have to take off the cover to see.

Instead, I took the watch off my wrist and shook it again. I slapped it against the palm of my hand and rattled it thoroughly. Mercifully it started. It ticked most beautifully and the second hand began to hurry along again as though it knew precisely where it was going and what it was doing. I set the watch by a clock in a store window and smiled and hurried along too.

3

This is how I felt; what was happening with the ants? The trouble began, as might be expected, with one of the bright ones on the inside. He came off shift and had his honey but then, instead of going to sleep as he would have done had he been a little more tired or a little less bright, he began to think. After he had been thinking for a time, he began to flap his wings.

"What is going on here?" he said, and the disturbance he made must have been felt if not heard. "We go around and around and around and around, and then a little honey and then a little sleep. After that, we go around and around again.

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Why not cut out the around and around and just have a little honey and a little sleep?"

The first time he stated these opinions Andy ignored him. "Let him grumble," he thought. "Who cares for grumbling so long as he works."

But the grumbling went on until the other ants on his shift began to pay attention and then one morning none of them would work. Neither they nor the ones whose shift was ended. The watch stopped.

Andy answered them with reasons and with force of character. "In the first place," he told them, "we do not go around and around to no purpose. We go around and around in order to move three pointers on a dial with numbers marked on it."

"You," the bright ant objected, "do not go around and around at all. You sit all the time. We go around."

"And I go around with you, if not in body then in spirit. Each of you goes around only for himself but I go around with all of you. Twenty-four times as much do I as any other one and for what? That the pointers may continue to move on the dial so long as we all shall live."

It perhaps was a good thing that neither the bright ant nor any other ant thought of asking for what reason the pointers on the dial must move. The reason they did not was that they had been thoroughly indoctrinated at the factory when the watch was made. Von Apt had not foreseen this precise situation but it was an axiom with him that "the worker must know what he is doing. He must realize that he is a necessary part of a more complex, and hence ennobling, scheme of things."

The problem was to show an ant doing his work and at the same time being his work. To do it they made a watch inside out with the ants turning a sprocket wheel and looking through a transparent crystal at the hands moving with them. When they stopped, the hands stopped. When they went around and around, the hands went around and around. To give the system meaning, the ants could see a million little figures scurrying about each time a minute was recorded. This was done by projecting a moving picture from behind.

So even though they had not asked, Andy then recalled to the ants those millions of projected little figures scurrying about. "Do you want all this activity to stop?" he said to them. "Are you so dense that because you cannot see, or taste, or feel, or smell a thing you will not believe in it? Have you so little pride that you do not want to be the cause that many things both known and unknown happen?

"Besides," he said to them, "this is a real world we live in and everything, even idleness, costs something. It is not as you imagine it, that all of us could sit here together in friendly fashion eating honey, sleeping, and doing nothing else. We would go mad. We would become so pent up with our nothingness that we would have to run about and make noises if nothing else to relieve ourselves, and all to no purpose. What is there left for flying ants such as we if we cannot work?"

I think it was at this point in his harangue that Andy began to convince the ants. Fortunately he did not have to contend with the problem of sex. Not one ant suggested that instead of working they could make love. Being sexless, love was outside their experience and desire as the sound of a star moving is outside the desire of a flower.

It was at this time also that I shook the watch. They must have had a rough ride of it for a moment or two.

"You see the consequence," Andy shouted. "Back to work before the world blows up in our faces."

Thus the watch started again. I set it and smiled and hurried along to my appointment.

4

The second time the watch stopped, the situation was somewhat different. I had very much less panic than before since I felt certain that Andy soon would get things going again. Had the year been up and the watch begun to run constantly slower, as though there were less labor for turning the sprocket, I should have worried. As it was, I felt certain there was nothing organically wrong and that Andy could handle the ants.

This time they were striking for higher wages and the same bright ant was instigator and spokesman.

"What we feel," the bright ant said, "is that we are being paid too little. Six crystalline drops of honey every so often is not enough. What we want is seven drops every so often, or six drops every somewhat less seldom.

"We do the work. Without us whatever is going on here could not go on. But you pay us so little, the quantity is adjusted so nicely to what energy we consume in going around and around, that we have nothing left over for improving our minds, or for social and recreational activities when we are off shift.

"We are not things of steel and brass and copper. We are not springs and wheels and levers. Sticks and stones will break our bones. We are living beings and have the right to enough food so that we have at least a chance of realizing our destiny. We have the power to demand it.

"More honey, if you please," the bright ant said, "or no more work."

Andy closed the lid of the honey pot and took his stand upon it. They were gathered in a circle around him and he answered them more in sorrow than in anger.

"My poor, poor fools," he said to them. "I for-

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give you because you do not know what you are saying.

"You think you would be more happy if you had more wages but I know you better than you know yourselves. Suppose I were to agree and were to give you another drop of honey every so often. Would you therefore go back to your work with glad and grateful hearts and come off shift with contented minds ready for the new and delightful experiences of your leisure that you speak of? You would not.

"Your feelings at first would be pride in your strength and joy of winning and then, as you went around and around, you would begin to think again. You would say to yourselves, 'What is this extra drop of honey we get every so often that makes him feel so big when he gives it to us? What generosity! More than half our time in this watch we worked for six drops. If we deserve seven now, did we not then? Where is all the honey that is owed us; what have we to rejoice about?'

"No, my friends," Andy said, "you would not feel better with a wage increase. You would feel worse, believe me, and more dispirited than now."

"Perhaps," the bright ant replied, "but also we would have more honey to revive our spirits. Now, are you going to get off that honey pot and give us what we want or must we throw you off?"

"I see," Andy said, "that I will have to tell you. You can throw me off, if you want to, and gorge yourselves with honey and waste what you don't eat. You are twenty-four to my one and I cannot stop you. But before you do, let me tell you how things are.

"This is all the honey there is. There isn't any more and for us there never will be. You will remember that before we came to work in here we knew that there were days and nights. The quantity of honey we get during any one of these days and nights is not determined by chance. It is exactly the quantity that will feed us for the length of time we are wanted to work here. No less and but very little more, as nearly as such things can be calculated.

"We are wanted to work, of course, until we die; and it so happens we are a breed of ants that will die at pretty much the same time. The chances are that when the last of us is gone, there will be a drop or two of honey still in the pot.

"There will be, that is, if you do not insist on getting that extra drop every so often you have been shouting about. This is how it is. You wish it were otherwise, I wish it were otherwise, and if wishes were horses beggars would ride.

"So now decide what you want. Either die of old age before the honey is quite gone or, after gorging yourselves, die of starvation a little while from now. As for me, I know it is better to live than to die, and the longer a good thing lasts the better it is."

Like sensible beings, the ants went back to work for the same wages as before. I say that even had I taken the cover off they would not have flown away. Andy would have found a way to keep them where they belonged, Von Apt and his want of faith to the contrary notwithstanding.

After this, there were no more work stoppages until the last one, which was involuntary. The life expectancy of the ants was a few weeks more than a year, which was the fact that determined the length of the Watch Makers' guarantee. The watch ran well and strongly as though all were activity, and warmth, and purpose, and then stopped as though all were nothing.

Their time was up and I felt that there was no use winding, no use shaking, no use waiting for Andy to exhort them.

I put the watch into a drawer and forgot about it for two or three weeks and then one day I took it out again. It was as I had left it with the hands at 7.48 and the spring tight.

Without thinking, almost without knowing what I was doing, I took out my penknife and opened the back of the case. There were no ants inside. There were wheels and springs and gears that looked about the same to me as the works in any other watch I had ever seen.

I was so astonished that for a moment I felt nothing. All I could do was to turn the watch and look at it and handle it to make sure it was the right one. No ants after all but wheels and springs and gears. No Andy, then; no rebellion, no work stoppages, and no harangues. No life, no death, no feelings, no courage, no purpose, and no escape. Nothing but steel bent and folded and cut and fitted together into a thing as impersonal as a steam engine or a yacht or a nail.

So I thought standing in front of my kitchen table, and as I was thinking, the telephone rang. I went to answer and talked for a long time with a storm window salesman about I scarcely knew what. When at last he hung up, not in defeat but with the threat of giving me another call, my mood was deeper and blacker than before.

I returned to the kitchen, and what I saw brought me to a full stop. The watch was lying on the kitchen table face down with the back cover off as I had left it. Near by was an open sugar bowl and several large black ants were hurrying over the end of the table and down the leg. The last of them, and I believe it must have been Andy, seemed to be waving his feelers at me in farewell.

I suddenly felt like smiling. I cannot swear that there were twenty-five of them because small moving objects are hard to count, but I watched them as they scuttled across the kitchen floor and disappeared through a crack under the sink. When they were gone, I picked up the watch and tossed it into the wastepaper basket. Then I too left the room, whistling.

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The late ABRAHAM MYERSON *was one of Boston's most distinguished psychiatrists. He received his training at Tufts Medical School; he had been affiliated with several private and state hospitals, and at the peak of a versatile, vigorous career he was brought down by heart disease. He took the diagnosis courageously and so sensibly that he lived out twelve full years. This account of how he kept a stop watch on himself was written shortly before his death and is drawn from the book* When Doctors Are Patients, *edited by Max Pinner, M.D., and Benjamin F. Miller, M.D., which Norton will publish this month.*

AS THE HEART SLOWS DOWN

by ABRAHAM MYERSON, M.D.

1

IN 1937, at least six months before I knew I had any heart disease, I experienced for the first time a peculiar noise in my head. It started off as a hissing sound, but shortly there was added to this a rhythmic hiss synchronous with the heartbeat. In general, when the sound was very low in pitch and intensity, it was difficult to make out the heartbeat; but for at least seven years I could tell at what rate my heart was going and many things about its activity merely from listening to this noise in my head. Later there was a dull, equally rhythmic sound in the right ear, associated with a marked sense of pulsation throughout the head and at times throughout the body. If the head was placed lower than the heart, the sound increased. If I stood erect, there was some diminution of sound, but at present this is linked with a disagreeable lightheadedness.

However, I did not know that cardiac disease was associated with this sound until nearly a year after its inception, when I happened to listen to my own heart after examining my brother's. He came in to see me, complaining of cardiac difficulty. I listened to his heart and found nothing that was pathological by the stethoscope or the sphygmomanometer. It later turned out that he was developing a coronary disease. Casually enough, I put the stethoscope to my own heart and heard a loud murmur at the base, systolic and diastolic in time. There was no rub or thrill that I could find at that time although one later developed. I had felt entirely well, but I had noticed three months previously, on an occasion when I hurried upstairs on my way to give a lecture, that I lost my breath for at least a minute. I paid no attention to this; in fact, I had been examined a year before for a large life insurance policy and had come through with flying colors.

I am not hypochondriacal. I rarely have taken my own blood pressure or examined myself. Except for minor illnesses, my health had been universally of the best, and I had been a very hard worker, energetic, in general tending to be exuberant and giving the impression of a man of excessive energy and buoyant mood. But now, shortly after my casual checkup, I had a physical examination which resulted in the diagnosis of arteriosclerotic heart disease.

There was an initial emotional shock in realizing that I had heart disease, a certain feeling of unreality as I listened to my heart and later took my blood pressure, but within a very short time there was acceptance of the fact and I made up my mind to lessen my physical activities, though I did not diminish my medical work. At that time my program of work was somewhat as follows: I started at 7.30 A.M., and after private hospital visits I spent most of each morning either visiting the wards at the Boston City Hospital or directing the laboratory at the Boston State Hospital. As Professor of Neurology at Tufts, I gave most of the lectures in my course, which took place in the afternoon during half the year. I did a certain amount of bedside teaching of student groups, and each afternoon I carried on an active practice, which often ran into the evening and usually involved Sunday mornings. I employed a chauffeur to take off the burden of driving, and I believe I accepted the situation philosophically and without any great anxiety, although perfectly well aware of the possibilities and eventualities.

It is important to state that there was very little pain with the cardiac condition. On one occasion I had acute pain in the left side of the heart after an accident while driving my car. If I exerted myself physically beyond a reasonable limit,

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there would be some feeling of tension and pain along the left border of the heart, which I assumed to be due to ventricular strain. There was never any pain that ran down the left arm, although from time to time there was numbness of this arm. There was no precordial pain except possibly during the height of the heart block in the latter part of 1947.

In fact, until 1946 I got along reasonably well except for the ordeal of noise in my head. When I was in a crowd or exposed to excitement, as in a theater or at a symphony concert, the heart would become rapid and the noise in the head would mount until it was almost as loud as the symphony orchestra itself. At any rate, I could hear it, no matter how loud Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra played a Wagnerian overture. And at night I had to take sedatives to fall asleep.

This noise in my head remained the Devil in my life from the time it was first established, and I have often stated that heart disease itself, the consequent limitation of activity, and all the ego-disturbing physical regression were minor matters compared with this ever persistent noise. Once in a great while it would disappear for a few hours, all of a sudden and for no apparent reason. And then my life seemed unbelievably calm and I realized that I lived in a continuous storm.

All my life my appetite and digestion were of the very best. I woke up hungry, ate a reasonable amount of all kinds of foods, never had indigestion save for some slight tendency to flatus. I was a hedonist so far as food was concerned, but a controlled one. I drank very little. Sometime in 1945 the picture changed. Spastic colitis appeared with some pain. This symptom remained with me; that is, there were irregular bowel movements associated often with spastic colon, although there was no mucous colitis.

It is worth stating that physicians do not pay enough attention to the care of the bowels in the case of patients suffering from heart or arterial disease. Straining at stool, for example, raises the intracranial and intrathoracic pressures enormously, and also raises the carotid arterial blood pressure. It does more damage and carries with it more potential sudden death than walking up a flight of stairs or many of the skeletal muscular exertions forbidden so sternly. Many a stroke of paralysis dates back to the early morning pilgrimage to the stool and to straining for a bowel movement, which thus makes an ignominious ending to life or activity.

2

I THINK I can safely say that the physicians who studied me knew that there was one thing I would not accept from them, and that was a mandate that I retire from activity. When I was fifty-nine years of age (after four years of illness), this possibility was brought up by my doctor and my insurance agent. My insurance policies were such that I could have retired at that time with a very comfortable income, had I cared to claim total disability. No one could have disputed any such claim. As the situation turned out, I continued to work at a good speed in the medical field for about six years, and then came a collapse.

Slow pulse had never been present until sometime in July of 1947. It did not become constantly present until August, when I noticed that there were periods when the pulse rate, now never above sixty, would slow down to forty and less. At times there would be a long pause between beats. I could hear the sound of the beat, then it would trail off into complete silence. I felt somewhat giddy or, as I later learned, slightly impaired in consciousness, but the heart would start up again and nothing of serious consequence took place.

Sometime in July of 1947 I noted a series of changes in my condition. In the first place, a very troublesome sweating which had pestered me ever since my illness was greatly modified. But much more important — and it was a symptom which I did not at that time understand — the heart, instead of increasing in rate from exertion, excitement, or noise, became slower and markedly irregular. I could hear the long pauses of the heart in my head, the sound fading away until it seemed as if it would never come back, and then the rhythm becoming irregular, perhaps slightly rapid, but never anywhere near as rapid as it had been up to this time. I had noted previously that in crowds, under tension of any kind, my heart rate would reach ninety to one hundred. There was only one occasion of paroxysmal tachycardia, and that took place in 1945, while I was hurrying to catch a train and had stupidly carried a heavy bag. This tachycardia, which reached a level of about one hundred and fifty, lasted only one minute, then disappeared and never recurred.

For at least a year I had been taking digitalis, one tablet a day. I neglected to say that for about four months I had been on the salt-free acid-ash diet. This was because, in April of 1947, I experienced a marked shortness of breath, not on first lying down, but as I started to fall asleep. I would awaken suddenly with a feeling of air hunger, would have to breathe heavily a few times, and then I could lie down again. At this time there also appeared some evidence of rattling in the chest. I was therefore given in rapid succession several doses of mercuhydrin and was placed on the rigid diet. As a result of the mercuhydrin, I lost nearly twenty pounds of edema fluid in about a month, but the shortness of breath disappeared completely and in a very short time. Then I felt I was getting along well on a daily quota of digitalis, a weekly injection of mercuhydrin, and this

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diet. The diet had reached the point where it was acceptable to me because of my wife's ingenuity in preparing the food.

Other symptoms soon developed which belong in several groups: first, when the heart became slow, there would be a pulsation in the face, in the legs — in fact it was both latent and patent everywhere. If I raised my arm above my head, there would gradually develop a rhythmic pulsation synchronous with the heartbeat and an accompanying tingling of my fingers. When my arm was placed at the level of my heart or below it, this sensation would disappear. If my heart was laboring excessively — that is, if the pulse rate went into the thirties — then I could feel this tingling in my face and sometimes in my legs, even though I did not raise my arm. The pulsation in the face was a constant accompaniment of a heart that was pumping away doggedly and with great, great difficulty. I could tell this by the sound in my head. If the sound became very sharp and loud and if it also became very slow, if it showed irregularity, this facial and peripheral pulsation would appear most markedly with the beat succeeding the skipped systole. This has remained the case since that time, and with it there has developed a threatening situation when I stand on my feet for more than a minute or two. At such times the pulsations in the face and head gradually appear and there is a very definite feeling of uncertainty and insecurity. There is no actual dizziness. If I put my head down, the sensation tends to disappear. Thus it seems to be related to gravity and the difficulty of the heart in pumping the blood upward against gravitation.

As I partially shut my eyes, I can see as I direct my gaze against a dark wall a pulsation of streaks which come and go synchronously with the heart activity and which may be due to the filling and emptying of the blood vessels of the retinae. The diastolic blood pressure has never gone below seventy, probably because the valve became adhesively sclerosed and thus limited in range of opening and closing.

3

A MORE disturbing symptom came on me very suddenly, without my heeding the plainly manifest warnings. I went to an inn for a month from July 15 to August 15. One morning I started to read the paper after finishing breakfast. My family was still upstairs. The next I knew I was in bed in my own room, with a vague recollection that I had been escorted up there by a waitress and a waiter. I had no memory of anything else. I was confused and in a certain sense I was asking for security because I pleaded with my wife not to leave me and I had to have her assurance that she would not do so and that she loved me. This maudlin state gradually disappeared. In half an hour I was clear and was consumed with curiosity as to what had happened. In the light of what later took place, there is no doubt that a heart block with the disappearance of the ventricular systole had taken place.

But because of some unreasonable optimism I did not really believe that the loss of consciousness would occur again. I did not relate it to a beginning Stokes-Adams syndrome and heart block. This, however, started to manifest itself unmistakably in the latter part of September after I returned from my vacation. The vacation itself was not very pleasant. Although I did my best to enjoy it, I was unable to carry on any physical activity at all. I found that discussion tired me more than almost anything else — that it seemed to bring about the slowed-up pulse and especially the irregular heart action with its lapses of activity.

When I got back to my office, I lessened my activity somewhat, but nothing happened at my work. In the week of September 13 (prior to my entrance to the hospital on the 20th) certain phenomena started to take place, especially at night, and very actively on September 20. I could hear the heart slow up. There would be a long pause and on two or three occasions I lost consciousness for a moment, almost as if I had had a petit mal attack. There were no convulsive movements and, in fact, this lapse occurred on two public occasions when nobody seemed to notice what had happened. On one occasion, I was talking to my wife. She noticed that I paused, my head dropped, and then I looked around as if I were confused and disoriented, and that I came back to myself with a very puzzled look, as if I were trying to fathom an inexplicable occurrence. I was not aware of doing this, but I definitely knew I had lost consciousness.

The next morning I went back to my office again, and it was on Saturday, September 20, that the attacks took a very critical turn. On that day I had at least ten spells of loss of consciousness with marked pulsating in my head and face and a constant feeling that my hold on consciousness was very precarious. Each attack would be preceded by a slowing of the pulse, a marked increase in the pulsations of the hands, head, and face, a gradual disappearance of the noise in the head. Then the quick lapse into unconsciousness was followed by a quick return to consciousness. The pulse became markedly irregular in force and in rhythm.

At times the heart would bound against my chest wall so that there was actual pain experienced, and the chest wall would forcibly move in irregular fashion. There was a vibratory thrill to be felt and seen near the base of the heart. I was horribly and continually conscious of my circulation in one way or another, and this independently of the noise in the head. There was a very definite

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feeling that I had no strength and that a snap of the fingers, so to speak, would put out the flame of life, and at this time I was almost eagerly hopeful that the turmoil of my tormented body would soon end. It was at this juncture that a cardiac consultant was called. While he was listening to my chest, I had one of the attacks of loss of consciousness and he very clearly informed me that I had the Stokes-Adams syndrome; that the heart was undergoing a block; that if the case turned out fortunately, the ventricular heart would establish itself at a slow and continuous rhythm and would stay indefinitely at that rhythm, while the auricles would carry on at the rhythm established by the nervous system.

Adrenalin was immediately started, and since its use no complete loss of consciousness has taken place as of this date, November 20, 1947. Adrenalin was given in large amounts by subcutaneous injection for at least a week while I was in the hospital. Then gradually it was diminished over a period of one and one-half months. At the same time, a very interesting transition of heart activity took place as the block became either complete or adequate. At first I had many attacks of irregular and tumultuous heart activity at some times, and at others a threat that the attacks of unconsciousness would return. Gradually the slow pulse became dominant and the irregularity of action and activity became less marked. The pulse finally reached a phase where, with the rate at forty and reasonably regular, I could walk and stand up for one or two minutes at a time and could, as I finally did, go back to seeing patients several hours a day without any great difficulty. If the pulse fell lower than forty, let us say around thirty-five, I became conscious of the pulsation in my face and in my head; the ability to stand or walk became greatly lessened; a definite inability to talk for any length of time became manifest and my voice became weak. A sense of precarious vital balance is the phrase I have used to express this state, as if it would take very little to make the laboring heart stand still permanently.

At forty beats of the heart to the minute I was reconciled to my condition, philosophic about it, cheerful, could get very much interested in anything pertaining to my work or to the world around me. I was not introverted or paying any marked attention to myself. When the pulse rate dropped to thirty-five, my personality changed in the most extraordinary way. I could with great difficulty concentrate on work. I found myself absorbed in myself, in the noise in my head, in the pulsation throughout my body. I became bitter and wondered, as people have done from the days of Job, why this had to come to me. The thought of death became welcome as a way out of this intolerable dragged-out illness.

When the pulse rate was forty, I was interested in writing articles, in research, in the ills of other people. This vast emotional difference is directly related to a drop of five beats per minute of a sick and tired heart.

4

My present program of life is to go to the office at about ten o'clock each morning, see patients until noon, rest until one-thirty, again see patients, go back home and to bed at five o'clock, and stay in bed until nine o'clock the next morning. This is the order of events on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. On Wednesdays I stay home and I am in bed practically all day, although I may see one or two patients. On Saturdays and Sundays I stay in bed almost all day although I may be up for perhaps three or four hours. Breakfast is taken in bed, generally dinner also. Lunch is at the office on the days when I go in. It will thus be seen that I am spending over sixteen hours in bed each day and nearly twenty-four hours on three days of the week.

I have given up sex, all physical activity, the theater, movies, public lectures, conferences, and all social life except what comes to my house. I no longer play any exciting games of cards although I loved poker. Thus the transition from being a lover of athletics, a very active person, mixing easily and well, hedonistic in every direction, to being a person whose activities are limited to a little work and a great deal of reading has been achieved without, I believe, any fundamental change in mood except when the circulatory flow and the laboring heart bring about a reaction of disgust and of weariness of life. It is interesting to me as a psychiatrist that one can give up so much and not feel particularly bitter about it, and have no envy of those who still enjoy all of these goods of life.

I must, however, tell of one phase of this illness which bears on the question of anxiety states, their genesis and their treatment. Sometime in April of 1945, I developed a fear of dying while alone in my house, as a consequence of which I felt an overpowering uneasiness if I had to stay in the house when my family were away at night. This reached such a point that when my wife and daughter did go away on one occasion, I found it necessary to stay in a hotel or at a friend's house for two days. On the third day I made up my mind I was going to break the back of this fear by going to the house and spending the night there "though the heavens fall," thus following a formula which I had blithely given to my patients for over thirty years. I had dinner with one of my sons, staying at his house until ten o'clock that night, and then I went home, appalled by my inner turmoil. As I approached the door to unlock it, my hand shook so severely that I could hardly insert the key into the keyhole.

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Beating down an impulse to jump into my car and spend the night at a hotel, I persisted until I opened the door of the dark house. The intensity of my reaction increased and I realized to the full what my patients meant when they said, "My heart pounded; I felt as if I were going to faint, or die, or scream, or go crazy." I went upstairs to the bathroom adjoining my bedroom, and there promptly vomited. When the vomiting and retching ceased, I felt entirely tranquil, went to bed, and slept perfectly well throughout the night. The fear entirely disappeared and has never reappeared even though the possibility of death when my family is away has enormously increased.

This is the only episode of pathological anxiety that I had during a period of nearly eleven years. My condition, subjectively, has deteriorated. In general, the pulse has been slower. Psychologically, I must say there have been periods of despair or, at least, such a profound weariness of the whole situation that I would, at such times, be glad if the end came. There is sometimes a restless, irritable impatience with the situation, but I think, on the whole, that it has been easy for me to maintain cheerfulness and to continue to work. I have a notion that what I am doing interests and to some extent thrills and amuses my family and friends. They find it consoling, I believe, that I am interested and willing to work and have not yielded to the circumstances of the situation. I find this latent admiration very pleasant and perhaps I go out of my way a little bit to pose as the stoical philosopher. On the other hand, if there exists such a tendency, it is merely an exaggeration of an existing state of mind.

The healthy mind does not really dwell with death. One throws it off as an inevitable event, though he may die tomorrow by edict. I remember interviewing a man once whose death sentence was revoked on the day set for his execution. He told me, and this was corroborated by prison officials, that he became restless, but, he said, "I never quite figured that I was really going to die. At least I couldn't think consecutively about it."

In the bright sunshine of today, writing at my desk, I feel reasonably well; and though I would not bet that I shall live six months, it *seems* as if the real *I* were indestructible. I think psychiatrists preach nonsense when they say adjust to reality. We can only really endure life if we cherish healthy illusions, if we have faith no matter how fantastic, or the kind of healthy-mindedness that shakes off, as a dog shakes off water, the disagreeables of now and the future.

ANNOTATION FOR AN EPITAPH

by ADRIENNE RICH

"A fairer person lost not heaven."
— *Paradise Lost*

THESE are the sins for which they cast out angels,
The bagatelles by which the lovely fall:
A hand that disappoints, an eye dissembling —
These and a few beside: you had them all.

Beneath this cherubed stone reclines the beauty
That cherubs at the Chair will never see,
Shut out forever by the gold battalions
Stern to forgive, more rigorous than we.

Oh, we were quick to hide our eyes from foible
And call such beauty truth; what though we knew?
Never was truth so sweet and so outrageous;
We loved you still the more because untrue.

But in the baroque corridors of heaven
Your lively coming is a hope destroyed.
Squadrons of seraphs pass the news and ponder,
And all their luxury glitters grand and void.

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Last summer PHOEBE BARNES *was one of a party of six Bostonians — two husbands, two wives, and two sons — who flew north to enjoy for their first time the salmon fishing in Iceland. It took them eighteen hours to go from Logan Airport to the bank of their river; and during the three weeks in which they lived with friendly Icelandic folk, they caught — not killed — salmon and sea trout and learned much about a doughty little nation.*

A SALMON SAGA IN ICELAND

by PHOEBE BARNES

1

A THREE-WEEK fishing expedition to Iceland really begins six months ahead of time, and the anticipation and planning are fun in themselves.

Although there are numerous good salmon rivers in Iceland, the Hvita (Wheat-a), 65 miles east of Reykjavik, seemed to us the most desirable because there were living quarters available for a party as large as ours. The anglers in our group included my husband, Charlie; George Mumford and his sixteen-year-old son Jimmy, already a veteran of the Canadian waters; twelve-year-old Charles Barnes, and myself. George's wife, Alice, the only nonfisherman of the party, was to stir us beyond our riparian interests, and to open doors for us through which we would see the life of the surrounding people.

For several months we corresponded with a Mr. Oddsson, who represented the owners of the river rights. He wrote us that there would be three houses and five people to care for us; that we could lease a "beatt" of about half a mile of water; that we actually "caught," not "killed," our salmon, beaching them without benefit of net or gaff, and putting them alive in a box trap until somebody was going to market; that the salmon averaged about 9 pounds; and that we fished without guides.

Under my husband's supervision, our bedroom floor became a hodgepodge of rod cases, reels, fly boxes, waders, and rain protectors. Young Charles and I took the same size in all sporting equipment — the smallest — and we would disappear in and out of various waders which came up to our necks, until Charlie finally brought home some plastic ones. These seemed to adapt themselves to our unmanly size but Charlie threw in an ancient pair of submarine waders "just in case."

Sleeping bags were our next big problem. We had been advised to bring them; but when we discovered the price of one eiderdown bag, the only practical type for weight and bulk, and multiplied it by three, we decided to supplement such bedclothes as we might be offered with coats and sweaters. At the last minute, however, Charlie came home with two eiderdown bags that he insisted young Charles and I take, having borrowed a Jaeger buttoned-up affair for himself.

Second in importance only to equipment was food. Having heard of the scarcity in Iceland of proteins other than those found in milk and fish, and of the nonexistence of fresh fruit and vegetables other than turnips and rhubarb, we spent many an evening compiling a list of canned hams, chicken, fruit juices, and vegetables, of which we finally shipped 150 pounds. (A waste of time and money. They arrived in our final week and, as will be seen, were superfluous.)

As time went on, Charlie was concerned to see the pile around my duffel bag growing bulky with all my heavy shooting clothes and with my imitation-leopardskin wrapper and my typewriter. These last two items would certainly exceed my 66-pound quota for air luggage, and to him they seemed completely unnecessary. Now the leopard wrapper has always gone on all our sporting trips. It is wonderfully warm. I sleep under it, I wear it to breakfast, and I have even shot a duck in it. And I wanted my typewriter. I could not bear to leave either behind, but even discarding heavy woolen pajamas as a conciliatory gesture did not move Poppa. Young Charles came unexpectedly to my rescue: "But, Daddy, how much extra would it *cost* if Mummy takes them?" Charlie capitulated. (Actually the excess cost about $20 round trip.)

Came the day itself, July 23, 1951. We took off from Boston's Logan Airport. The announced destinations of our Pan American plane — Gander, Iceland, Oslo, and Helsinki — made us aware for the first time that we were going to Europe. Iceland has been independent of the Danish crown only

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since 1944, and shortly we were to receive our first impression of the fierce national pride and affection so inbred in her people. As we left Gander, the Icelandic passengers on the plane burst into native songs of joy and praise at returning to their native land. The last sound we heard as the plane leveled off into deep night was their strong voices; and the first thing that rose above the engine's steady roar in the morning was their renewed hymns of gladness as they sighted the shore below us. As one of the men said in halting English, "We love this barren land of ours."

And barren it seemed as we taxied up the runway at Keplavik. Keplavik is the airport built by the Americans during the last war, on that angry paw of a peninsula 35 miles south of Reykjavik. There our armed forces are now stationed. Our boys think it is the jumping-off spot of the world, and not without reason. The ungainly boulders, deposits of glaciers long since withdrawn, and the dreary colony of Quonset huts are characteristic of the least appealing aspect of Icelandic scenery. It was not until we slipped around the Reykjavik harbor and saw the mountains that rise in the background of the city that we had our first glimpse of the grandeur of the country.

We were met at the airport by Mr. Oddsson and his junior partner, Mr. Egilsson. Mr. Egilsson, a tall, slightly stooped, attractive man, greeted us warmly in good English and then introduced us to Mr. Oddsson, who, he said, did not understand a word of our language (the junior must have translated our letters). Mr. Oddsson, who was round, short, and bald, shook hands solemnly. We were never to hear him utter a word, but as time went on his face softened into appreciative humor — especially if the subject of fish was brought up.

Mr. Egilsson proved to be a radio and electrical expert and a walking encyclopedia of the history of his country and of its native birds and flowers. He kindly offered us his hospitality — in Iceland that always means coffee — and on the way he told us about Reykjavik. Less than one hundred years ago it was a village of 900 people. Now it is a metropolis of 50,000, containing about 42 per cent of the country's total population, with a university, a naval college, a good theater, and a modernistic museum.

Mr. Egilsson's house was immaculately clean and heavily upholstered. There were many photographs on the walls and a number of good oil paintings, mostly of Iceland's landscapes. The plumbing facilities turned out to be modern — the only unusual feature to us being a community towel. When we remarked on the lovely hot water that flowed from the tap, we were informed that it came from natural hot springs 35 miles outside the city. Two thirds of the Reykjavik homes are heated by this natural hot water. The very name Reykjavik means "smoky creek," but not the kind that lays a pall of grime and dirt. There is no smoke from sources other than hot springs, and one of the first things you notice is the city's cleanliness.

2

In brilliant late afternoon sunshine we drove to our fishing site on the Hvita. Details of mountains ringing the fertile fields and hilly heaths through which our river wound its lazy way were pencil sharp. The blue claw of Vatnajokull (water glacier) that clutched a mountaintop some 100 miles away looked but the stride of a seven-league boot; and to the southeast long clouds clearly visible between the mountains turned out to be Langjokull and another glacier, Hofsjokull. Our valley floor was rich in greens and mauves, the river flowing through it being almost a quarter of a mile wide, and close on the flats above us two wild swans with their one gray signet were pecking the grass.

The Hvita is entirely a glacier-fed river. Salmon not only will not spawn in glacial waters but they will not take a fly cast over the smoky ripples. Rather they use these glacial waters as highways on their way to fresh tributary rivers. Our stretch of the Hvita began where she was joined by the tributary Laxa, their waters running parallel without mingling for the half-mile loop past our summer houses. On the afternoon of our arrival the line of demarcation of the two waters was as distinct as bands of needlepoint wool in parallel shades of blue: the narrow band of clear water, not over 100 yards wide, was turquoise; the wide glacial water, sea green.

Nestled against the river's edge were four summer houses made of corrugated iron and precious wood. They were about the size and shape of overnight cabins. The owners and their families, among whom we were to live, greeted us warmly: the Sveinssons — Uncle bent over a cane and Auntie tiny, wiry, and always on the go; the Egilssons — Mrs. Egilsson attractive and fortyish; and the Oddssons. With them was a charming young woman of great beauty, Sigarleug. She was the daughter of the woman who owned a near-by farm, and although she had just come in from haying to greet us, she looked dainty and fresh in a white starched blouse and full pink skirt.

George and Alice Mumford drew the room at the Egilssons's Swiss chalet a quarter of a mile away; the three Barneses and Jimmy Mumford took the Oddssons's summer house nearest the river. The Mumfords had the advantage of privacy and morning and evening walks; the Barneses of having fishable water right at their doorstep, and the one room whose lace curtains and tiny grate made it a natural living room for the two families. Here it was that we shared our mail and enjoyed a cocktail before dinner. It was the one spot where boots and fishing equipment were never allowed,

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Inglewood High School Library Book

and it was the one place where a vase of fresh flowers was always kept. This was a furtive business. The first day that I asked permission to cut from a garden of poppies, bee balm, larkspur, and pansies it was given with an air that I interpreted as meaning "we prefer our flowers outside." After that I left the flowers strictly alone except for the pansies, which I cut with care but with no guilty conscience, knowing how pansies love to be picked.

On no river does weather influence the fishing to the extent it does on the Hvita. The first week, there were plenty of fish, but because of unfavoring winds, or no winds at all, combined with bright sunlight, comparatively few took our flies; the second week, some rain with periods of overcast and the much desired southeast wind brought good fishing; while during the third and unlucky week, as cloudless day followed cloudless day and the water receded further and further from our swan's feather water marker, not only did we have poor fishing but we knew the salmon just weren't coming through our beatt. It was an unprecedented summer of drought. Ordinarily drizzle, constant cloudiness, and a 40–50 degree daytime temperature are to be expected in Iceland; but we only had two days of intermittent rain, and although we lived in flannel shirts and lumbermen's jackets, there were two or three days when the midday sun was even hot enough to encourage swimming in the river. Such fine weather was very bad for the fishing.

3

The men fished from 9.30 in the morning until midday dinner at 12.30, when a meal of mutton, beef, and fresh vegetables proved our shipment of food to be both unnecessary and embarrassing. In the afternoon they read or napped until "coffee" at 3.30. This was the Icelandic repast of pancakes with whipped cream, waffles, or cakes that we grew to depend on the way the English do their tea. The fishermen then returned to the river until Martinis, without ice — there is no stored ice in Iceland — were served at 6.30 before a smörgåsbord.

Twice a week Mr. Oddsson traveled the 65 miles from Reykjavik to the river with delicious cakes and breads from his bakery; he would rest a few hours and, before returning, catch and club with an empty whiskey bottle the wriggling slippery fish in the box trap. Then they would be weighed, measured, and photographed before he drove them back to the fish market at Reykjavik. On his visits he always wore either a close-knitted cap or a French beret, and he was addicted to the Icelandic habit of snuff.

The Icelanders have another "coffee" similar to the afternoon one at 10.30 at night. They never go to bed until 1.30 summer or winter, and claim that this later coffee does not affect their sleep. We omitted that pleasant stimulant after 3.30 P.M., however, finding it hard enough to get to sleep in the summer twilight. But we all enjoyed the extra half day these long evenings gave us.

I vacillated between the life of the fishermen and that of the observer, watching everything from my favorite "mulberry grove." This grove of dwarfed trees on the rise behind our house was in reality Alaskan birch; but I had confused the only two varieties of trees seen in Iceland. By the time I had discovered my mistake, the "mulberry" grove as such was too much a part of our life to give it its proper name. It was so situated as to give protection from the prevailing winds and to catch both the morning and afternoon sun.

Here it was that I settled myself the morning after our arrival. From where I sat I had a comprehensive bird's-eye view of our little world. The day was bright and so calm I could hear a reel's turn from the fishermen a half mile away at the head of our stretch. Young Charles looked very small in water up to his chest. It turned out that he was as defenseless as he looked, for water was pouring through his plastic waders. For the rest of the trip he was to share with me the old "in case" jobs that Charlie had so farsightedly brought along. The others, wading thigh-deep in the middle of the clear water, were casting their flies so that they landed about a foot inside the smoky water and then were carried by the current back into the clear.

Across the river were steaming hot springs surrounded by the farms and greenhouses which borrowed their heat; directly below me were the summer houses, from which arose the sound of melodious voices jabbering and the sound of rattling pans and banging doors. The screech of terns, the familiar quacking of ducks, the honking of geese flying down the river, all reminded one of home. I watched the swans swim gracefully across the river, admiring their beauty and individuality as a family unit.

Whing! My train of thought snapped at the whine of a reel and cries of "Jimmy's got one!" Although he was almost 1500 feet away from my balcony seat, I could see the heavily bent, upright rod and hear the screaming and groaning of the reel. I watched everyone walking up to see the fun from the bank. Young Charles waded into the water uncomfortably close to get pictures; the fathers waded in to give advice. The fish sulks. Advice is free. He's off again. From George, "Every time he stops, you reel!" Seconds pass. "Now, REEL!" He's a game one — I can see him break water as he rolls to the surface.

Ten minutes later the line is still as vociferous as ever, the rod as heavily bent. Now the fish must be tiring as Jimmy edges cautiously backward towards the bank, which by this time is lined with interested hayers, dogs, and even myself. It

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actually took one hour and three minutes for Jimmy to bring the fish in where he could be beached. Its gameness, plus the fact that there was very little drag on the line, accounted for the length of time. This first big salmon gave us a good taste of the excitement entailed in landing a fish of decent size without a net. But he could not be revived; he had literally fought to his last breath. With a firmer drag on the line afterwards and with the aid of a tailer we were able to edge them close enough to shore to capture them alive and kicking. A tailer consists of a hollow metal pole at the end of which a shepherd's crook holds taut a loop which, when slipped around a fish's tail, snaps into a tight noose. This proved a big help in dragging a still lively fish to the box trap.

Only one other fish was caught that first day, a small one by George at ten o'clock in the evening. Charlie had taken one off the point at the summer houses the evening before, which made rather a disappointing catch of three — all on Durham Rangers — for the first twenty-four hours. A lot of fish had been lost, however. These salmon seemed to suck the fly in an exploratory manner, much as if taking a worm, and many strikes were not hooked. Charlie found himself putting too much pressure on a playing fish. Too often his hook would rip out; so he changed his reel from playing the fish with it topside on the rod, as is done on Cascapedia heavy salmon, to the underside position customarily used on lighter fish.

During this first week, for three days in a row, a highly unpopular onshore wind whipped the water, making casting as difficult as it was unrewarding. George experimented with his short 5-ounce bait casting rod made of fibre glass. With it he used a spinning reel and nylon line and hooked a 7½-pound sea trout which gave him quite a battle before he was able to add it to the tally in the box trap.

The second week definitely held the best fishing. Memorable was the night when, after Charlie had already lost five fish and George two, they had fish on twice at the same time and were successful in beaching all of them with the aid of their sons. Both of Charlie's fish took on a Jock Scott #5; George's first took on a Green Highlander, his second on a Black Dose as small as #8. It was rare to have a fish take such a small fly in the evening. Usually, during the day, we had our best luck with flies varying from #5 to #8; while in the evening we switched to ones as large as 2/0.

During the last week, as the river fell and the days remained bright and clear, we found that the salmon simply were not coming up the river. There were compensations, however. Sea trout, which usually arrive up the river about the middle of August, were now lured up by the low water.

These sea trout are not to be confused with the brook trout that have been to sea, commonly known as salters. They closely resemble salmon, the principal distinction being larger and more conspicuous black spots. The fish of this variety that we caught ranged in size from 3 to 9 pounds — averaging about a pound more than the Miramichi grilse and certainly their equal in sport.

My interest turned more and more to the fields and to the people that worked in them. Alice Mumford and I used to climb a hill to the shelter of her favorite haystack and watch Sigarleug and her family cut and rake the hay. Most of it was done by hand, and we shall never forget the picture of the girls, kerchiefs and skirts blowing in the wind, "snuaing" — as they called the rhythmic turning of the hay. Their hands were encased in woolen mittens; and when they sat down to talk with us, removing their kerchiefs and gloves, their soft, clean hair and beautifully manicured nails put our grubby appearance to shame. Their menfolk, muscled and weather-beaten, wore navy woolen caps and trousers supported pessimistically by both belt and suspenders. Watching these simple, laughing folk, who always had time for conversation or an extra meal, we wondered whether it wasn't they who, from the beginning of time, had lived as God meant, while civilizations rose and fell in the busy world below them.

This thought persisted the last morning when we took our pails up to the farm for eggs and milk. This was the day of good-bys, and Sigarleug asked us into the little parlor leading off the corridor which ran the length of the house. Roses and geraniums were blooming on the window sill. A bookcase contained a set of Icelandic sagas and many Icelandic translations of foreign classics, well thumbed and worn with use. There were the harmonium and the mantel clock mentioned in all accounts of Iceland as being a part of every farm; and a spinning wheel which Sigarleug taught Alice and me to work. Music, reading, and spinning their own sheep's wool from the soft brittle "lope" into sturdier yarn is the life that binds one day to another for the Iceland farm people; and that morning they served to bridge with understanding such different existences as ours and Sigarleug's.

Our last night, gathered in our little sitting room, we checked our records. We had truly "caught" — not "killed" — thirty-four salmon, twenty-five sea trout, five brown trout, and two char. Our salmon, as predicted, averaged about 9 pounds; and although this was on the small side, only three or four had the split tail of the grilse.

Too soon our trip slipped into the past; and so, in our own garden some three days later, with the reminiscent whining of the reels as we wound in our lines from the drying spindles, we gave our expedition the Icelandic adieu — the shortened form of God Bless. To the new friends we made, to the river we shall never forget, we said, "Bless."

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President of The Cooper Union, EDWIN S. BURDELL, *a product of M.I.T. and the Harvard Business School who took his Ph.D. at Ohio State University, is nationally known as a proponent of broader and better-rounded education for professional people. He was M.I.T.'s first Dean of Humanities when, in 1938, he was called to direct the privately endowed institution founded by Peter Cooper, "a mechanic of New York," which today offers tuition-free courses in art and engineering to some 1600 students.*

FOR A FASTER SCHOOLING

by EDWIN S. BURDELL

1

UNIVERSAL Military Training, which may be initiated next summer, can have a more profound effect on the American system of education than any other single event in our educational history. It may mean an entire reshaping of our educational procedures, from elementary school up, with a closer adherence to the individual's abilities and aptitudes. UMT may be able to effect a general tightening-up of the system and, by shortening the training period, extend the productive years of the professional worker. It will also affect the nation's reservoir of engineering manpower when it becomes fully operative.

Almost simultaneous with the announcement of the plans of the Defense Department last fall came a dramatic illustration of the extent of the shortage of manpower in our mechanized economy when Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson requested the postponement of color television to conserve critical materials *and engineers.*

The education of professional men and women is vital to human welfare because these are the future leaders of both our industrial and military armies, and the continuity of professional education should not be sacrificed to any rigid scheduling of military service. Furthermore, the inordinate expense and length of time required to achieve professional education must be lessened whether the nation is at war or peace.

The massed manpower of Eastern Europe and Asia can be met by the West only through the machine and the specialist. The machine is the result of combined efforts of the scientist, the engineer, and the factory worker. The specialist who designs and manufactures the war machine has to be trained either in the engineering schools or in the technical institutes. Thus it would seem sheer folly to take every boy as he comes from high school and put him untrained and unskilled into uniform.

It is estimated that from 60,000 to 80,000 young men per year should be trained in science and the various engineering specialties in order to maintain our present technological supremacy over our potential enemies. Probably several hundred thousand more young men need to be trained for the complicated industrial production of the armaments and instruments of war.

Meanwhile the number of engineering school graduates is decreasing: this year to 38,000 from last year's 52,000. The Engineers' Joint Council estimates that 10 per cent of male high-school graduates will have to enter technical colleges if the demand is to be met. The usual percentage is only 5 per cent, and even this soon may be reduced because of present small high-school enrollments resulting from decreased birth rates during the depression years.

The seriousness of the situation is still further heightened by the fact that an estimated one fourth of the engineers employed in industry are members of armed forces reserves.

Indications at this writing are that some 60,000 young men between the ages of 18½ and 19 may be inducted into the National Security Training Corps for a period of six months, during which they would receive basic military training but would not be part of the armed forces in any technical sense. When the plan becomes fully operative, about 800,000 young men a year will be included in the program.

A plan apparently favored by all four service branches, but not yet written into the law, proposes six-month training programs in camp or aboard ship, of which the first portion would be devoted to basic individual military training and the second portion to training in small units or in technical military specialties.

This "four-services plan" then contemplates that

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the trainee would be fed into some reserve unit and would become a member of the so-called "ready reserve" of his particular service branch for a three-year period.

After completing his six-month initial training, a man could meet this "ready reserve" commitment by membership in the ROTC, in the National Guard, in a special training program, or by enrolling for education in medicine, dentistry, science, or engineering, which would qualify him in some important technical or professional specialty vital to a possible all-out war emergency.

Following this, he would become a member of the "stand-by reserve" unless he requested his continuance in the "ready reserve," and ultimately he would become a "retired reserve." Membership in any one of these reserves would not involve active military service, except that the President could call up the "ready reserve" and an Act of Congress could call up the "stand-by" and "retired" reserves.

The four-services plan provides the opportunity for professional students to complete their training. The student so qualified would be permitted to count his professional education as his three years of "ready service." Thus the educational break would be for only six months.

The objection has been raised that permitting postponement of military training of potential professional talent is "undemocratic." But selection of the young men permitted to delay their military training until their pre-professional and professional educations were completed would be made on the same basis as it now is by local boards, and would depend on the urgency of civilian manpower requirements and the aptitude of the individual for advanced education and training.

It seems to me most unfortunate that a few newspaper columnists, editorial writers, and politicians have insinuated that a qualified student training for a professional career is a slacker to be ridiculed. It is strange that the most vociferous enemies of this democratic system of building up our military and industrial defenses rely largely on the old eighteenth-century shibboleth of egalitarianism. There is no more tragic nonsense to be found in our country than the notion that all our citizens are equally endowed with skills, aptitudes, and capacities. Every citizen has an important contribution to make, but it must be in terms of his own native aptitude. Treating each person as an individual and training him in those terms is all the difference between democratic opportunity and totalitarian slavery.

Nor is there any surer road to technological bankruptcy than the notion that scientists, engineers, and physicians can be trained in army cantonments, or by trying to turn colleges into cantonments for the duration.

The strength of the American colleges is in their autonomy and in the diversity of their approaches to the preparation of young men and women for professional practice. Courses of instruction are the result of careful planning, experimentation, and revision. Teachers and teaching materials are closely interwoven with the program. Evidently, to the layman, professional curricula as listed in the catalogues appear to be a series of academic strings all more or less independent. Actually they are like a net, and when one or more courses are tampered with, or a teacher is lost or a resource material removed, the whole program is dislocated. Professional curricula cannot be turned upside down overnight.

In two world wars we tried this with almost universal failure. The Students Army Training Corps of World War I and the Army Specialized Training Program of World War II never came close to meeting their educational and military objectives. This was not the fault of the able and conscientious educational and military personnel who were assigned to the task.

The plan was fundamentally unsound and, I suspect, was made largely as a gesture of appeasement to the misguided critics referred to above who for some reason delight in inflaming public opinion against an already efficient civilian system of education and training.

The schoolmen are at a disadvantage in denouncing these proposals because they can easily be accused of self-interest and self-preservation. Perhaps it is up to industry and those imbued with the public interest to insist that the continuity of professional training be not too seriously interrupted. To put it in a homely phrase, we must be careful not to throw the baby out with the bath water!

2

Universal Military Training will have one salutary effect upon professional education in America. It will cause professional schools to study rather intensively the problems arising from the excessive time span and expense of their various curricula. Professional education costs too much; it takes too long; and it fails to equip its graduates for immediate practice.

Even full tuition covers only a fraction of the actual cost of educating a doctor, lawyer, engineer, or architect. The consequent drain on diminishing endowment incomes of private colleges and on tax-supported funds of public colleges must be relieved by shortening the time in professional education.

Professional education under the present chronological organization takes too long and affects both the student and the community that needs his professional services. It fails to equip graduates for immediate entrance into practice because the curriculum is so crowded by vast new areas of knowledge that there is little room in the schedule for practical applications. Hence the licensing laws in

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most states require an internship in engineering and architecture of three or more years before the neophytes may take their examinations for practice.

The professions cannot avoid public criticism if they continue to heap added tuition costs and added time upon their requirements for preparation for professional practice. Perhaps because of a realization of these and other problems, more and more professional groups such as chemical engineers, civil engineers, nurses, pharmacists, engineering teachers, and architects are taking inventory.

It has been my privilege during the past year to serve as chairman of a commission of the American Institute of Architects to study the education and registration of architects. Traveling from Maine to California, I have visited schools and offices and held conferences with practicing architects, and I have noted with satisfaction that the architectural profession is keenly interested in the preparation of young men for practice. Indeed, the practicing architects are prepared to take on their share of training and guidance of the young graduate during the period of his internship.

I propose a reshaping of secondary and higher education to meet this challenge of ever-lengthening professional requirements. If it should happen that Congress, supported by public opinion, does adopt an extended universal military training program that fails to make any exceptions at the coming of military age, then higher education may find imperative the need for some such plan.

Quite independent of wars and their consequence, however, I am convinced that the traditional four years of high school and four years of college can be regrouped to advantage.

To begin with, I would consider combining junior high school and the first two years of senior high school into one four-year experience, which for want of a better term I would call "middle school." This would be followed by a two-year terminal junior college course, at the end of which I would award associate in arts or science degrees to young men and women at the age of 18 or 19. This two-year junior college terminal course would provide an outlet for those who are not going on for advanced studies or research or the professions, and would give them a general or vocational preparation.

There would also need to be established a much more rigorous type of educational unit similar to the German *Gymnasium* or French *lycée*. A student in this type of pre-university curriculum could make a thorough application of his mental powers to the physical and social sciences and the humanities.

After students have completed this pre-university curriculum and have become further matured by a prescribed period of military service, the graduate schools of law, medicine, engineering, and architecture will be able to judge the candidate's capacity for professional training on a broader basis than they now can. A student would then enter professional school at the end of his military service, which under the four-services plan described would be six months; but unless the two-semester plan is modified to a quarter system, the student might lose another six months or a total of one year from his studies. Therefore he would enter his three- to four-year professional program at about 19 and would arrive at the point of internship at about 23 years of age instead of the present average age of 25.

Public high schools, because of wide variations in aptitudes, talents, and intelligence in their student bodies, must gear, perhaps necessarily, their academic standards close to the least common denominator of below-average students. The consequence is that colleges and universities are forced to devote the freshman and sophomore years to supplying students with backgrounds that they should have received in high school.

The new type of pre-university preparation reaching down into the two top years of high school is already about to have a partial tryout. The Ford Foundation recently announced its sponsorship of a controlled experiment involving the admission to designated universities of a number of selected 16½-year-old students prior to their completion of a standard four-year high-school program. This experiment does not, of course, take into consideration any actual accelerating alteration of present school system organization. It aims, rather, to prove or disprove the contention that some 16-year-olds can carry college loads. Perhaps a logical experiment to follow would be the setting up, in experimentally-minded school systems, of some such reorganization of school-year divisions as I have suggested.

This proposed plan does not mean scrapping the present high-school staff or building, but it does involve a division of labor, and this may be very difficult where privately controlled colleges have to work out a new *modus vivendi* with the public schools. In the states where the junior college already has a good start — as in California — the adjustment can be made relatively easily.

The plan would achieve several sociological advantages: earning capacity sufficient to warrant marriage and establishment of a family would be possible at an earlier age than at present; the community would receive professional services sooner; and the facilities for professional education would be less taxed because the process of selecting candidates for admission would be more efficient.

To meet the various problems of the second half of the twentieth century we need professionally trained specialists. We need young men with basic military training. We also need a citizenry trained to recognize the values to be gained from exploring the humanities and social sciences. To produce a nation of adults equipped in all three fields, educators face a challenge to their creative abilities. The task of building an effective system of education requires imagination, skill, knowledge, and courage.

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ST. FRANCIS AND THE CLOUD

by MARIE DE L. WELCH

Forget all creatures that ever God made . . . with a seemly recklessness take no heed of them. . . . As this *cloud of unknowing* is betwixt thee and thy God, so put a *cloud of forgetting* betwixt thee and all creatures. — *The Cloud of Unknowing*

With such unseemly caution have I taken heed
That now, if I stand, if I run, if I lie down,
Awake in my speaking, asleep in my dreaming
prayers,
I must remember.

I kneel as the birds bend wing.

In my sleep the lamb in his aureole of wool,
The lion in the halo of his mane,
Ramble together like God's works, my dream.

How can I not remember when I run
The rapid wind, the spaces of His voice;
The rock, His depths of silence, when I stand;
When I break bread, the heavens of His crumbs?

All things remind me:
All bones of angels,
All fires of grass,
All ashes of the sun.

How can I forget the rays of light in the light,
Or the roots in darkness, or myself
In the dust, in the air, their mingling?

I forget nothing. I am unseemly.

All these distractions in the loves of God,
The action of these dreams between His works,
Amuse God's lovers in their love of God.

But how shall I alone put on the cloud
And love Him not in works, His works of love,
But all unknowing love only His being?

I am not worthy. All things remind me:
All tombs of shells,
All clay of birth,
All sorrow of green vines.

Most heedful of His works, I am least use.
Most careful of His loves, I am most cold.
Most knowing of His creatures, I am lost.

And yet I am unknowing — of despair.

All things remind me:
All is generous.

The beast that knows a little less than I
Clothes in his little mist my naked care
And being hid in the more reckless bird
The bird in the most seemly recklessness
Is held, is hidden, in the crumb of bread.

And all things clouding, sky by deeper sky,
Brother by worthier brother, I may come
To all unknowing that is loving God.

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The Atlantic Serial

Frank Davison was the owner and manager of Hooton Aerodrome in Cheshire, England. In 1937 he took Ann on as a pilot and two years later they were married. When the war started, the government requisitioned their aerodrome, and for several years they made a hard living by farming. After the war they bought an old fishing boat. The reconditioning took endless time and used up all their money. When the mortgage was foreclosed, they decided to sail for Cuba, sell the boat for a fairer price than they could get in England, and pay up their debts. For two weeks they battled sea and storm in an untried ship, unable to get clear of the English Channel. Pushed beyond endurance, Frank went berserk. This is the final installment of the Atlantic's *abridgment of* Last Voyage, *by* Ann Davison, *to be published in book form this spring by William Sloane.*

LAST VOYAGE

by ANN DAVISON

10

I took the wheel, automatically easing the ship into the tumult. How long Frank's breakdown might last I had no idea, but I knew there would be no cure without rest and sleep. I dared not beg or plead or entreat; the suggestion that he should turn in had to be made as though it were the most natural thing in the world. I told him that the gale was moderating and he might as well take the opportunity of turning in. Ignoring that, he said, "Had a bit of a party, haven't you?" then shouted menacingly, "Ship's a bloody shambles."

Mildly, I pointed out she was bound to be; it was blowing a gale. He snarled, "Don't think you can get away with that. You can't fool me."

Suddenly he sprang at me, gripped my arms, raved — shouting at the top of his voice, wild-eyed. I broke from his grasp, sprang down the companion, seized the tin of flares from behind the ladder, and was back in the wheelhouse in a flash, not daring to leave him alone for long.

He watched narrowly as I opened the tin. Then before I could stop him he had seized the lot and was making for the door. Terrified lest he should get on deck, I grabbed him by the coat and we fought, horribly. He got the door open, threw the flares out, over the side, and they were whisked away by the screaming wind. With a supreme effort I thrust him aside and slammed the door. He threw himself upon the wheel, opened the throttle wide, and in a paroxysm of frenzy pulled the wheel first one way and then the other.

Something had to be done quickly. With the vain hope that a countershock might restore his senses, I screamed at the top of my voice, simulating hysterics. I thought at first it had succeeded, for he quieted, slowly throttled down, and said, "Ann, Ann, this isn't like you."

At this point the engine stopped.

"My God, you've stopped it!" The words were out, in a whisper, my hysterical act forgotten. He had turned the throttle wheel too far.

He said in a perfectly normal voice, "I'll tell you something." I turned to him hopefully. "We are not at sea at all. We're in harbor. Tied up along the quay."

I could only stare helplessly.

Then the whole ghastly nightmare started up again. Frenzies that I could not pacify, having become an enemy. Pitiable struggles — for he was bent on "going ashore" — pitiable in that he was so pathetically weak and it was I, not he, that had the strength of ten. Between times, he held his head in his hands and said, "What a horrible dream."

It went on for hours. A lifetime. And all the while the ship rose and fell, rose and fell, growing heavier and heavier. But I dared not go down to see where the water had risen to, or even on deck to pump her out.

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Suddenly he caught me off my guard as I was racking my brain for some solution to the dreadful problem, and was out of the wheelhouse door, shouting he was going ashore and I could not stop him. I was after him, terror-stricken, and had him by a bulldog grip on the arm. But he would not come back, and it was no place to fight out there. I thought if he saw what it was like, felt the force of it, perhaps the truth might penetrate to his tired, blind brain. We made our way, step by step, up the heaving, pitching deck, with spray stinging our faces, wind tearing our hair, clutching our clothes, water swirling about our feet. Nothing of which he seemed to realize. Right to the stemhead we went. And there we stood, I fast hold of his arm, he shouting to imaginary boatmen to take him ashore.

I suggested he should go below and wait for daylight, when it would surely be easier to get a lift ashore. I hoped that in his other world it was also night.

Unexpectedly he acquiesced. Allowed himself to be led to the main companion. I halted there and stood back to let him go down first, fearing otherwise he might make some unpredictable and unpreventable action and go over the side. He hesitated, laughed, and with indescribably heartbreaking bravado led the way down into the saloon.

Getting help was uppermost in my mind. I did not follow, but went into the galley, snatched up the towels and the bottle of meths, and returned to deck. In my pocket was the box of waterproof matches. They were not proof against anything but lighting. I threw them overboard. Dived into the galley for a box of ordinary matches. Returned to find the towels washed away. Of course, they would be. What was I thinking of? Down again for more material. This time through the wheelhouse, along the alleyway, into the statercom, hastily gathering the first materials to hand. Woolen sweaters, pajamas, anything. Then back on deck, pouring meths over the articles wholesale. A boarding sea swept them out of my hand, carried them away and me into the scuppers. Defeated, I crawled into the wheelhouse and there bethought me of signaling with the lights.

Snapping the switches off and on, flashing an S O S, I appealed to an empty world. The light shone palely back at me.

I knew that somewhere on our lee was land, and there was danger of drifting onto it. At least I could prepare for that eventuality. I unlashed the Carley float from the side of the wheelhouse, moved it over to the side, and leaned it there, propped against the bulwarks, with the painter fast to the mizzen shrouds. I put the paddles into the wheelhouse together with the life jackets, and left the problem of how to get us both into the float if and when the need arose.

By this time it was dawn. The wind had abated considerably, but *Reliance* was drifting stern on to the seas. They rose high, broke, and crashed onto her counter with the repetitive force of a steam hammer. I did not see that she could stand much of that, and brought her round, so that she was broadside — she would go no closer — where she rolled and wallowed horribly but did not take such a pounding. I lashed the wheel and went on deck to the hand pump.

Frank appeared through the main hatch. Uncertainly I went to meet him, not knowing what there would be to contend with. He looked inexpressibly haggard. I could see the dazed expression fading from his face as he came to himself, but he stemmed the rising flood of my relief by asking how I had managed to anchor on my own.

At once every nerve was strung out to breaking point. "Anchor?" I cried. "Look about you, man!"

It was just enough to bring him right back to normal. "What has been going on I don't know," he said; "you can tell me later. But I can see what will happen if something is not done about it."

There was no uncertainty about him now. The situation was his and he was in control of it and himself, as though last night had never been.

What happened after that I do not know, for I blacked out completely. Shock of relief, I suppose, at Frank's amazing recovery. It was no longer necessary for me to keep my wits about me; therefore I could not, and the exhaustion which had been simply shelved during the night overwhelmed me. Frank said afterwards that I went below under my own power, but I have no recollection of doing so. I remember standing on deck, looking at him and saying, "He's back, he's back," and the next thing I knew was waking, alert and panic-stricken, lying on the bunk.

I had no idea of how long I had been there; and terrified at what might have happened meantime, I leaped off the bunk, and was swinging up the engine-room companion, when I heard a strange voice hailing the ship, and Frank's footsteps on deck. Peeping through a port in the coaming, I saw a small fishing boat making towards us. The sea (heavens, how long had I been out?) was calm compared with what we had become used to. Frank was standing by the bulwarks, hands on hips, a stance of incredible ease and confidence.

A fisherman shouted, "Want any help?"

And Frank shouted back with a cheer in his voice that warmed me through to hear, "No, thanks. Just drying out after a bit of a pasting last night."

11

FRANK had restored order in a remarkable manner while I was unconscious. He had pumped the ship out by hand, working the long stiff arm of the deck pump, an exacting job at the best of times, until *Reliance* was dry and riding buoyantly again. He had put up the staysail, a headsail of number-one

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canvas and no pocket handkerchief to handle. He had made coffee and porridge for breakfast. Found out where we were, which must have been a bit tricky for him under the circumstances, and set the ship to sail herself with lashed wheel out to sea. Apparently *Reliance* had drifted very nearly to the entrance to Plymouth, where he had tried to anchor, using the kedge, with main halyard for a cable, and somehow lost them both. He was exceedingly put out by this, which he said was rank carelessness on his part. The fact of there still being the spare bower available and a spare halyard did nothing to appease him. It was after this he hoisted sail. He had even made a simple and ingenious little gadget to drive the water out of the wheelhouse and keep it drained, which worked most successfully.

Over breakfast, while *Reliance* lopped slowly out to mid-Channel, we did some mental overhauling. Throughout the meal we kept up a pretense of cheer, but there was this thing between us, and when he said abruptly, "What did happen last night?" I was glad of the chance to bring the horror into the open. We had shared all else, and could share this too. I told him all that had happened. He listened silently, holding his head in his hands, and looked up when I finished. "How awful," he said, "how bloody awful. My poor Ann."

I also told him about my blackouts and he looked very grave. "It can't go on," he said. "This ship . . . she's had everything we possess. She's not going to have our sanity too."

"She won't. Sleep and rest, and food. That's all we want. And we'll pull out, never fear."

It was all very well to put on a show of heartiness and talk like a character out of a paper-backed adventure story. I never felt less hearty in my life. I was scared, not of dying or death or losing the ship or failing in our ultimate purpose, but of the thing that had happened to Frank. Until that, the voyage, for all its hardships, had been a kind of splendid fun, at once terrifying and magnificent (there is a real retrospective joy in hardships overcome). But now it was as if there were an evil force at work, a malignant cancer in our adventure, against which we were helpless. And the horror of it brooded over us, for all we bolstered each other up with a brave display of heroics.

Plymouth was on our doorstep, so to speak, but we never mentioned it.

Last night I would have thrown in my hand to save Frank, and today I withheld for the same reason. And the choice was mine, for he was at the stage of leaning on me for decisions and drawing on me for strength. To have put in to Plymouth would not have given us the rest we craved. It would have brought on legal miseries which might well, I feared, put Frank out of his mind forever. I would see those lawyers, and ourselves too, for that matter, in hell first.

So *Reliance* plugged out to clear the Eddystone, whence we intended to beat out of the Channel. But the wind died away just when we could have done with a bit, and I stood at the wheel juggling with every puff, steering between the lighthouse and Start Point. And fretted fearfully over Frank, who had agreed to turn in, and then spent the entire day filtering paraffin, sorting things out, and testing the fuel tanks to find out how much there was left. I thought it was essential for his recovery to show absolute confidence in him, so I held my peace in the wheelhouse and worried myself sick. He brought a cup of cocoa at dusk and we had a gusty meaningless row because we were so strung up. We were clear of the lighthouse then, bobbing up and down in the Channel like a rocking horse, not getting anywhere.

Next day there were fishing boats at work in the vicinity. A large blue one came up to us, attracted no doubt by the tatty appearance of our ship. An immense crew hung avariciously over the side and wanted to help. Frank refused and asked if we might buy some fish. But they said they had no fish and went away. They returned later offering to tow us into some place or another, and were quite disgruntled that it was not their day for easy money and they had to go fishing after all.

We concentrated on the mizzen sail; Frank fixed the mast rings, and I stitched the bolt rope on the sail. *Reliance* rolled nowhere in particular in a merry-hearted fashion, scooping up small bucketfuls of water which sloshed playfully down the deck. We hoisted the mizzen on the topping lift, using the handy-billy to help with the last few feet, and had it set just as the blue fisherman was making towards us for a third try. Evidently the fishing wasn't too good that day. But when he saw the mizzen go up he realized we were no good either and departed.

We lashed the float in place again against the wheelhouse, and generally the ship looked less of a shambles. But Frank seemed very depressed. To set him up, I said with ample food and water aboard we had every chance of completing the voyage; and talked glibly about putting in to Lisbon or the Canary Islands if we found it was getting beyond us. I have no idea whether I believed in this myself, being quite beyond faith in anything, but it cheered Frank no end, and that was all that mattered.

A row of red lights turned up at night, still on the French coast, to give us light fever, and we stood watch and watch about. Frank slept all right on his watch below, but I could not, and spent the time in the galley listening to the radio. Actually after that last blackout I did not close my eyes in sleep again.

We got trapped by wind and tide in Lyme Bay and flogged up and down between Start Point and Portland Bill, unable to clear either point, and seeming likely to spend a Flying Dutchman existence in the Bay for the rest of our lives. We then put up the balloon jib, which was really too light a sail for the weight of wind blowing, but it pulled like a horse,

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and *Reliance* sailed closer to windward. It seemed at last we might clear Start Point. Towards nightfall (this I think would be June 3, eighteen days after we had set sail) the wind increased, and the question arose as to whether we should take the jib in. It was obvious that the blow would continue, which suited us fine if it got no worse, but it was just as much as the sail could stand. If we replaced it with the smaller headsail, then we could not clear Start Point, and faced the prospect of at least another day plowing up and down in Lyme Bay. On the other hand, if we were to take it in, now was the time to do so.

Frank said furiously, "Whatever I do will be wrong," decided to play for a straight win, and left it.

So it blew up into a snorting gale; the silk sail burst and flogged itself to ribbons.

We spent another night in the familiar bellowing maelstrom of maddened sea. Hawklike, I watched Frank with anxious intensity, but there was no need. He was undistressed. By dawn we were tossing in an ominously green sea in the southwestern corner of Lyme Bay, with the Devonshire coast much too near, and getting nearer every minute.

12

In melancholy mood I waited in the saloon for a weather report from the radio. The sky had been still full of wind at dawn, and I hoped to hear that the sky was a liar. The radio bleated a song popular in my early flying days, "There's a Small Hotel," evoking a host of memories — was life really so gay, so carefree? — and sounding both appropriate and incongruous. I had changed to "Put Your Shoes On, Lucy," when Frank came in and we giggled at it foolishly.

We listened to a gale warning and Frank said, "We'd better fix the engine in that case." He seemed quite brisk and cheerful.

It was an easier task to free the piston this time, knowing exactly what the trouble was and how to tackle it. We felt when we left it ready for starting that it was a good job done and that we were catching up on the work bit by bit. But we hadn't got round to the mainsail yet. It was still pretty wild, though not the gale of the warning, and we were too jelly-boned to cope with a halyard up the pendulum-swinging mast. Tomorrow, we promised ourselves, if it is fit.

By night we were coming up to the Bill, having pinched and scraped all the sea room possible. The sou'westerly wind had hardened considerably. *Reliance* under jib and mizzen was tugging away to clear the Bill, upon which the light flashed brightly. Frank took a last look round; satisfied that all was well, he turned in. It was tacitly understood that rest for him was all-important.

For a while I stayed in the wheelhouse watching the Portland light and our steady progress. We were going to have ample margin. The movement of the ship underfoot had become second nature and I did not notice it. Nor hear the shrilling of the wind. But I felt the cold and lashed the wheel and nipped below for a cup of coffee.

As one is oblivious of the noise of a well-known engine and is instantly aware of a change in the beat, so I recognized when *Reliance* changed direction. Immediately I was on deck to see what she was up to. For no known reason she had swung off course and was belting downwind for the Bill.

Knowing her reluctance to go through the wind and the amount of sea room she required jibing, and desperately anxious not to lose all we had gained, I called Frank.

As the ship was coming slowly round, the rope grommet parted and the jib blew over the side.

Reliance drifted stern first.

"Engine!" cried Frank.

The tide was making six knots or more, taking us with it. "We haven't much time," I said to Frank, who nodded as if I had said it was raining.

The engine started on one cylinder. I went to the wheelhouse and Frank wedged the fuel injector on the for'ard cylinder. There was no time to play around. We had covered an amazing distance while the heads were heating, and were very near to the high cliffs of Portland Bill. But half-power was not enough. With throttle wide *Reliance* was going astern. Stern first she passed under the light, its white beam slicing the night sky overhead.

Frank took over and put her into reverse in the hope she would steer better.

I looked out of the door aft. Black waves were breaking high and white on outlying pinnacles of rock. Right in our path.

"Don't think we'll make it," Frank said.

I felt faintly surprised and automatically unhooked the life jackets. Each time she lifted we listened — waiting.

Ahead or reverse it made no difference. *Reliance*, fast in the grip of wind and tide, passed under the end of the Bill, missing the rocks by a matter of inches. The swift immutable current swept round the point and up the eastern side of the Bill. *Reliance* went with it, stern first round the point, then broadside, bow on to the cliffs, closing nearer and nearer in every long-drawn minute.

We dropped the mizzen, and Frank went to try and clear the atomizer on number one.

"Bring her round," he said, "if you can."

With unusual docility she turned, was coming round, was nearly round — then a sharp bark and the engine stopped. She swung back to face the cliffs. And plunged towards them, inexorably.

As Frank bounded up through the hatch, cursing, I switched on the deck lights and together we ran up the deck. The anchor was already shackled to wire and chain, but as we tore at the lashings, he looked

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up at the towering cliffs above us and straightened. "No use. No time," he said. "We'll have to look to ourselves."

Quickly he got the paraffin, and as I handed him a bundle of garments for a flare he hesitated — "Won't you want these again?" — and laughed shortly and soaked them in paraffin.

The flare cast an orange glow over the deck and by its weird light we unlashed the float and moved it over to the lee side, ready for launching.

We were putting on life jackets, Frank grumbling he couldn't work in one, when she struck. Lightly at first, then harder and harder. We were in front of the wheelhouse. He shouted, "Hold tight!" and we grabbed the mainsheets. Jolting and bumping on the bottom, louder and louder she crashed. Each crash the knell for our hopes and beliefs. Sounding the end of all for which we had labored and endured.

I heard Frank saying, "What a shame, what a shame," as the ship rent beneath our feet.

Then the tall cliff face was upon us with a tremendous splintering crash. The bowsprit snapped like kindling.

The flare was out. The night was dark. We clung to the mainsheets in a pool of light thrown by the lamps in front of the wheelhouse. She began to roll. From side to side, rails under, with incredible speed, as if she world roll right over. A colossal jolt; the shock traveling from stem to stern. The mainmast sagged, came over, seemed to hang suspended. The boom dropped and we leaped from under. Before our horrified eyes the bows of the vessel buried into the very face of the cliff.

Frank yelled, "Float!" and we heaved it over the side. "Jacket okay?" he shouted. "Over you go!"

I swung over the side, facing it, and, as the ship rolled, felt out with my feet for the float, missed it, and was left hanging by my arms. He leaned over and gripped my wrists. But the ship, rolling prodigiously, flung me off. I shouted, "Let go!" and dropped into the sea.

Frank shouted, "Right?" Without waiting for a reply, he jumped clear, swam to the float, clambered aboard, and handed me a paddle. I sculled away to the end of the line out of reach of the boom. Frank said, "Got your knife?" and cut the painter.

13

As far as we could judge — it was too dark to see more than the faint outline of the clifftops and the white smudge of waves dashing against the face — *Reliance* was aground at the foot of a bluff round which the coast fell back a bit. There was no landing for us there; the cliffs were sheer, and the high-flung spray of the bellowing breakers warned us to keep off. We struck out along the coast in the direction of Weymouth, taking care to keep away from the boiling turmoil at the foot of the cliffs.

Our queer little craft was a lozenge-shaped ring of cork or some other unsubmergible substance, canvas-bound and with an intricate system of life-lines, and in the center of the ring, suspended by a rope network, was a wooden box. The box was double-sided, with two compartments either side with sliding lids, for the containing of provisions (a point we had not taken advantage of, unfortunately). It was immaterial which way up it floated, for both sides were the right side.

We sat on the ring and paddled, with our feet on the box and water up to our knees. Sometimes the water swept across our laps. The float swooped gamely to the top of a wave and dived down into the trough.

We were very cold. We were both wearing woolen sweaters and jackets but our clothes were soaked through, of course. Frank had cast off his shoes, and his feet gleamed white in the black water. I was still wearing the light rubber-soled sneakers that had hardly left my feet since we sailed from Fleetwood.

As we paddled along the coast, careening up and over and down the swift waves, we saw terrific activity burst out on the clifftops. A rocket shot up with a bang, leaving a white trail against the night sky. Torch, bicycle, and car lights ran about in a purposeful manner. An organization was going into operation. We visualized telephonings, shouts, orders; a lifeboat launched, coast guards in action because of a ship in distress. *Our* ship, we realized, unable to rid ourselves of astonishment and incredulity. Simultaneously we looked back.

"What a shame," burst out Frank, thinking of his beloved ship. "What an utter, bloody shame."

Right back to the beginning again . . . with four pounds and a pocketknife. . . . No *Reliance*, no future, no hope. I made some boy-scout remark about everything going to be all right. But I was beyond feeling anything but a thankfulness that Frank and I were together, and a yearning to lie down and sleep for about a week.

A steamer making for Weymouth passed on our starboard hand, not too far away. We shouted, competing ineffectively with the roaring sea, and shone the torch, but the battery was almost spent and it gave only a feeble glow. At the same time we spotted the lights of a lifeboat coming round the point we were trying to make for.

By now we realized that the fierce current that had wrecked *Reliance* was turning and carrying us out to sea. Inexorably, we were going back, some distance out, and parallel to the way we had come. But the ship's lights were consoling and the knowledge there was a lifeboat looking for us comforting. We had complete faith in being picked up.

We could see the masthead light of the lifeboat rising and falling. From the tops of waves we could see the navigation lights. Then it moved close inshore and passed us.

We yelled at the top of our voices and waved the

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torch. The torch went out irrevocably, and our shouts were drowned in the tumult of wind and water.

Our puny efforts with the paddles were no match for the sea. Drawn relentlessly away, we watched the lifeboat work up the coast to *Reliance*, then down and back again, shining a searchlight on the cliffs.

When daylight came they did not see us. Nor by then could we see them. Only from wave crests could we see land at all.

The current took us into the very center of Portland Race. Towering pinnacles of water rushed hither and yon, dashing into one another to burst with a shrapnel of foam — or to merge and grow enormous.

Seated on the bottomless coracle, filled with wonder and awe, we worked away with the paddles to meet the seas. Bravely the little craft tugged up the precipitous slopes and plunged into the depths. I was thinking I would rather be in her than in a dinghy, when suddenly I was in the sea, underneath the float, looking up through the center where the water was bright green.

There was time to wonder — is this drowning? — and — how green the water is from this side — then I surfaced, found I was gripping a lifeline.

The float was swinging uneasily at the bottom of a trough. There was no sign of Frank. Terror-stricken, I shrieked for him at the very top of my voice.

He came up about ten yards away. Swam strongly to the float, still holding his paddle; whereon I realized I had lost mine.

We heaved aboard and lay athwart the ring, gasping, clinging to the lifelines. "What did that?" I panted.

"Don't know."

Then we saw my paddle, swung upright, and we set off in pursuit, chasing it up hill and down stormy dale, but it remained forever out of reach.

Suddenly we were in the water again. Under the float. Green water above.

This time we were slower getting aboard. Took longer to recover. We looked at each other in great fear.

"What do we *do*? How do we fight this?"

The upset was so sudden, happened so quickly, we had no notion as to the cause of it. And that was the frightening part.

Dizzily the float tore up and down, swinging and swaying. Tensely we watched the advance of each white-headed mountain. Frank had lost his paddle in the last upset and we could not even make a pretense of fighting.

Then we were flung into the sea again. And this time saw how it happened. Saw with slow-motion clarity how the float was sucked up under a great overhanging crest and thrown over backwards in the boiling tumult as the wave broke.

This time it was very hard to get back onto the float. Frank threw an arm about my shoulders: "All right?"

"Yes."

We got right inside the float, crouching on the wooden box with water up to our armpits.

There must be some way of stopping it from turning over, I thought.

He shouted, "LOOK OUT!"

Instinctively I leaned forward, head down on the ring to meet what was coming. And we did not turn over. But took the full force of the wave as it exploded upon us.

I found myself shouting, "That's it. That's it. Lean forward. Head down. That foxes 'em."

The weight of water and shock of cold were stunning. Each time a wave broke over us it was with the effect of an icy plunge, although we were actually crouching in water all the time.

Hours dragged out in immeasurable misery as the sea struck with a sledge hammer to kill a pair of gnats. No longer buoyed by the slightest hope of rescue, we sank into an apathy of endurance, huddled together, heads on the ring, hands grasping lifelines with the prehensile, immovable grip of the dying. Passively fighting for the lives which were a little less living after every blow.

In a comparative lull, from a wavetop, I glimpsed land, Portland Bill, thin and attenuated in the distance. Pointed to it. Frank slowly stood up and called in a whisper for help.

It was such a pitiful travesty of his usual stentorian bellow I was inexpressibly shocked, and with a surge of protective energy reached up to pull him down.

He did not speak. He put out a hand, pressed mine reassuringly. Smiled at me. And gradually, the smile fixed and meaningless and terrible, faded into unconsciousness, into a slow delirium in which, blank-eyed, he tried to climb out of the float. I held on to him and feebly tried to rub his hands, my own unfeeling.

A monster wave rose above the rest. Fury piled on fury. Curling, foaming crest. Sweeping down on us. Inescapable. I threw an arm round Frank, leaned forward.

The little float drove into the wall of water and was lost within it.

When it broke free, Frank was dead.

I stared at the edge of the ring. At the ropes intertwined about it. At the froth and bubbles on the water.

Nothing mattered now. No point in trying any more. The fight was over. I laid my head on my arms and closed my eyes, engulfed in a blessed darkness.

(*The End*)

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Books and Men

As editor of the Washington Post *since 1940,* HERBERT ELLISTON *has earned the confidence and respect of official Washington. He made his early reputation in the Far East, where he served as foreign correspondent for the* Manchester Guardian *and as foreign correspondent and editorial writer for the New York* Herald. *Then he returned to America to be the assistant director of research for the Council on Foreign Relations. He subsequently joined the staff of the* Christian Science Monitor *and for two years served as its financial editor and columnist.*

THE INTEGRITY OF JUSTICE HUGHES

by HERBERT ELLISTON

1

IN REVIEWS of Merlo J. Pusey's *Charles Evans Hughes* (Macmillan, 2 vols., $15.00) the question has arisen whether the Hughes appeal to reason would have been as effective in the present age of technics as in his less developed times. I have too much faith in the American people to doubt it. I have faith, in other words, in the final reassertion of Philip sober over Philip drunk when a natural leader like Mr. Hughes is available. And Mr. Hughes was a natural leader in a democratic society. He believed in the people. He believed it was their due, either face to face or through the press, to know the facts. He knew what he was doing and could expound what he was doing. No other governor or Secretary of State has ever taken so much time out to tell and explain the news to the newspapermen. In those days there were two press conferences a day at the State Department, with Mr. Hughes conducting one. "Public business," he said, "should be done in public."

When the radio began to revolutionize the business of public persuasion, he was Secretary of State and getting along in years. But he took to the radio like a duck to water, changing his entire method of public speaking, which theretofore had been extemporaneous and in the platform manner. From then on he dictated his speeches, trimmed them for timing, and spoke them into the microphone with the deliberateness required for living-room audition. The general testimony is that he did not lose an iota of his effectiveness. He retained his old sparkle; and his rich, deep voice and excellent diction, as he gave out — oddly enough! — his own words, conveyed the same authority to the unseen audience, even without the massive presence which was part of his spell on the hustings. Certainly he would have been a "natural" on television. The fact is that he was on top of everything he undertook — both in the execution of his stewardship and in his accounting of it.

Of Mr. Hughes's generation nobody is more missed, I dare to say, than Mr. Hughes. At any rate, if you think of it, nobody is more frequently invoked as necessary on the contemporary scene. Oh, if there were a Hughes around! You hear that said in relation to most of the posts he held in his long and crowded lifetime — as leader of our aristocratic profession, the Bar, as an investigator of public wrongdoing, as state governor, as Secretary of State, as Chief Justice of the world's foremost tribunal, the Supreme Court.

Mr. Pusey says, "In the field of civil liberties his record is more consistent than that of Holmes." Hughes, indeed, was the paladin of our civil liberties of modern times. No nobler words, more nobly pronounced, than his have been uttered in our times in defense of the letter and the spirit of the Bill of Rights. After the First World War, when a wave of intolerance similar to the present swept the country, the Assembly of the State of New York ousted five Socialists, members of a legally recognized party. Mr. Hughes took up their cause as an affront to the representative system. There was a Whitmanesque quality in his protests. "The most vicious wrong in a democracy," he declared, "is the abuse of power — the betrayal of the people by their own agents."

There can be no doubt that Mr. Hughes would have been in the forefront in fighting the revival of bigotry and witch-hunting after the Second World War. The sad fact is that there was none to take his place. The American Bar has played little or no part in the struggle against the degradation of the investigative process — a degradation that has made it almost the equivalent of the *lettre de cachet* in pre-Revolutionary France. At a recent convention of the American Bar Association there were over seventy panels and none of them dealt with the vital issue of constitutional liberty — as much an indictment of self-complacency as of the

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curse of professional specialization. Mr. Hughes believed that, *noblesse oblige*, the lawyer should be first and foremost a guardian of our common citizenship. He was eternally jealous for due process.

Equally one could look to Mr. Hughes for guidance in the brilliant execution of the investigative function of government. In 1905 Mr. Hughes rocked the country as counsel for the Armstrong Committee set up by New York State to investigate the insurance business. One big reputation after another toppled in the dust as the result of a classic probe which was based upon an encyclopedic knowledge of the subject and an inquisitorial skill. Yet he remained the soul of urbanity and rectitude throughout. He was his own code of fair practice. He never stooped either to intimidation of witnesses or to blackguardism of prominent persons. Indeed, he was an exemplar all his life, in the courts as in the investigation room, of politeness and dignity. Nor was there any politicking in his conduct of the Armstrong inquiry. A loyal Republican, Mr. Hughes did not turn back when research showed a tie between the Republican party chest and the treasuries of big insurance companies. Hughes brought out the connection without the slightest compunction. The chips fell where they might, even if some fell on the porch of the White House itself.

It follows that Hughes did not use his nation-wide triumph, secure in his early forties, as the steppingstone to political advancement. He turned down an offer of the mayoralty of New York and returned to private practice. The insurance inquiry accomplished its purpose. Transformed from a public swindle to a public trust, the business started to grow into the vast system it is today, and Mr. Hughes earned the gratitude of (not least) the insurance companies themselves. Some even call this first success his greatest achievement.

2

But office continued to seek the man and, the call becoming irresistible, Hughes ran for and won the governorship of the State of New York. His opponent was William Randolph Hearst, a rabble-rouser par excellence who had his own press. When, after a spectacular campaign, Hearst went down to defeat, many observers saw the first waning of that extraordinary star. And the fact is that Hearst gradually sank into eclipse. At the time, state governments, by and large, were inefficient and backward, and many were corrupt, tools for the moguls of big business. Bryce referred to state executives as minor offices on the political landscape of America. But Hughes elevated state government. He inspired other governors seeking improvement, as one of them has told me. Lord Bryce, after seeing Hughes in operation, declared that in the light of the fighting governor's performance, he would have to alter the chapter on state governments in future editions of *The American Commonwealth*.

Mr. Hughes had nine careers rolled into one. Each of them he adorned, on each he left an indelible mark. Most interest will attach to his work on the Supreme Court. He was Associate Justice from 1910 to 1916 and Chief Justice from 1930 to 1941. Mr. Pusey is in his element in his masterly summing up of Mr. Hughes's contribution to the law. He had the advantage of Mr. Hughes's notes and several years of regular talks with both Mr. Hughes and his colleagues. Court opinions are analyzed and made plain in the context of the changing American scene. Hughes vitalized both the commerce clause and the First Amendment.

In expounding the commerce clause Mr. Hughes was perhaps more profound than in his assertion of the people's liberties against administrative caprice. If Chief Justice Marshall gave the commerce clause its initial standing as the great instrument of national power, Chief Justice Hughes adapted it to the necessities of our modern industrial economy. To Mr. Hughes the Constitution was not petrified in the horse and buggy age. He believed, with Burke and Whitehead, that change is the truest form of conservation. It is in these chapters of Mr. Pusey's book that the reader gets the full impact of Hughes's towering intellect and prodigious industry.

Lawyers don't stop at the opinions in assaying the Hughes record. They say his work in enhancing efficiency within the courts and his mastery of the act of presiding over the Supreme Court and the brethren on the Bench established his pre-eminence in Supreme Court history. The shadow of Mr. Hughes is never absent from the present-day Court, but that, alas, does not make up for his executive personality.

Between Mr. Hughes's two spells on the Court there was the period when he was Secretary of State. In my opinion this is the most interesting chapter of all. Some students think of his authorship of the Washington treaties of disarmament of 1921 as a mistake. I cannot share this belief. Mr. Hughes did not, as we are currently doing, put the cart before the horse in seeking a negotiated disarmament. He settled political problems first — as Castlereagh did after the Napoleonic wars. The chief problem, as after all wars, is to get political agreements among the victors. The main one after the First World War was to get Japan out of the Chinese province of Shantung and out of Siberia. Hughes succeeded — and succeeded so well that he established relations with Japan on a firm foundation of understanding and friendship. Then the disarmament treaty was achieved.

If only the Hughes policy in the Pacific had been pursued after he quit office! But American diplomacy slept. On the fortification of the Pacific islands, "the rights that Hughes had so carefully

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safeguarded were . . . surrendered by subsequent regimes without raising a finger," comments Mr. Pusey. Later he says, "Secretary Kellogg let the United States drift into outright championship of China against Japan, even when China reneged on her treaty obligations." No responsible student of modern Far Eastern history will disagree. The Nine-Power Treaty and the Four-Power Treaty were allowed to become "scraps of paper," largely because the European powers, prey to the age-old Chinese policy of playing off one power against the other, let themselves be cozened into *Schadenfreude*.

3

THE author in the course of 810 pages of this tightly packed biography corrects a number of misconceptions which down the years have clung to Mr. Hughes. He brings the "human icicle" to life. It is almost incredible to read that inside this highly disciplined man there was fret and ferment. He guarded himself against breakdowns and renewed his soul and strength by communion with the mountain heights in Europe.

He had the inestimable advantage of a perfect helpmeet. For fifty-seven years his married life was an idyl, and what he got he had given, for his letters till the last were the letters of a lover rather than those of a husband. Here was a warm, even ardent, personality, and the description of his domestic relations in the closing passages of the book, illustrated with the intimacies of pictures and letters, has a tenderness which is intensified by the respect and restraint of Mr. Pusey's writing. Perhaps the beard had something to do with the public impression of a forbidding Hughes. Being twenty years behind the times, it was, indeed, something of an anachronism; yet the appendage was not (as John Singer Sargent confessed his was) a bulwark of self-defense, and certainly not an affectation. Mr. Hughes simply had never learned to shave, and got tired of the morning walk to the Astor House!

Mr. Pusey lauds his subject, but his praise is strictly at the service of his analysis, which is outlined with objective attention to facts and authorities. He finds flaws in some of Mr. Hughes's actions and court opinions, and where he knocks down some of the legends attached to the Hughes career — such as his supposed discourtesy toward the League of Nations and the notion that he made his 1916 election appeal to the hyphenates — he is convincing.

Not so plausible is the author's effort to remove the strongest single charge against Mr. Hughes's conduct — his decision to step down from the Supreme Court to run as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The thrilling campaign, which came within an ace of victory, is thrillingly retold, with the advantage of additional material. The reader will be persuaded, I think, that Hughes did not make the slightest move to get the nomination. He bowed to the terrific pressure, indeed, with a very heavy heart. One is left in no doubt that the decision sprang from the same sense of duty which caused him, after the campaign, to undertake the drudgery of draft board work when war came.

Yet he established a precedent, and the precedent still lives to plague our politics. It has indeed become a burning question. Since this book was published, it has been recalled that in 1875 Chief Justice Waite thought there ought to be a constitutional amendment prohibiting a Chief Justice from running for the Presidency. Some publicists think that the danger to our institutions is great enough to extend the ban to all members of the high court.

No doubt the contention over the Hughes candidature will live a long time. But it does not mar the essential fineness and integrity of the Hughes character — or the immense public service of the man. His career wound up in the grand manner — in the titanic conflict with F.D.R. over the New Deal and the President's culminating effort to pack the Court. Under the Hughes administration the Supreme Court had thrown out one New Deal law after another. By so doing Hughes had, *inter alia*, returned America to the system of the separation of powers which F.D.R., with the slavish consent of Congress, would have destroyed. Brandeis said that May 27, 1935, when the Court negatived the NRA, the Frazier-Lemke Act for relief of farm debtors, and the President's removal of a member of a regulatory commission, was "the most important day in the history of the Court and the most beneficent." Roosevelt was circumvented in his attempt to pocket the legislature. He then tried to pocket the judiciary. He was always impatient of judicial procedure; now he was infuriated over judicial restraint. It was the tactics of Mr. Hughes, pursued with that devotion to "meekness with power" which was his credo, that killed the Court-packing bill.

Lord Balfour, no mean judge of statesmen, said toward the end of his life, "Charles Evans Hughes is the most dominating figure I have ever met in public life." Before he went on the Supreme Court for the second time he had enough fire in his belly to land him among the elect. Then he became the judicial temperament personified, the Third Branch incarnate. He was the kind of man that the American people require once every generation if they are to avoid the fate that Ben Franklin feared — sinking into a despotism from an excess of democracy. This splendid American has found a masterly biographer.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

AGNES NEWTON KEITH and her husband, having taken their last farewell of Sandakan, North Borneo, flew home by way of Siam, London, and Boston. For a week they discussed books, Asia, and the rising temper of America with their publishers, and then in a more leisurely fashion they proceeded across country by train. "We are seeing the U.S.A. again," Agnes wrote; "not just towns and hot bodies, but *land*. I haven't seen my own country for years, what with wars and planes, and now I am looking at it with fresh wonder and surprise. We pass over miles and miles and miles of white lands under white skies, with plains and prairies all following the horizon, and nothing to break the horizontal flow but fence posts, telegraph posts, and occasional black cattle. This great unoccupied space gives me confidence in the future of our country, as its great crowded cities do not."

Her words reminded me of my first impressions of our vast, unpeopled, rangy country as I too saw it from the Pullman window; it was February and the snow in its driving diagonal had isolated the occasional ranch building and corral, and the cattle as they lumped together for protection seemed wet and defenseless. Back in 1922 I had helped to shepherd a shipload of cattle across the Atlantic from Montreal to Glasgow; now I was seeing them in the open range and there were questions I wanted to ask.

Trail Driving Days (Scribner's, $7.50) with its text by **Dee Brown** and its 229 pictures and sketches edited by **Martin F. Schmitt** tells the factual and graphic story of the Longhorns and the cowboys; of the thousand miles of trail from the grass country of the Southwest to the cow towns of Abilene, Dodge City, and Ogallala where the cattle were shipped; of the fortunes and the blood feuds; and of the dolorous songs which the cowboys improvised to quiet the herds by night, when there was always the danger that a noise from the chuck wagon or a clap of thunder would start a stampede.

The cattle, so Mr. Brown explains, came over with the Spaniards, six heifers and a young Andalusian bull being landed at Vera Cruz in 1521. By the time Texas had won its independence, there was a ratio of six cattle for every Texan, and wild herds were roaming over the Southwest. But no market existed for this beef: the steers were valued only for their hides, tallow, hoofs, and horns until 1849, when Captain Jack Cureton of the Texas Rangers drove 1100 Longhorns to California, "dodging Apaches all the way," and at the end of his two-year journey sold his steers to the meat-hungry miners for a $20,000 profit. That showed what could be done.

In 1852 Tom Ponting and Washington Malone of Christian County, Illinois, set out for Texas, wearing buckskin belts filled with gold to buy steers. When they had gathered about 700 head, they started on their long trek East. It was a rainy spring and near Fort Gibson they had to hire Cherokees to help swim the cattle across the Arkansas River. "I sat on my horse every night while we were crossing through the Indian country," said Ponting. "I was so afraid, I could not sleep in the tent; but we had no stampede." At St. Louis, they crossed the Mississippi by ferry, and they arrived back in Illinois in time to give their herd a winter's rest. Then in the early spring of '54 Ponting and Malone picked out the prime 150 survivors and headed for New York City. On July 3, they ferried their much-traveled Longhorns across the Hudson and led them into the center of the city to the Hundred Street Market, completing a two-year journey of 1500 miles on foot and 600 miles by rail. The *Tribune* reported: "The top of the drove are good quality beef, and all are fair. A lot of twenty-one, short eight cwt., sold to Weeks at $80. These cattle are rather long-legged, with long taper horns, and something of a wild look." As the Longhorns passed up Broadway the cultivated carriage horses took to the curb. Those two trips, the one West, the other East, were the Lewis and Clark expeditions of the cattle trade.

The opening of the Chisholm Trail prompted Joseph McCoy to look for a town with a railroad, a river, and a sea of grass. This he found at Abilene, where he built a shipping yard and a hotel, and where in turn he compelled the Kansas Pacific to build a switch line for 100 cars. The trains fed into Chicago and into the new packing houses of Philip

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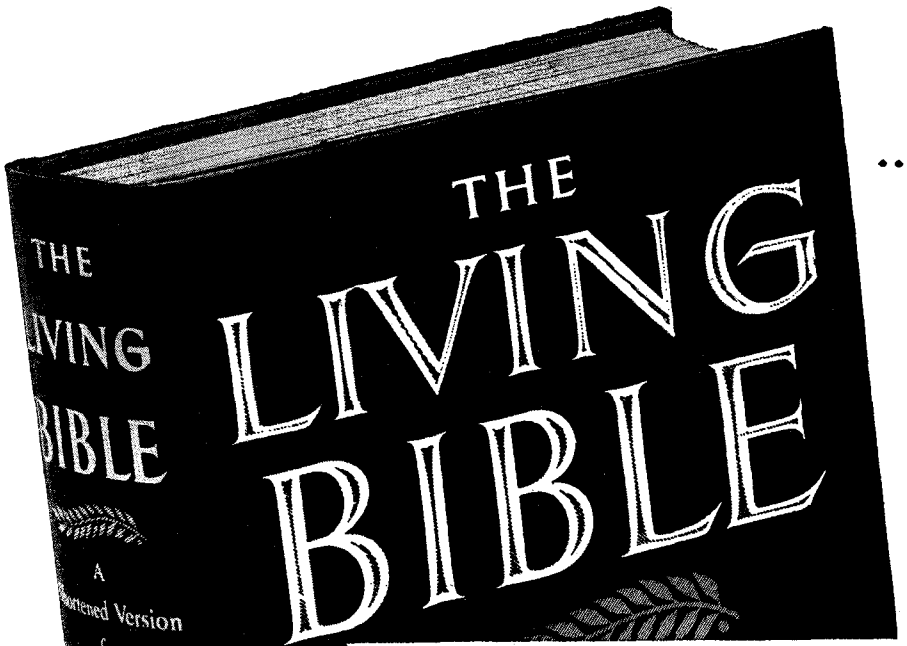

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Armour and Louis Swift. By 1870 the Chisholm Trail was worn deep like a river bed, and 300,000 cattle a year were passing through to Abilene's shipping pens. These were in the days of the limitless ranches (the best novel about them is Conrad Richter's *Sea of Grass*) with their memorable brands — the Hash Knife, the Stirrup, the Frying Pan, the Four Sixes — and their hot-blooded feuds.

Mr. Brown describes the roundup, the roping, the branding, and the tense, anxious days on the trail; he tells us of the cowboy's singing, his gambling, and his clothes; of how he never wore a coat because it retarded his freedom of movement, and rarely buttoned his vest because he believed it would make him take cold; he needed a good-sized hat because it was his roof against the elements. As for the bandana, Mr. Brown quotes Frank Dobie on its uses: "To protect the back of the neck from the sun; for a dust mask; an ear cover in cold weather; a towel; a blindfold for skittery horses; for tying a calf's legs together while branding it; as a strainer when drinking muddy water; a dish dryer; a hat tie in windy weather; a sling for broken arms; a bandage; as an aid in hand signaling; a face covering for dead cowboys; for hanging horse thieves." Mr. Brown writes of the spectacular marshals like Wild Bill Hickok and of their antagonists like Billy the Kid, who stood 5 feet, 3 inches, weighed 125 pounds, and was a cherubic twelve when he killed his first man. His account of the Murphy-McSween War is one of the high points of the book.

The photographs of the plains by Alexander Gardner, William H. Jackson, L. A. Huffman, Erwin E. Smith, which illustrate this chronicle, are of the period, some of them posed, some of them dramatic, all of them telltale and of recurring interest to an Eastern tenderfoot.

Who shoved the captain?

In Captain Horatio Hornblower, **C. S. Forester** has created a naval hero second only to Nelson in popularity. In novels and short stories we have followed Hornblower's rise from a lanky midshipman, who was seasick when the *Justinian* was riding at anchor, to the highest honors the Admiralty could bestow. Now, in ***Lieutenant Hornblower*** (Little, Brown, $3.50), the author has filled in an early period in 1802, when as a rawboned junior officer our hero cruised to the West Indies under the half-mad Captain Sawyer, of H.M.S. *Renown*.

The captain, a paranoiac who should never have been entrusted with command, accuses his officers of conspiracy, has Midshipman Wellard flogged at the mast, and has reduced the ship's company to such a state of nerves that one suspects it is more than an accident when on a rough night the skipper misses his footing and is flung violently down a hatchway. Concussion and fractures make him unfit for duty and so begins the chain of events which through the long cruise, the assault on the Fort at Samaná, and the desperate hours when the Spanish prisoners take the *Renown* into their own hands, advances Hornblower as the most resourceful officer aboard. It is a long process of trial in which the young Lieutenant, now outspoken, now reserved, wins the cheerful, undeviating loyalty of the wardroom and the crew. Hornblower stands up magnificently under the brassy heat of the Indies; he translates Spanish better than anyone else aboard; his plans for storming the Fort and for recapturing the *Renown* are ingenious and successful; and all through this period of growing authority he never discloses whether Captain Sawyer fell or was pushed, although very surely he knows. What I miss in the story are those self-doubts and uncertainties which have made him so human.

Lieutenant Hornblower has the swift action and the colorful authenticity of the best of the Forester novels. The point of the story is that Horatio, who makes a few mistakes while at sea, is most vulnerable when he comes ashore. The softhearted error which he then commits, you must read to discover.

Southern talent

There is a fresh challenge in the work of a new novelist which I wish more American readers would enjoy. To an editor there is satisfaction in tasting the native idiom, in watching the characters emerge, in relishing the environment in which the author and the story have had their origin. **Elizabeth Spencer,** the author of ***This Crooked Way*** (Dodd, Mead, $3.00), writes of the Delta country in Mississippi with a skill which has drawn the high praise of Eudora Welty, who ought to know. In *This Crooked Way* she is telling of the rise of Amos Dudley, a farm boy who felt the finger of God touch him at a revival meeting early in the century, and straightway went forth to win the acres, a well-born girl, and the gold he craved.

Miss Spencer is not yet very sure or skillful in setting her scenes, and the reader must pass through implausible or hazy patches before he gets to the clearing of an episode. But once in the clear the dialogue is swift and revelatory, the characterization vigorous and emotionally charged, the environment enveloping and mysterious. Amos's brother Ned, seen but briefly, is a black sheep sure to make trouble. When Amos picks cotton for Mays Johnson, the planter, he feels all the venom of rough usage; when he cuts and clears his own land with his gang of Negroes, it becomes a feat of exhausting teamwork. And always the Delta is beautifully depicted . . . "the land was black and tough. There were fields and swampy woods and nothing else. The fields, toothed with smoking stumps in the middle of the cotton rows and continually threatened with wire-hard vine, had the tattered look of having been rent from the woods."

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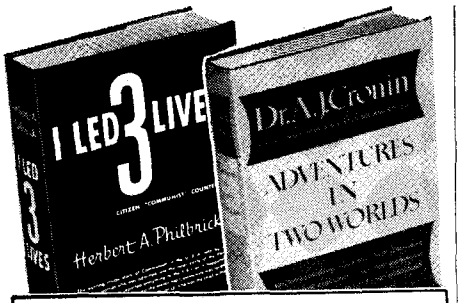

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

FOR the first time in history, a President of the United States, while still in office, has allowed his private papers to be published. Mr. Truman's decision grew out of a series of interviews with **William Hillman,** a Washington radio correspondent; and he has let Hillman exercise his own discretion as to what should be omitted for reasons of "the nation's security, public interest, and good taste." The resulting volume, ***Mr. President*** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $5.00), contains extracts from Truman's diaries, memoranda, and personal correspondence; answers to questions asked by Hillman; and an outspoken autobiography dashed off especially for this book — in all, 65,000 words of presidential copy, much of it not intended for publication and printed without being "polished up." Mr. Hillman has cemented these materials with a commentary, and Alfred Wagg has contributed a portfolio of exclusive photographs — 62 in color and more than a hundred others. It is an extraordinary publishing coup, and I should perhaps mention in passing that the President will not receive any royalties.

It is difficult, I think, to resist the evidence in these private papers that Truman — whatever his failings — is a man of great sincerity and remarkable candor and courage; a man, too, with an ingrained belief in the precepts of Christianity and a high sense of duty. His failure to deal vigorously with the problem of corruption in government agencies would seem to be due, as has been suggested, not to cynicism but to misplaced softheartedness and loyalty — this self-portrait shows in countless ways that loyalty is the dominant trait in Truman's make-up.

Truman appears to have been a good deal tougher, from the start, in his ideas about policy vis-à-vis Russia than is generally realized. In a stinging memo of January 5, 1946, to his then Secretary of State, James Byrnes, he complains that Byrnes has kept him "in the dark" and that he is "tired of babying the Russians"; he declares that he will not recognize

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Rumania and Bulgaria. He reveals, too, that he flatly refused to consider withdrawal from Berlin at the time of the blockade.

In the space available here, I can't do more than itemize some of the intriguing points in the Truman papers — his surprisingly wide knowledge of history; his remarks about preparing speeches (he makes seven or eight drafts); his comments on the way nearly every American President has suffered at the hands of the press; revelations of his intense sentimentality (he cries at the movies) and of his "lonesomeness" when his wife and daughter are away from the White House — "I cannot help wanting to talk to my sweetheart and my baby every day"; a cutting little note to Baruch and a tough memorandum on John L. Lewis; a statement "concerning my relation with the Pendergast organization." I was left with the impression that as a man Truman is even more homespun than I had thought; and that as a President he has rather more vision and stature than he has been credited with.

Mr. Truman frequently expresses himself with a good deal of humor or pithiness. Here are some of his dicta. On public opinion polls — "I wonder how far Moses would have gone if he had taken a poll in Egypt." On his Health Program — "I am trying to fix it so that people in the middle income bracket can live as long as the very rich and very poor." On a certain public figure — "This man not only wants to run the country but the universe and the entire milky way."

Washington Money-Go-Round

How to Get Rich in Washington (Norton, $3.75) by **Blair Bolles** is a pretty extensive dossier of the scandalous transactions brought off since the war with the aid of irresponsible or corrupt government officials and certain members of the military establishment. A good deal of the material has appeared, piecemeal, in the newspapers, but drawn together between the covers of a book, it makes grimly arresting reading. And a sizable part of Bolles's exposé deals with an issue which the press has kept quiet about: the extent to which private interests have captured the "regulatory" agencies — the Maritime Commission, the FCC, and so on. The author's meticulous documentation is going to make a good many people squirm: he names names

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by the score, cites dates, specifies the sums involved in wasteful or nefarious deals.

Bolles shows that the scandals which have hit the front pages, and other depredations which haven't been publicized, raise issues much more far-reaching than corruption within the Truman Administration. While he draws up a serious indictment of the Administration, he also stresses that private business, big and small, has rapaciously engineered the misuse of government funds to its advantage. And he points out that Congress has enacted laws which have removed existing safeguards against waste and dishonesty in the disposal of Federal funds.

"Washington festers from a political rather than a moral problem," writes Bolles, "[from the] corruption of a political idea." His argument runs as follows: The Federal government has retained the tremendous powers it acquired in the New Deal era, but the New Deal philosophy of protecting the weak has lost its vigor in a period of prosperity; and the Truman era has witnessed "the elevation of friendship into a principle of government." Two further developments have made the opportunities for favoritism and corruption greater than ever before. With the revenue law of 1943, the taxes collected by the government soared to unprecedented heights; and the onetime J. P. Morgan role of providing capital for private investment has devolved, increasingly, on Washington. Then too, "military socialism" — the maintenance or expansion of enterprises which are uneconomic but necessary to national defense — has opened up a wide area in which the government dispenses cash or tax concessions to private companies. The result of this over-all situation and of the abuses stemming from it is that "the welfare state has been undergoing a subtle change into the rich man's welfare state. The agencies created to end privilege have become the bulwarks of privilege."

Bolles illustrates the latter point with data about the FCC and the gambling syndicates; the CAB and some of the leading airlines; the Maritime Commission and the shipbuilders. He marshals a formidable array of shocking facts about the RFC; the Bureau of Internal Revenue; the unbelievable largesse in the settlement of war contracts; the "disgusting corruption, malfeasance and waste" in

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 1, 1951

Dear Bill:

I have thought long and hard about making available to you my private notes and papers for publication. As you will judge from reading them, nearly all were intended to remain in my personal files. But I have concluded that for the historical record and a broader comprehension by the public of their Thirty-second President and the Presidency I should release some of them to you for publication now.

I expect there will be those who will construe this as a political act. You and I know better.

Bill, I have known you throughout my seven years as President, and during that time I have always found in you the objective reporter and penetrating interviewer.

Within the bounds of the Nation's security, public interest, and good taste as the only restrictions I would impose, I hand you these private papers with every confidence. With this letter I also give you full authority to publish this material in any manner you deem suitable and useful.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

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the management of the surplus property program.

The present opportunities for sharp operators to get rich in Washington can only be removed, Bolles believes, by some drastic changes in government procedure. He suggests six measures, one of which is to find new means for financing political parties, since campaign contributions have been a major cause of favoritism.

Millions and masterpieces

The fact that Americans, nowadays, can see a sizable amount of the world's greatest art without having to go abroad is due in no small measure to the late Joseph Duveen, who is plausibly described by his biographer, **S. N. Behrman,** as "the most spectacular art dealer of all time." Mr. Behrman's ***Duveen*** (Random House, $3.50), which first appeared in the *New Yorker* and has now been tapped by the Book-of-the-Month Club, is a stylishly composed and vastly entertaining book — a family saga which reaches back to grandfather Duveen's village smithy in Holland, progresses to father's delft-and-furniture business in London, then soars into the stratosphere of art and carries Joseph to the peerage; a group picture of the last tycoons with millions to spend on masterpieces — morose, aging men wistfully seeking immortality by association; a portrait of a truly fabulous personality — a virtuoso of salesmanship who lived with the opulence of a Renaissance grandee, and who treated the giants of finance capitalism with something akin to the benevolent condescension of an emperor.

The engaging paradox about Lord Duveen of Millbank is that, while he was interested in "practically nothing except his business" — the sale of great art for big money — he was apparently not much interested in money and he was clearly only interested in art that might become Duveen art. As Behrman presents him, Duveen was dominated by "the monopolistic drive." He considered himself the Pontifex Maximus of the art world; and he wished it recognized that the greatest art could be had only from Duveen's. His basic strategy for acquiring it was simple — he paid the highest prices.

On one occasion, Duveen actually bargained in reverse with a seller and pushed up to twenty-five thousand pounds the price of a painting she had offered him for eighteen — eighteen

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thousand just was not a figure that Duveen cared to be associated with. When there was competition with other dealers for a very great painting, Duveen outbid them however staggering the cost. He knew that one of his well-schooled clients would eventually capitulate to the Duveen dictum: "When you pay high for the priceless, you are getting it cheap."

Duveen's monopolistic fervor sometimes led him to make libelous remarks about other people's pictures, and he was thereby involved in long and costly litigation. But the desired effect was achieved — doubts were raised about a picture which had the presumption to be a supposed masterpiece without being a Duveen. A High Church Duke once solicited Duveen's opinion about a religious painting which the Duke wished to buy from another dealer. "Very nice," said Duveen, "but I suppose you are aware those cherubs are homosexual." The picture went back to the dealer and presently it became a Duveen; whereupon the cherubs dutifully returned to sexual normality.

A prospective client had to prove himself worthy of the privilege of buying Duveens. "He's not ready for me yet," said Duveen, when he was told that Edsel Ford had started collecting pictures. His clientele formed a well-defined hierarchy in which William Randolph Hearst, who spent about five million dollars at Duveen's, belonged among the small fry. Leading clients such as Mellon, Frick, and Kress each made purchases totaling more than twenty million dollars.

Roman fever

Paul Hyde Bonner has resided for several years in Rome and was Special Advisor to the U.S. Ambassador on the Italian Peace Treaty. His novel ***S.P.Q.R.*** (Scribner's, $3.00) looks beyond the obvious aspects of the Italian scene highlighted by the American writers who have seen Italy as wartime liberators and post-war travelers. Mr. Bonner has woven into his story, which is focused on the Roman aristocracy, some penetrating comments on the underlying realities of Italian life; and he has succeeded in suggesting that fusion of enchantment and mischief, passion and cynicism, which is the unchanging heart of Rome.

Bonner's title refers to the label (Senatus Populusque Romanus) which ancient Rome branded on its captives. His story spans a summer in which

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Rome stamps its imprint on the life of Lovat Fraser, First Secretary in the Political Section of the U.S. Embassy and a bachelor in his thirties. Fraser succumbs to the very danger he has carefully guarded against — a serious *affaire du cœur* which involves him in the amorous and political intrigue of Rome's innermost circle, and which threatens to ruin his diplomatic career.

There are three main strands in Bonner's plot — Fraser's relationship with the exquisite American-born Princess Biccioli, whose Fascist husband was killed during the war; Fraser's fevered love affair with Marina, Duchess of Lanza, a proud beauty of violent emotions married to a withered old crock; and Fraser's embroilment in a cloak-and-dagger political intrigue masterminded by the admirable Monsignor Walsh, a Pennsylvania Irishman who is one of the Vatican's shrewdest fighters against Communism.

Though crisply written and entertaining, the story in *S.P.Q.R.* is decidedly less impressive than Bonner's sure and intimate treatment of the Italian setting and his knowledge of Italy. There is an air of contrivance about the plot; the narrator is not always convincing; the women are not revealed to us quite fully enough — they remain silhouettes. But the printed page is wonderfully evocative when Bonner is writing about trout fishing at Rieti; the dazzling summer brilliance of the Piazza Novona with its chirping children and its mighty Bernini fountains; the *fettuccine* at the Tre Scalini and the fragrant little strawberries of Nemi. And there is one really superb characterization — the portrait of Monsignor Walsh, with his vast knowledge of the *grand monde*, his love of choice bourbon, and his ardent dedication to the service of the Church.

"The medical detective"

The Scalpel of Scotland Yard (Dutton, $5.00) by **Douglas G. Browne** and **E. V. Tullett** is a life of the eminent pathologist, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who figured in virtually every great murder trial in Britain from 1911 to his death three years ago. The authors have turned in a rather pedestrian job, cluttered with too many cases in which Spilsbury played a very minor role. But in these 500 pages, there is a substantial quota of good reading about a subject which, for reasons I needn't

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go into, is of just about universal fascination — murder.

Spilsbury made his mark in the celebrated case of Hawley Harvey Crippen, the little doctor who poisoned his wife, carved her to pieces, and ran off with his typist, Ethel Le Neve. Spilsbury's testimony that a piece of human tissue found in Crippen's cellar showed an operational scar was decisive in identifying the "remains" as Mrs. Crippen's and in securing a conviction. Thereafter Spilsbury's career, in which he averaged almost 1000 post-mortems a year, was a steadily ascending spiral of success — he became a legend to the British public. Tall, extraordinarily handsome, impeccably tailored, always with a red carnation in his buttonhole, his bearing in court caused him to be called "the incomparable witness." To juries, his pronouncements were invested with infallibility.

Since Spilsbury's private life was uneventful, his biography is in effect a dossier of outstanding murder cases. There was the sensational ("Brides in the Bath") case of George Smith, who, under different names, charmed three women into marrying him and insuring their life in his favor, and drowned each of them, forthwith, in the bathtub. There were several gruesome cases of dismembered torsos stowed away in trunks, where Spilsbury helped prove the guilt of the accused by piecing together the remains and establishing the precise cause of death. There were several instances in which reality put up a good imitation of detective fiction.

Despite his macabre calling, Spilsbury was a kindly, sympathetic character, actuated by an unswerving fidelity to truth and justice. His connection with Scotland Yard often went far beyond the field of pathology. He was, in fact, a brilliant "medical" detective.

Potpourri

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS *by Gore Vidal.* Dutton, $3.50.

In his seventh novel, Gore Vidal describes the *Wanderjahr* of a young American in post-war Italy, Egypt, and France in terms intended to suggest a modern version of the legend of Paris. In Rome, Philip Warren has a love affair with an American politician's wife who sees a big career for him in politics with her support. In Luxor, he becomes friendly with a woman who upholds to him the life of ideas. In Paris, he has an affair with an

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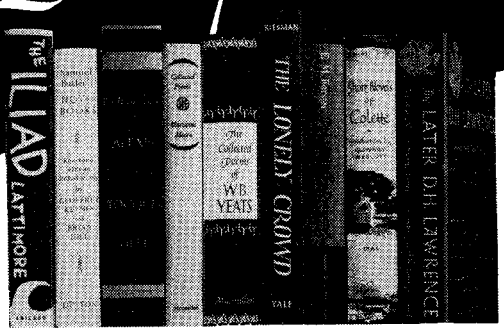

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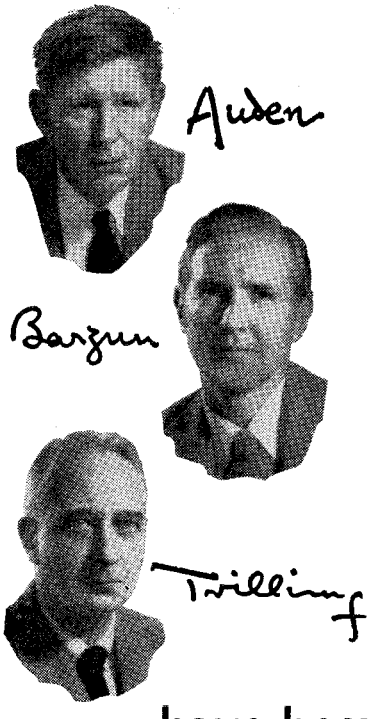

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American girl made of more passionate stuff. Meanwhile, he has spent a good deal of time in the company of homosexuals, who don't manage to lead him astray but do lead him into some queer situations. The story is populated with an assortment of extremely odd, unprepossessing minor characters; and it is punctuated with philosophical musings and quotations from the Greek and Latin classics. Mr. Vidal writes with a pleasant, quietly keyed irony, but his novel suffers from emotional anemia. His hero has "a terrible feeling that nothing matters," and this indifferentism is apt to communicate itself to the reader.

HOLD BACK THE NIGHT *by Pat Frank.* Lippincott, $3.00.

The author of *Mr. Adam* has turned in a swiftly paced fictional account of the ordeal of a Marine company in the Korean war. Dog Company is assigned the terrible duty of covering the regiment's retreat from the Changjin Reservoir when the Chinese launch their December, 1950, offensive; out of 126 men, 14 battered survivors eventually reach Hungnam. Mr. Frank, who served as a war correspondent in Italy, is writing about Korea at second hand; but his description of the country and the fighting certainly achieves an effect of vivid authenticity. *Hold Back the Night* is a skillful and honest piece of documentary fiction commemorating the stirring resourcefulness, endurance, and heroism of ordinary Americans fighting a peculiar, and peculiarly hellish, war. A Literary Guild Selection.

THE GROVES OF ACADEME *by Mary McCarthy.* Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

This tempest in the academic teapot has to do with a loathsome instructor in a small "progressive" college. Dismissed for purely professional reasons, Henry Mulcahy announces that he is a Communist — which he is not — and poses as a victim of the academic witch-hunt. His tender-minded colleagues mobilize in his behalf; and the college president, a professional liberal, feels compelled to retain Mulcahy for fear of being charged with betraying the stand he has publicly taken on academic freedom. Nonetheless Mulcahy — warped, shabby, and self-pitying — goes on deviously intriguing for revenge.

Miss McCarthy is a brilliant writer with a rare talent for corrosive satire, but in this novel her acid touch has become extreme acidosis. She appears to revel in making every character contemptible or ludicrous; in making every aspect of the academy's life in some way nauseating.

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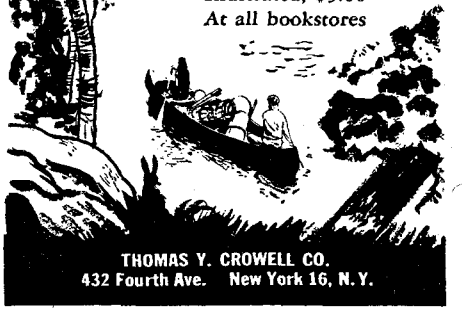

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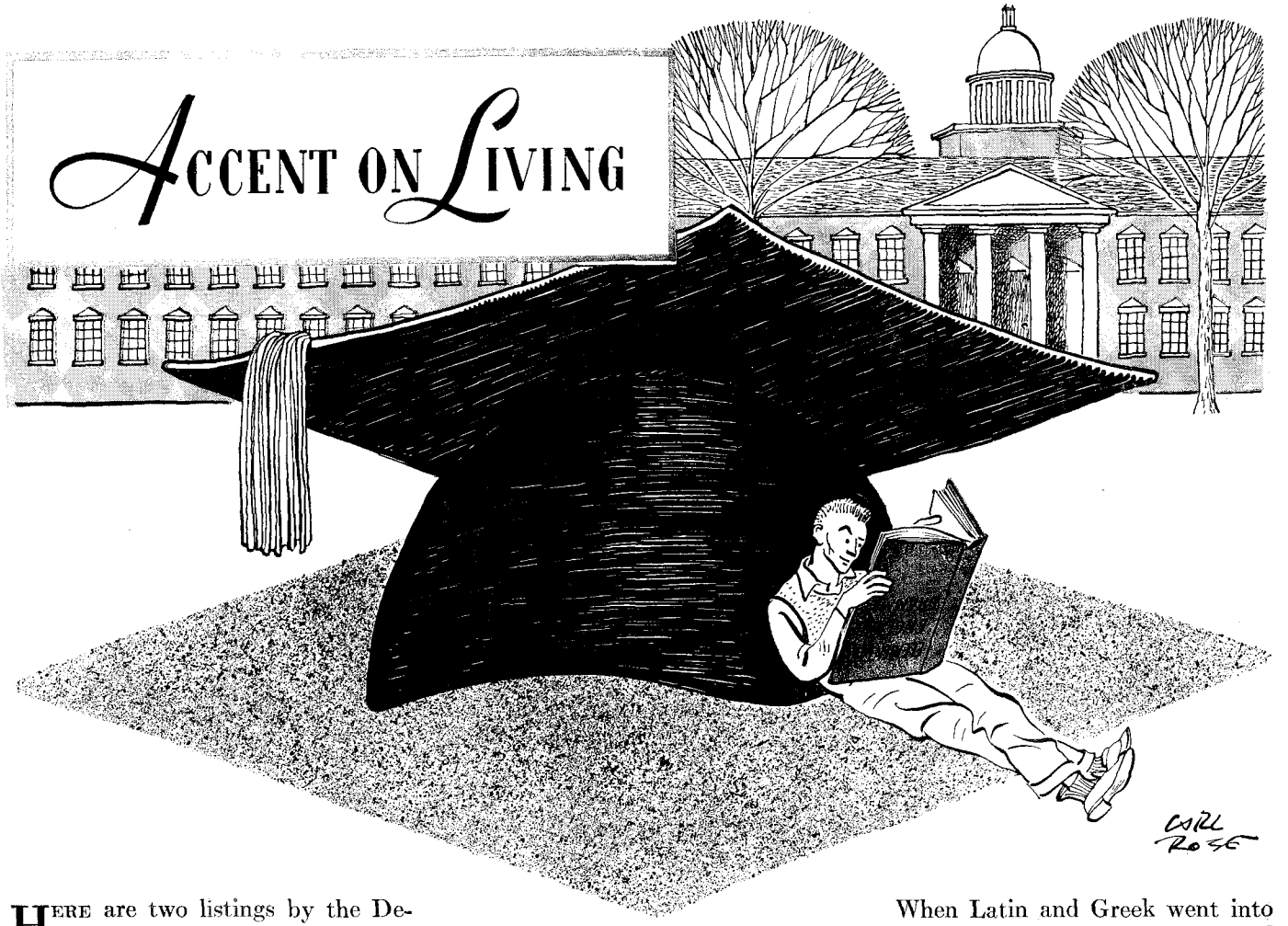

HERE are two listings by the Department of English in the catalogue of a large state university in the Middle West: —

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100. Non-credit Elementary Composition. (No cr.)

A non-credit course in English Composition designed for students who show little mastery of the fundamentals of written expression.

101. Elementary Composition (4 cr.)

A progressive course in written expression beginning with a mastery of the fundamentals of grammatical relationships and paragraph building and continuing to clear, forceful exposition. . . .

It must be embarrassing for a university to face the fact, year after year, that a fair number of its undergraduates need such courses as those listed above. The embarrassment is common to most universities, but there are few indeed which will lay on the line, in the catalogue, so distressing a word as "elementary" to describe a course in composition. It's like offering Advanced Arithmetic, with emphasis on fractions and the least common denominator. Still, we must agree that the educated American really ought to have some capacity for writing and number work, whether he gains it in college or at Mother's knee.

The implications of the two listings are piquant. One must ponder the second in order to realize the full value of the first, which is then seen to deal with an out-and-out, bedrock state of affairs: the student who has never progressed so far as "grammatical relationships" (grammar) and the paragraph. (I have always found fractions *much* easier than paragraphs, but that may have been because I had the mumps that year while the rest of the class was learning paragraphs.)

How far had this student gone before encountering English 100? Obviously, he had never caught up with the fundamentals, and he must have entered college at about mid-alphabet or an early stage of putting letters together to form simple words. What else he had been doing during his school years need not concern us here, but of one thing we are certain: his schools had shuffled English composition and the parts of speech right out of the deck.

When Latin and Greek went into the discard, the colleges explained that they could no longer maintain requirements in subjects which the schools were not teaching adequately. The schools argued against continuing courses not necessary for college entrance, and both groups took a don't-look-at-me position. Besides, they concluded, Latin and Greek were all washed up anyhow.

Now it must be admitted that Elementary Composition is an awkward neighbor for the courses so generally esteemed in a college English department. It does not bracket comfortably with Creative Writing ("You too can learn to write like Tom Wolfe"), or the Survey of English Literature ("Who wrote what, and when, and — if time permits — why"), or The Age of Milton ("How to appreciate Milton as fondly as I do"). But before the schools give it up altogether and the colleges follow suit, a few case reports are in order from college graduates who never did master "the fundamentals of written expression": —

Dr. A, capable and hard-working medical man; has to hire a publicity man to prepare every speech or paper for pro-

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fessional occasions, with disconcerting results. Much of his genuinely important research remains unpublished or has been pre-empted by others because of his own writing difficulties.

Henry B, sales manager; torrential source of overlength, tedious memoranda, letters of instruction, reports, manifestoes, which no one has time to read. This leads to misunderstandings, squabbles, failures, more memoranda. Occupationally, Henry B is living on borrowed time.

James C, civil servant; a man of excellent ideas, experience, and natural initiative, he writes badly and knows it. His secretary, a moderately ignorant girl of twenty-five, is the bottleneck through which all his reports and proposals must pass. His juniors are thus more interested in the secretary's ideas than in his; his superiors have long since ceased to expect anything significant in any communication from James C.

George D, manufacturer; service on a jury as a young man gave him an obsessive interest in the jargon of the law. Unfortunately, his dealers are unable to make head or tail of the complex and often genuinely meaningless messages that he sends them.

John E, sports editor; while an undergraduate at Berserk he was excused from most classes in order to play football, and discovered the English language too late and in the wrong places. Finding simple writing an insufficient cloak for the banality of his ideas, he is unwilling to mention the weather without referring to J. Pluvius and Old Sol. Earns $60 a week on a small newspaper, plus about $22.50 in gratuities from minor league sports promoters.

Professor F, English Department, Berserk College; knows a great deal about his subject but was never instructed, in a composition course, that just as writing presupposes a reader, so does lecturing a listener. Concerned only with his own views and well satisfied with them, he lectures at random without taking the trouble to outline or organize his material. Since Professor F himself is never quite sure what he has been talking about, his students are graded generously, and mention of his heavily attended snap course is good for a laugh in all campus circles.

If the ability to express ideas in good English is coming to be regarded as a frill, or out of date, or not worth teaching in the schools, what other skill or attainment deserves precedence over it?

CHARLES W. MORTON

EUROPEAN SPORTS CARS

by DENNIS MAY

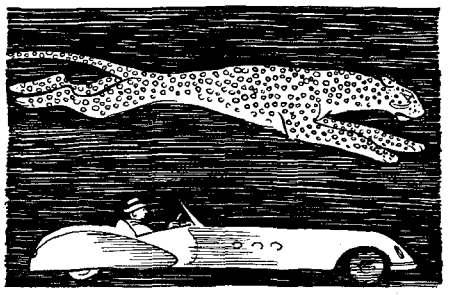
This is the third in a series of motoring subjects in these pages from DENNIS MAY, *well-known authority on British automobiles.*

IN describing the XK120C Jaguar as "a car which has proved Britain not wholly incompetent in the realm of speed on the road," the technical editor of the London *Motor* was certainly not giving way to reckless hyperbole. Viewed in repose by the general public for the first time at the Paris automobile show last October, this Jaguar brooks no argument over Coventry's claim to father the world's most potent sports car.

"Potent," here, implies the *combination* of qualities needed to turn a record-breaking 93 m.p.h. average in the 24-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans, which is what the winning XK120C did last June. For 364 days per year the 8.3-mile Le Mans circuit forms part of the regular communications system of the Département de la Sarthe. Against this background of normal highway hazards — curves, corners, and gradients of every degree, with view-blocking trees and buildings on the flanks at many points — sheer brute horsepower by itself never could bring home the Prix. In fact, in the 1951 race, if claimed outputs were to be credited, at least two other makes, Italy's Ferraris and America's Chrysler-engined Cunninghams, were topping the Jaguars' 210 horsepower.

But on one or more vital counts — acceleration, stamina, cornering power, road holding, braking, control accuracy and responsiveness, feather-bedding of the driver — all the rest somewhere fell short of the car which scored England her first Le Mans win in sixteen years.

For the present, and no doubt for a good way into the future too, the



XK120C, like so much of Britain's choicest merchandise, will carry an Export Only ticket. And what that means at the time of writing is not "We are now exporting these cars," but "These cars will be exclusively for export when they start to dribble from the factory, and when we know what we have to charge for them." During the London automobile show, October 17 to 27, Jaguar men talked themselves hoarse regretting their inability to name a figure for the "C" (which wasn't on display) in either dollars or sterling.

Curiously enough, as it seems to American and Continental visitors who have seen and traversed the skein of hardened arteries that passes for a road system in the United Kingdom, considerable numbers of British motorists hanker after cars with a top speed above the 120 m.p.h. offered by the ordinary XK120 Jaguar. But the only Britons who stand much chance of realizing this ambition are the 250 or so who have already attained home-custom XKs out of the infrequent and paltry leaks from the export quota. To this elect, among whom I count myself lucky to be numbered, the Jaguar company now offers a kit of special parts, including racing camshafts, high-compression pistons, unobstructive exhaust plumbing, and so forth, whereby the normal engine output may be raised to around 190 horsepower. Each replacement item has its fixed factory price, the components being listed and packaged in groups giving graded stages of extra performance.

Customers taking on all the non-standard changes will finish up, at least in theory, with XKs that go as fast as the XK120C — that is, between 150 and 160 an hour. But they won't accelerate with quite the Le Mans verve, because the sports-racing model, weighing 2072 pounds dry, is some 400 pounds lighter than the sports version.

Now that the Jaguar company has standardized the double overhead

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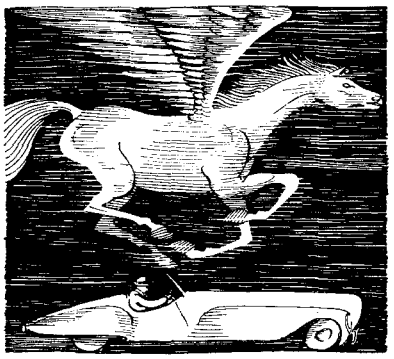
camshaft XK engine throughout its catalogue, the same modification processes are applicable to all its cars,



including the large Mark VII sedan.

If the curve sustains its present course for even a couple of years to come, production sports cars with outputs of better than 200 horsepower will become a relative commonplace in Europe. Ferrari of Modena already claims 220 horsepower for its 4.1-liter Type America, and that figure is probably good for improvement by 15 per cent if and when double camshafts and hemispherical combustion heads are added to the 12-cylinder V-type engine. The worry now for constructors like Ferrari (who, it should be noted, had no factory-backed entry at Le Mans in June) is not finding more speed but devising a suspension-and-transmission system that will enable the extra power to reach the road without prohibitive traction loss.

On the Type America, in common with Ferrari's 420 horsepower racing design, the solution chosen is the De Dion back-end arrangement, in which the cardan shaft and the bevel housing are part of the sprung mass, the axle half-shafts are double-jointed, and a crossbeam unites the opposing hub assemblies. This layout, featured also on the Cunningham, minimizes unsprung weight and also permits the tractive effort to be shared equally by both back wheels.

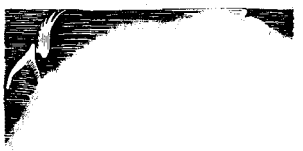
But despite this careful scheming the Type America is still no ham's mount. When Luigi Villoresi, star of Ferrari's Grand Prix team, drove it in the Mille Miglia race last April, he owned to having more power under his toe than he knew how to use.

Whether Ferrari, in the sports car field, has taken cylinder multiplication farther than is necessary or desirable is a controversial point. Except where superchargers are used — they are barred in most of the sports car contests today — more than eight cylinders pay a diminishing power dividend. Ferrari himself has recognized this fact by coming right down from twelve cylinders to four on a new 2.3-liter unsupercharged engine he is developing for a racing car. And William Lyons, head of Jaguar, has declared that if and when his Le Mans cars' 210 horsepower proves inadequate he will wipe off the deficit by scaling his present six-cylinder unit up from 3½ to 4½ liters. This makes sense, because a sports car not only has to win races: it must also be capable of selling at a reasonable price. At Le Mans, moreover, additional capacity carries no handicap; in 1951, for example, so far as the main prize went, the winning 3½-liter Jaguar competed on level terms against Cunninghams and Cadillac-engined Allards which had a clear 2 liters extra displacement.

Meanwhile, the how-many-cylinders issue is further confused by news that the British Aston Martin factory is at work on a V-12 of only 2½ liters for future sports car racing, which must also mean that eventual series production is contemplated. This development contrasts suprisingly with the current trend. Aston Martin's DB2 sports saloon, which has done well both commercially and in races, uses only six cylinders, and so does the open-bodied and fully aerodynamic DB3.

Among Bugatti enthusiasts, a sentimental breed and as numerous in Britain as on the European mainland, there was scarcely a dry eye when the Alsace factory came back into the automobile fold in October, displaying a supercharged 3.3-liter job at the Paris show. Bugatti stopped making cars when the war broke out and, following the death of the founder of the firm, never made a fresh start until this Paris renewal. The new chassis, known as Type 101, closely retraces the lines of the pre-war Type 57 and its variants, and is said to turn 200 horsepower; but to judge by the sedate body styles exhibited — a rather square-rigged sedan and a convertible — there is no immediate prospect that Bugatti will try to wrest its lost sports car racing laurels from the Jaguar and Ferrari parvenus.

A brand-new name and a very old one — Pegaso and Mercedes, respectively — complete the listing of debutants to high-speed motoring in Europe. The former, Spain's only automobile, smacks of advanced thinking and has a V-8 engine with double overhead camshafts, a five-speed transmission, inboard brakes, unorthodox frame construction, and De



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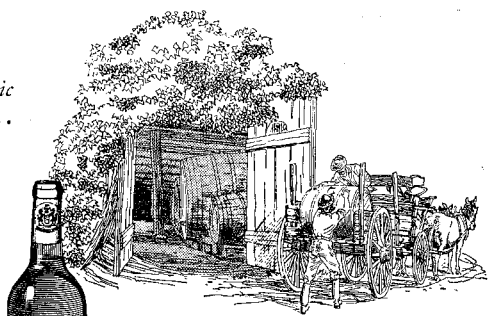

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by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach, J. S.: *Well-Tempered Clavier*, Book 2, Preludes and Fugues Nos. 1 to 8 (Wanda Landowska, harpsichord; RCA Victor: 12″ LP or six 45s). Terrific as usual, Mme. Landowska now has only two more volumes to go in this series.

Berg, Alban: *Wozzeck* (Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting soloists, choruses of Schola Cantorum and High School of Music and Art, and Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York; Columbia: three 12″ LPs in album; no text). Good Berg, well recorded, but hard to follow without libretto.

Chopin: *Bolero; Berceuse; Tarantelle; Barcarolle and four Impromptus* (Erno Balogh, piano; Lyrichord: 12″ LP). Highly competent, fond but unaffected playing; brilliant recording.

Debussy: Three Images for Orchestra: *Gigues; Ibéria; Rondes de Printemps* (Pierre Monteux conducting San Francisco Symphony; RCA Victor: 12″ LP or five 45s). Debussy's stated aim, as an impressionist, was to produce psychologically an effect of realism — not "mystery." Monteux follows his dictate here with great wit and understanding, abetted by able engineering. Result: a truly magnificent record.

Honegger: *King David* (the composer conducting French National Broadcasting Orchestra and Elizabeth Brasseur Chorus; Westminster: two 12″ LPs in album with libretto). A rich, dramatic modern (1921) oratorio, full of fire, melody, and excitement. Buy it.

Lotte Lehmann Farewell Recital (Lotte Lehmann, soprano; Paul Ulanowsky, piano; Pembroke Record: one 10″ and one 12″ LP, with illustrated documentary portfolio). A hasty, but good, recording of the great singer's final concert last year, including her intermission good-bye speech — intensely moving.

Mozart: Quartets No. 14 to No. 19 (Roth Quartet; Mercury: three 12″ LPs in album). Dedicated to Haydn, these are among the most played and most often recorded Mozart quartets. This is, in almost all instances, their best performance on disks. The recording is restrained, but good.

Music of the 12th and 13th Centuries (Safford Cape conducting Pro Musica Antiqua chamber group; EMS: 12″ LP). A delightful dip into the simple, charming origins of our musical culture — authentic to the last detail, faultless in performance and recording.

Puccini: *Tosca* (Argeo Quadri conducting soloists, Vienna Kammerchor, and Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: three 12″ LPs in album, with libretto). There's little vocal virtuosity shown by the young Italians who sing the leads in this, but they keep the dramatic pressure high and the "presence" effect is remarkable. Exemplary recording.

Scarlatti, Domenico: Sonatas (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster: 12″ LP). Valenti plays these Spanish-style, guitarwise, which is probably proper. Sonorous recording.

Smetana: *The Bartered Bride* (Hans Lenzer conducting soloists, chorus and orchestra of Berlin Civic Opera; Urania: three 12″ LPs, boxed with libretto). Jolly without being foolish, crammed with sure-fire tunes, genuinely funny, this rates very high among the world's comic operas. It is done real justice in these disks.

Strauss, Richard: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra and Concerto for Oboe and Small Orchestra (Arthur Rother, conducting Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin with Siegfried Borries, violin, and Erich Ertel, oboe; Urania: 12″ LP). Strauss wrote the violin concerto when he was seventeen, the oboe concerto in 1945, shortly before his death. Both are worthy, and interesting to compare.

Vivaldi: Six Concertos for Flute and Orchestra (Jean Rampal, flute; Louis de Froment conducting chamber orchestra; Vox: 12″ LP). Amateurish performance fails to quench the appeal of this old, gay, informal, living-room music, rather realistically recorded.

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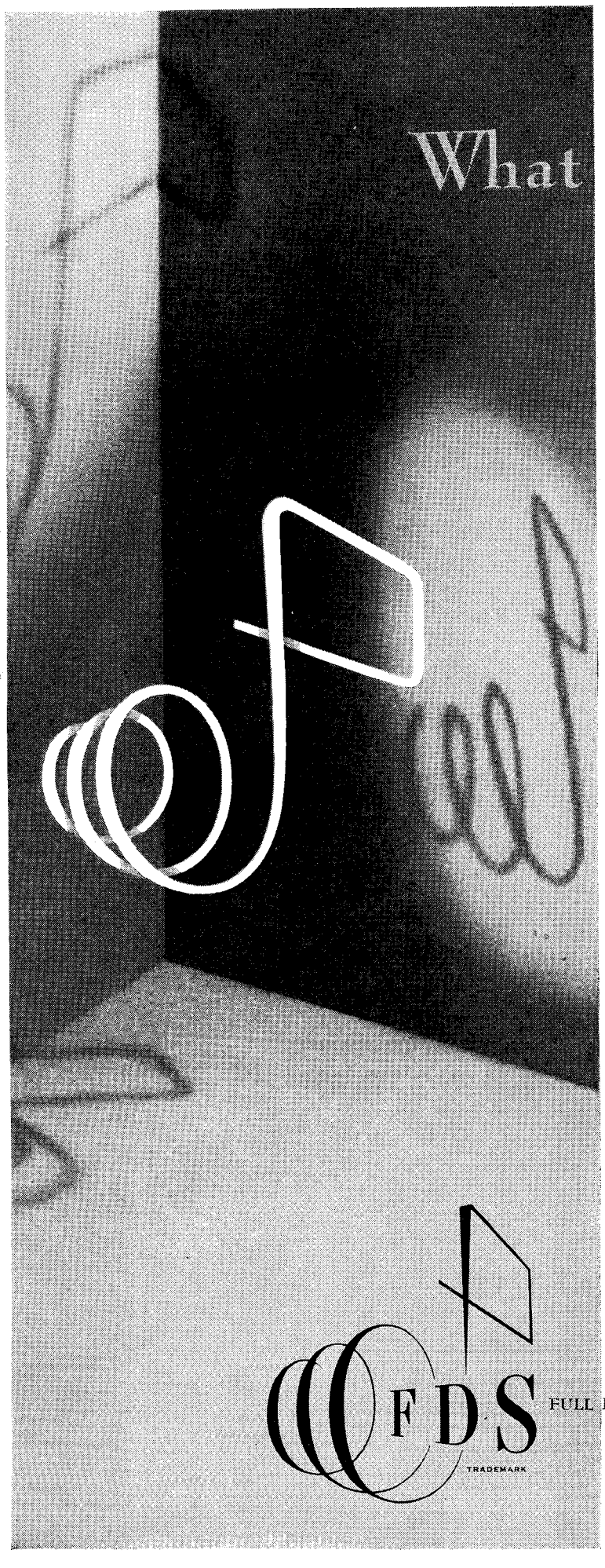

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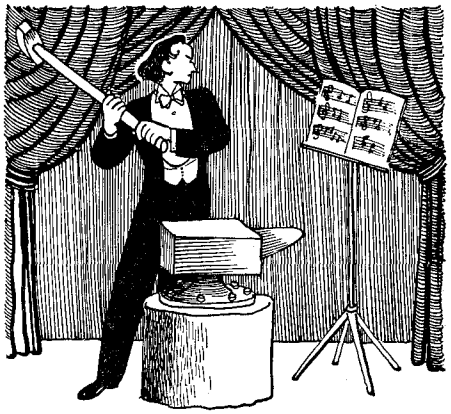

SOUND YOUR ANVIL

by FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD *is a composer and writer with a special interest in percussion. He lives on Long Island and serves as critic, on occasion, for Station WQXR.*

AT the end of Schubert's *Winterreise*, a starved and shivering organ-grinder serves to symbolize a wanderer's despair amid a scene of desolation. New York's equivalent of that organ-grinder is the shabby man with the battered hat who fiddles for pennies outside Carnegie Hall during the concert season. Kind ladies who give him their change whisper, "He's a former concert violinist with the gout," and, naturally, all sorts of legends have grown up around him. One even crept into the *Reader's Digest*, I believe, to the effect that Heifetz or Mischa Mischakoff or somebody once took up the wizened, familiar figure's travesty on a Guarnerius and extracted a goodly sum from the crowd by playing on it.

To me, the old fiddler has always suggested the plight of the violin in today's advanced music. Fifty-seventh Street is so noisy at Carnegie Hall that no one can hear a violin solo — Paganini's or anyone else's — over the surrounding din. Thus, like Schubert's organ-grinder, the fiddler symbolizes the futility of a pathetic half-effort when faced with the stress of life, or, image-wise, the desolation of the lonely violin among the blatant percussion instruments of the New Style.

Those who have conspired to bring about the fiddler's downfall are headed by Edgar (or Edgard) Varèse, a Frenchman with a scientific frame of mind who arrived in New York during the First World War. He has written a series of radical works whose titles still hold their own in an era of fantastic musical designations: *Density 21.5* (referring to the density of platinum, for it was written for a flute made from this expensive material), *Intégrales*, *Hyperprism*, and *Ionization*. This last, composed in 1931, remains a model for all percussion works. It is scored for thirteen players, who manipulate among them a crash cymbal, a set of cymbals, a bass drum (very deep), two cowbells without clappers, a gong, a tam-tam (high), a tam-tam (low), a grand tam-tam (very deep), two bongos, two side drums, a tambour militaire, a siren (high), a siren (low), a string drum, two slapsticks, two hollow gourds, Chinese blocks (high, middle, low), a set of Cuban "claves," a triangle, a snare drum, a tarole, a suspended cymbal, sleigh bells, tubular chimes, castanets, a celesta, a tambourine, an anvil (high), an anvil (low), a "guiro," and a piano. The pianist, it should be added, plays with his forearms.

While not exactly establishing a fad, *Ionization* gave birth to a lot of imitations. Old Chevrolet brake drums were pressed into service; Coca-Cola bottles were added to the percussion battery — and, in at least one case, an office typewriter. Paul Bowles, who fabricated Broadway theater scores during business hours, experimented with cigar boxes before going to Morocco to write *The Sheltering Sky*. Colin McPhee searched for new resonances among the bare-breasted natives of Bali. Since there was obviously no sense in trying to outnoise *Ionization*, the thing to aim for was a more pronounced delicacy of timbre.

A gentleman from Seattle named John Cage achieved this superbly. He invented the so-called prepared piano. It consists of an ordinary grand piano whose pitches are altered by pieces of leather, rubber, and metal that are inserted among the wires. Those who hear it for the first time are *un*prepared for the result, regardless of previous explanations. In the average concert hall, only about half its sounds are audible, and those only with the assistance of a hearing aid. Cage has introduced more than the throaty prepared piano. To quote a book on American music, he uses everything from flowerpots to electric buzzers, "depending on the sounds he wishes to produce."

Until a few months ago, it looked as though percussion would eventually carry the field, because strings hadn't been thought of in advanced circles for years. And the advanced circles were only a few gyrations

ahead of the public, with percussion audiences getting bigger and bigger all the time. Last May, however, I witnessed an incident that brought out a fine Italian handwriting on the wall for all to see. As the final offering of a concert at Columbia University, I heard a new work by John Cage, entitled *Imaginary Landscape #4*.

It was scored for twelve RCA Victor golden-throat table-model radios, duly accredited in the program. Two players were assigned to each radio, one for the volume control, the other (I suppose) for the tuning dial. All twenty-four players sat on stage with their radios and scores between them. The composer himself conducted, cuing in first one, then another radio, each tuned to a different station.

I heard ". . . in Korea. And on the central front, the enemy . . ."; ". . . fielder's choice. Tommy Spillville is moving off base in that . . ."; ". . . now, ladies, remember that when washday rolls . . ."; ". . . But Mother, I can't tell . . ."; "Bumdeadle, sum sum sum, bumde*addle*," and so on. Then, somewhere between the exposition and the coda, I heard

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the trumpet blast of doom for such daring innovations.

One of the twelve radios brought in a Bach Brandenburg Concerto — about ten seconds' worth, just enough to identify a passage. The audience, previously surfeited with doorbells, wineglasses, and anvil choruses, rose at the sound and applauded wildly, almost bringing the performance to a halt. Nowadays I cannot hear the Brandenburg Number 2 without thinking of Arthur Godfrey. And when I leave Carnegie Hall this season, the old fiddler no longer seems a symbol of the decline and fall of string playing. A violin-building friend has told me that he can hardly play a note, and that the street noises are responsible for his remarkable success. My friend has told me further that the old fiddler owns a second-hand *luthierie* in the Bronx, and happens to enjoy his night life in Manhattan.

●

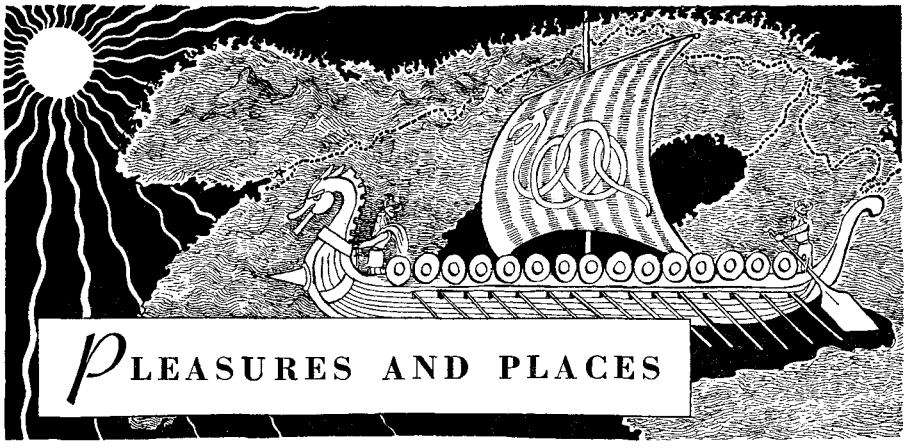
HERE'S HOW

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

Most fishermen obtain enough rest because they are tired at the end of the day, but others mix tavern play with fishing. This combination is not recommended. . . . Tomorrow: Procaine relieves pain. "How to Keep Well" by Dr. Theodore R. VanDellen. — *Chicago Tribune*

SHUN the tavern?
I'll not forget
That April afternoon
When, wet and shivering,
Plunged to submersion
By a heel-caught lunge,
Dripping, I entered your gate,
A fisherman's refuge
In Green Mountain State.
Within, an open fire
And dry attire. You said,
"Just let me hang your wet things
By the stove.
My license don't allow me to sell,
But surer than hell
You're needing a drink.
Upstairs in my room
There's a bottle of bourbon
I'm glad to share;
Just set right there,
I'll stretch my legs
And fetch it — and say,
Will ham and eggs for supper
Be okay?"

Doctor, for my particular pain
I'll take the tavern — you take
procaine.



PLEASURES AND PLACES

TOURIST IN SCANDINAVIA

by CHARLES J. ROLO

CHARLES J. ROLO, *who writes "Reader's Choice" for the Atlantic Bookshelf, spends several months each year traveling in Europe. Here is his report on what the 1952 visitor will encounter in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.*

THE Scandinavian countries, insofar as their commercial ethics toward visitors are concerned, come pretty close to being, touristically speaking, a Garden of Eden before The Fall. Though reputedly hardheaded businessmen, the Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes have clearly not eaten of the Tree of Knowledge of how to gouge the tourist.

By Swiss standards, for instance, the Norwegians are wickedly *undercharging* for mountain-and-lake scenery: you can get a decent night's lodging at a "tourist hotel" in the fjord country for $1, and a room with bath for under $2. A Paris night-club entrepreneur would be immeasurably distressed to see the way his Copenhagen confrères positively encourage thrift: after paying an admittance charge of a krone or two (14 or 28 cents), the customer can, if he is that frugally inclined, make a drink and a sandwich costing $1.25 see him through an entire evening with dancing and an elaborate floor show — and not so much as get a disapproving glance from the waiter. The traveler never feels in Scandinavia that the treatment he receives hinges on his munificence; and if he slips up on his tipping, there are no dirty looks to signalize his error.

Such things have a tonic effect on the spirit, and so too does the whole way of life in Scandinavia. Man has probably come closest there to functioning as a social-minded being, and the visible results are pretty impressive. Whatever the liabilities of the welfare state, it is strikingly apparent in the Scandinavian area that a higher percentage of the citizens than perhaps anywhere else are enjoying the good things their countries provide.

In spite of national differences, the Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes present to the foreigner several traits in common. Along with their proverbial spick-and-spanness, they have an unfailing instinct for doing things in a tidy way — their busy airports handle passengers with remarkable smoothness; the traffic in Stockholm behaves as though it were directed by a mechanical brain; the newspaper offices I visited, besides being incredibly antiseptic, stunned me with their quiet, orderly activity.

The Scandinavians have an inexhaustible passion for improving things; and all three nations, perhaps because they are small nations, are fond of bigness. Copenhagen has the most enormous night clubs in the world; the murals in Stockholm's Town Hall are gigantic; the Vigeland sculpture section in Oslo's Frogner Park — 150 groups with a mammoth centerpiece — is probably the largest sculptural layout in existence.

Surprisingly, the tourist is not much harassed by language problems, unless he strays away from the main travel circuit. Most hotel, restaurant, and shop people — in fact, a remarkable number of Scandinavians in general — know at least a smattering of English and often more. It's as well to bone up a phrase or two about laundry and pressing, since the chambermaid is apt to draw a blank, but that just about covers the essentials.

The widespread belief that Scandinavia is synonymous with *smörgåsbord* is somewhat fallacious. *Smörgåsbord* is a Swedish affair. The Danes and Norwegians go in for the open sand-

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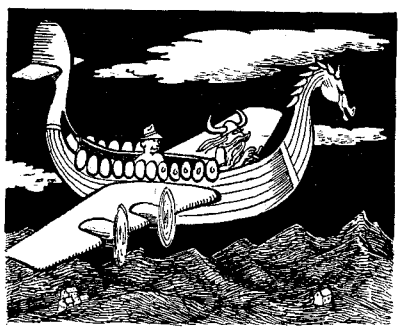
wich — *smørrebrød* in Copenhagen, *smørbrød* in Oslo — a slice of bread covered with anything from cheese to reindeer meat, scrambled egg to smoked eel.

The proper accompaniment to



smørrebrød and *smörgåsbord* is aquavit (snaps) with a beer chaser. The choicest aquavit, to my mind, is the Danish Aalborg brand; and the two leading Danish beers, Carlsberg and Tuborg, are among the world's finest. Norway's Linje Akkevit has the cachet of having been matured in the hold of a globe-circling cargo steamer, the theory being that the roll of the ship mellows the liquor. Every bottle of Linje carries the date when it went to sea and when it returned.

The sea and the river provide most of the staples and the glories of the Scandinavian menu — herring in every guise; the small, sweet prawns much loved by Danish gourmets; fried eel; *kräftor*, the crayfish in whose honor the Swedes give ceremonial parties in the month of August; superlative smoked salmon and the regal Laerdal River salmon of Norway. The Scandinavian restaurants, however, have plenty of good offerings besides fish; and the amateur of cheese can have a field day.

In Copenhagen, the great sea-food place is Krog's Fiske restaurant down by the canal. For less maritime fare, I would recommend the Coq d'Or, whose cuisine has a French accent; and De 7 Smaa Hjem (The Seven Small Homes), where the *décor* has great charm and you get a fine run for your money — an admirable dinner for two, with aquavit and a bottle of Bordeaux, cost me $8, tip included; without the liquor, the check would have come to half that. Every visitor should also put in at Oskar Davidsen's, which has a menu that is literally 4 feet long, featuring 172 varieties of open sandwich.

The service in restaurants in Copenhagen is maddeningly slow, not through inefficiency but because the Danes like it that way. If you wish to get lunch in less than an hour, it's best to tell the waiter that you have a pressing engagement. It's as well to remember, too, that Danish waiters consider it impolite to present the check until the customer begs for it.

In Norway, good food is rather more expensive than in Denmark. On Oslo's 1000-foot Holmenkollen hill, whose ski course was the seat of the Winter Olympics, there are two restaurants — the Holmenkollen; and the Frognerseter at the top — which offer a stirring view, weather permitting. The best cuisine in the city is at La Belle Sole, where the patrons select their fish from an aquarium lining one wall. This is a good place to try the Norwegian delicacy, ptarmigan, a species of mountain grouse served with whortleberry sauce. I also fared satisfactorily at Telle; Blom, rendezvous of the Viking Bohemia; and Skansen's, overlooking the harbor. No spirits can be served in Oslo before 3 or after 11.45 P.M., and none can be served at any time on Saturdays as well as Sundays.

Wartime rationing brought home to Swedish restaurateurs that the lavish *smörgåsbord* of pre-war years had been a somewhat unprofitable proposition, and it has not fully come back into its own. The resort hotels have restored it, but most restaurants in Stockholm offer instead a selection of *Assietter*, glorified canapés, or *Delikatessassietter*, a glorified form of *Assietter*. Stockholm's most majestic and choicest array of *smörgåsbord* is to be found at Bellmansro — a monument to Sweden on the world's gastronomic map. Riche and Trianon would be considered estimable restaurants even in Paris. Den Gyldene Freden (The Golden Peace), housed in a three-centuries-old cellar, is strong on local color — definitely worth a visit. A dinner in Stockholm's leading hotels and restaurants runs to about $3 without drinks. One can, of course, get a respectable meal for much less.

In the nineteenth century, the demon snaps had taken possession of so many good Swedes that drunkenness was a serious national problem — whence today's restrictive liquor laws in Sweden. No hard liquor can be served except with an order of food — the sign "Bar" in Sweden stands for a snack bar. Two and a half ounces of spirits is the maximum per person before 3 P.M., and after that five ounces for a man, two and a half for a woman. Actually, many establishments do not limit dinner customers strictly to the quota so long as the diners appear to be just doing themselves well and not trying to knock themselves out.

Swedish law prohibits the sale of spirits in conjunction with a floor show, which means no night clubs. There is dancing in certain hotels and restaurants, and the Swedes — like the Danes and Norwegians — are passionately fond of it: the rush to the floor when the music strikes up is a remarkable spectacle.

The dreary old warning about booking rooms well in advance is, I fear, a dire imperative where Scandinavia is concerned; and doubly so this year, since the Olympic Games at Helsinki in July will bring a great many additional tourists to the northern countries. During the summer months, the supply of hotel space throughout Scandinavia is nowhere near equal to the demand.

The top-ranking hotel in Copenhagen is the D'Angleterre. The Palace, a close second, is more conveniently located and a trifle cheaper — $3.25 a day for an attractive single room with shower and around $5 for a double (European plan). The rates are roughly the same as this in Oslo's leading hotels — the Bristol, Grand, and Continental. The Grand in Stockholm — the most luxurious hotel in Scandinavia — is more expensive ($6); but there are several first-class establishments where a single-with-bath runs from $3 to $4 — the Carlton, Strand, and Stockholm. Prices in the Scandinavian resorts are almost incredibly low. They range from $2.50 daily, all meals included, for a modest hotel on the coast of Denmark to $5 or $6, also American plan, at the leading hotel in a fashionable resort in Sweden.

All in all, the Scandinavian countries are probably easier on the pock-

etbook than any other part of Europe, with the exception of Austria and possibly Spain. Beginning May 1, the minimum cost of getting to Scandi-

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navia by air will be greatly reduced by the new transatlantic "tourist" rate service (similar to "coach" service on U.S. domestic airlines). Pan American, whose franchise takes in all the Scandinavian capitals, will use for its "tourist" flights a new model of the DC-6 carrying 82 passengers. The round-trip fares are: Copenhagen or Oslo, "tourist" $563.60, regular $786.60; Stockholm, "tourist" $608.60, regular $829.50. Within the Scandinavian area, I made six flights on the Scandinavian Airlines System, and found it one of the most efficient airlines in business.

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden maintain National Travel Offices in New York which give out exceptionally useful little handbooks and are full of fervor to assist the prospective tourist. Their specialty is arranging for the visitor to be invited

into the homes of his or her counterparts in Scandinavia — morticians into morticians' homes, stamp collectors into stamp collectors' homes, and so on.

The Danes, as they like to impress upon the visitor, are the most cheerful of the Scandinavians. To the transient, they present an engaging set of paradoxes. It is bad form for a woman to smoke in the streets of Copenhagen, but it is perfectly normal for women to smoke cheroots and cigars in restaurants. The Danes revel in childish forms of entertainment — magicians, clowns, animal acts, the corniest vaudeville turns — and yet in Copenhagen's amusement park, Tivoli, the symphony concerts and the classical ballet draw as big a crowd as the roller coaster. Along with being highly gregarious and, like all Scandinavians, fanatical worshipers of the outdoor life, the Danes manage to be tremendous consumers of the printed word. In proportion to population, Denmark's newspapers have the largest circulation of any in the world; and (also in relation to population) fifteen times as many books are published per year in Denmark as in the United States.

Even the seasoned traveler will do himself a good turn by enlisting the services of the Danish National Travel Association in Copenhagen. Its director, Mogens Lichtenberg, is deeply interested in the tourist's welfare, and his good offices extend to arranging a cross-country motor trip or a sortie to fish for giant tuna.

In Norway a quarter of one's stay is probably enough to devote to the touristic attractions of Oslo (which now include the Kon-Tiki raft). A cross-country itinerary which, in four to six days, takes in some of the most magnificent scenery in Norway has been worked out by the Norwegian Travel Association; and I remember this trip as perhaps the most notable stretch of my Scandinavian travels.

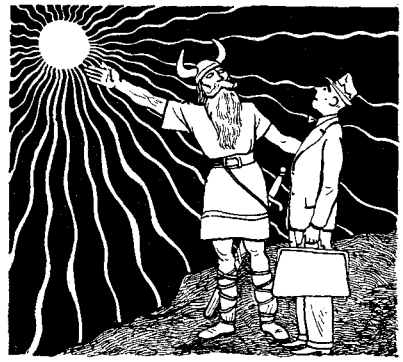
I started out by flying to Bergen on the West Coast, Norway's second city, and there took the funicular to a mountaintop called Fløien, where you dine looking out at one of the most stunning panoramas in Europe — Bergen, the ocean, fjords, and rows of mountains. Next day, I traveled by bus along the Hardangerfjorden; spent the night at a hotel on the fjord; then traveled by train and bus to the Stalheim Turisthotell, spectacularly situated overlooking a waterfall which, I'm told, is higher than Niagara. The Stalheim hotel is Norway at its very best. Its proprietor, who speaks English fluently, carries hospitality to the point of taking a guest salmon-fishing in his own river.

The next lap was a boat trip up the exquisite Sognefjorden to Flam. From there a mountain railway climbs almost perpendicularly to Myrdal, framed in snow and granite 2500 feet above sea level. And an overnight rail journey leads back to Oslo.

Three items, I discovered too late, are indispensable in Norway even if one isn't planning to go in for the strenuous life — a pair of shoes really built for walking; a light mackintosh (it showers a lot); and a heavy sweater (the mountains can be bitterly cold in mid-August).

Stockholm — with its waterways and lakes; its stately buildings such as the Royal Palace and the Parliament; its arresting red-brick Town Hall with a massive tower topped by Sweden's three golden crowns — is to my mind the most beautiful and the most rewarding of the Scandinavian capitals. It is a formal city, the capital of a people inclined to solemnity, but it has elegance and style and a wealth of attractions.

Within an hour of Stockholm there



is the seventeenth-century Château of Drottningholm with its splendid gardens; Saltsjöbaden, an attractive seaside resort and yachting center; and Uppsala, the oldest university town in Sweden, whose Odinsborg inn serves Viking mead in silver-mounted drinking horns. I hadn't time to sample either of Sweden's most highly touted tours — the nine-day land cruise, by luxury train, to the Arctic circle; and the southern trip to Gothenburg via the Göta Canal. But I would strongly urge a visit to Visby on the island of Gotland — a 50-minute plane ride or overnight boat trip from Stockholm. A mile or so from the walled, twelfth-century town of Visby, with its extraordinary profusion of roses — they grow like ivy on its ruins and on its houses — there is a magnificent stretch of beach and a fine hotel with swimming pool, tennis courts, and industrious fiddlers making music.

The Scandinavian countries offer some tempting inducements to go on a shopping spree. The Danes have had the bright idea of exhibiting and selling the best products of their craftsmen — Jensen silver, Royal Danish and Bing and Gröndahl porcelain, a tremendous assortment of tasteful, low-priced pottery, and other specialties — in a single building called Den Permanente. In silverware of modern design, I have seen nothing as persuasive as some of the items at Tostrup's and David Andersen's in Oslo — costly but good value. In Stockholm, there is Orrefors crystal, cleanly designed stainless-steel tableware at bargain prices, and the distinguished ceramics of Rörstrand and Gustavberg. I had a crate of fragile stuff shipped over and it arrived promptly and flawlessly packed. Dependable people, the Scandinavians.

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